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(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

THE TWO SISTERS. PAINTED BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

FROM THE PAINTING OWNED BY CHARLES CREWS, ESQ.



THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LIX.

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No. 3.



"ONLY THE MASTER SHALL PRAISE."

THE PRIZE STORY IN "THE CENTURY'S" COMPETITION FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES OF 1898.

BY JOHN M. OSKISON, B. A.,
Leland Stanford Junior University.

ON the cattle ranges of the Indian Territory ten years ago he was known as "the Runt," because he was several inches shorter than the average puncher. His other title of "Hanner" had been fastened upon him by a ludicrous incident in his youth. "Hanner the Runt" was a half-breed Cherokee cowboy, who combined with the stoicism of the Indian something of the physical energy and mental weakness of his white father. One of his shoulders was knocked down a quarter of a foot lower than the other, two ribs had been "caved in" on his left side, and a scar high up on his cheek-bone indicated a stormy life. It was a matter of speculation in the cow-camps as to the number of times Hanner had been thrown from horses and discharged by his employers; he would have been called the foot-ball of fate had these cow-boys been modern and college-bred.

No trick that was ever perpetrated upon him, no service that another imposed upon him, no jeer flung straight in his face, could destroy the innocent trust he felt in humanity. Bill Seymour had caused him to break his ribs by falling from a wild pony, and had

then thrashed the puncher who laughed at the fall. In this way Hanner had become the slave of Seymour.

The two, Seymour and Hanner, now rode for Colonel Clarke, and were generally together. It was convenient for Seymour to have his "vallet" to do his work, and it was the chief joy of Hanner's uncolored existence to do something for the man who had fought for him. The grotesque little figure never stopped to ask whether his friend were worthy of his devotion. Bill Seymour was a short, athletic fellow, and good to look upon, but he bore in his nature a too large share of the devil to be dependable. Silent, gruff, and capable when sober, he became a laughing, steel-hearted fury when drunk, and he got drunk as often as he could reach liquor. More than Hanner had felt the sting of his quirt as Bill reeled laughing and jesting on the streets, and had feared to show the anger that rose in their hearts. He made enemies when drunk, and gravely apologized to them in his sober days. One man, a traveling cattle-buyer, braver than most, and not knowing his man, had drawn a small pistol and shot the puncher in the

body. Bill, who was not hurt at all seriously, laughingly strode up to the shooter, seized the weapon, and pointing at his feet, said:

"Now dance for me, you impident son of a mosquito! Dance till you drop! Tryin' to plug me with a toy like that—a cursèd little thirty-two!" He flung the pistol noisily into the street, caught the man by one ear, and slapped his face.

There is one time in the year when the cow-puncher feels that he must get away from his work and indulge in a "good time." He does not know the significance of the Fourth of July except in a hazy way, but he does know that on that day he may have abundant whisky for the buying, even though its sale be prohibited by law. He knows, too, that he will find at the big celebrations in the Territory all his friends and enemies worth meeting and fighting; and this meeting of friends and fighting of enemies gives the spice of variety to his life.

As the two companions rode to the largest town in the Territory on the morning of the Fourth, one could see that their outfits were typical of themselves. Bill Seymour rode the best and fastest horse on the ranch; his saddle was new and modern in make, his spurs rare and shanked long—only a leader of cow-boy fashions had dared to wear them; his hat was a Stetson, and hardly discolored by the weather. Hanner might have fitted himself up from the ranch dump-heap. Two old, unmated spurs dangled from a pair of "run-over" boot-heels, the patched corduroy trousers he wore had been traded to him long ago by his champion, and between the bottom of a dirty waistcoat and the top of his trousers there showed a greasy cartridge-belt, with scattering cartridges stuck in it. A "floppy" black hat, which almost concealed his dark, pinched features, completed the queer figure. The pony he rode was called "Pignuts," and was knotty and scrubby and tough enough to deserve the title.

"Bill, ye ain't a-goin' to git drunk to-day, are ye? They say they's goin' to be a lot of extra marshals 'at ain't lettin' any drunk walk the streets to-day. I wish ye would n't drink too much, Bill!" Remembering other celebrations, Hanner wished to get through the day with as little trouble on Bill's account as possible.

"Oh, go to the devil, you old woman! Who said I was goin' to get drunk? Somethin' I never do. Come on; let's ride up," Bill replied shortly; and the two galloped

into town through a cloud of dust raised by many incoming wagons.

"Hello, Lem! How 's the Convict? Keepin' healthy now, Smear? What's the show and the price?" Bill greeted the punchers from the ranches in all parts of the country with a familiarity possible only to one who knows and does and dares as much as the best of them.

"Got the dangdest mule fer buckin' down here they's goin' to have rode to-day ye ever seen. Five dollars in it fer the man that rides it. Why don't ye try, Hanner?" The Convict winked at Bill, and insinuatingly confronted the Runt with the question.

"I don't hardly think this here saddle of mine 'ud stand it," the Runt returned, after glancing at Seymour. "Think I'd better try it, Bill?"

"Get your bloomin' neck broke if you do, but I expect it 'ud be good for you. Yes, go ahead and ride it, and I'll lend you this saddle."

Bill's words were spoken in jest, but Hanner meditated upon them seriously during the day, and when the vicious mule was led out for its first trial, Seymour noted with some anxiety that his own saddle was buckled upon it. He was careless with drink now, and grinned in anticipation of the sorry figure the Runt would present astride the mule. He made a foolish drunken wager that "Hanner 'll stay with that there mule till its tongue sticks out and it can't hump its back any more."

The bucking mule was the closing scene in the day's spectacle. The high-heeled, stiff-muscled cow-boys had chased a greased pig over a fifty-acre field, and been sadly beaten by the street boys of the town; they had pitched rings at the heads of canes over the handles of cheap penknives, and wasted their efforts trying for a gilded watch pegged down with a large-handled awl; they had ridden in the tourney, flying past rings hung in the air, and picking them off with wooden spears, causing strangers to gaze with open-eyed wonder at their dash and recklessness; they had bucked the scores of games which gamblers had devised to part the fool and his money, and were gathered now to watch a game they could understand and appreciate.

Out of a knot of excited men Hanner went straight to the waiting, restless mule. With a mock air of bravado he struck the excited mule across the flank with his sombrero, after roughly seizing the reins. No one who has not learned by experience how to mount a

plunging horse can understand how Hanner lifted himself out of the chaos of rearing mule and struggling attendants into the saddle before he signed to the men to turn the animal loose.

When the mule found itself free to act there was a momentary pause. Then began the short, nasty jumps straight into the air,

buster's life shorter. Hanner was bleeding at the nose in half a minute. The twisting jumps were continued until the strength of the mule was almost exhausted, and as yet only the hat of the puncher had been dislodged. A short pause followed, during which the mule changed its tactics, and Hanner thwacked its sweaty neck with his



GOING TO THE CELEBRATION.

with the animal's back bowed, its legs stiff, and its head lowered. It was the first powerful effort of the angered beast, made with devilish confidence. Hanner was scarcely shaken by these first straight jumps, but then began the twisting series, which is the second expedient of a bucking animal. A jump high into the air, with a seemingly impossible twist to the side, landed the mule with its head turned almost half round. Before the rider caught his breath another jump and another half-turn were made. These are the motions that make a bronco-

open hand. The next motion was a sudden rearing by the mule. As it rose on its hind legs the rider yanked fiercely on the reins, and, slipping to the ground on one side, allowed the brute to fall on its back. The saddle-horn buried itself in the earth, and the mule's hoofs beat the air a moment before it scrambled to its feet.

Hanner was cooler than the mule now, and swung himself back into the saddle with the first long leap of the desperate animal. This was the easy part of the trial for the rider, and the spectacular part for the world.

The mule ran straight away for the opposite fence of the fair-grounds with long, lunging jumps, rising and pitching forward with the speed of a racing yacht. Hanner brought his craft about before it sailed into the fence, and beat it fore and aft with a flourishing hand. He was wild with triumph now, his hair blowing in the wind. He leaned forward as in a race, urging the thoroughly tired and conquered mule straight for the crowd. A particularly vicious dig with the spurs made the beast plunge into the scattering knot of spectators and rise to a four-barred gate. At the opposite side of the track no fence barred its way, and it ran, frightened and quivering, under the awning of a lemonade-vender's stand, scattering glasses and confections to the winds, and wrecking the stand. Hanner slowly dismounted, stroked the sweaty flank of the subdued mule, then turning and picking up an unbroken bottle of soda, proposed a toast "to our gentle old family-buggy hoss!"

The punchers cheered Hanner with the heartiness of men who can appreciate the feat.

"Hanner, you're all right. I knowed you could do it." Bill's praise fell sweetly upon the Runt's ears. "Where's that wooley I made the bet with? Hanner, we'll drink; yes, sir, we'll liquor up now and have a good time. I won the bet and you won the five for ridin' the mule. We'll drink, Hanner." Seymour slapped Hanner's shoulder in a cruelly hearty fashion.

"No, Bill; let's not drink any more to-day," Hanner protested, though he had not drunk anything.

"Hanner, I don't understand you; blast me if I do." Bill was argumentative. "Here you are, just rode the buckinest mule in the Territory, and you won't take a drink with your best friend! Now, if anybody else 'u'd refuse to drink with Bill Seymour I think they'd have trouble. But you, Hanner, I reckon I'll just have to pour it down you." The drunken puncher tried to carry out his plan, but changed his mind at Hanner's appeal.

"Don't, Bill; fer God's sake, Bill, I'm too sick to drink! Let's go home, Bill. I'm shore sick. Won't ye come on home with me?"

"I believe the darn little skunk is sick," muttered Bill to himself. Then aloud: "If you want to go home with me you'll have to come along pretty quick. I'm tired of this show, and, anyway, I've got to get over to the round-up on Big Creek to-morrow.

Get your horse and wait for me here; I'm goin' to see Smear before I go home."

Hanner knew that his companion went for another bottle of whisky, but knew also the futility of protesting.

They rode out of the tired, dirty, and heated crowd, where the dance-platforms were beginning to fill up, and where the owner of the two-headed calf, the five-legged mule, and the biggest steer in the world, was beseeching everybody to come and view his collection. Bill rode at a gallop, with his companion spurring at his heels, until they passed quite out of sight of the revelers. Then he turned with an air of real concern to the Runt, and asked:

"You shore 'nough sick, Hanner? That mule shore put up a stiff article."

Hanner was not diplomatic, and spoke out truthfully: "Sick? No, I ain't sick. What 'u'd I want to see ye get drunk an' run in for? They'd 'a' run ye in to-night, Bill, I know. Did ye ever notice the color of the sky this time a day, Bill? Seems to me it ain't so darn purty as some people think." The sun was setting in a dull, coppery sky, the air was sultry, and the dust rose in thick clouds.

For a minute Bill did not reply, but looked at his companion with a half-puzzled expression. Then he broke out:

"Well, you're a nice one, ain't you? Do you know what I'm a mind to do to you for this dirty trick? You think I'm a darn kid to sneak like this to keep from gettin' run in? Oh, you baby! For a cent I'd make you walk all the way home, and lay this quirt over your shoulders every step of the way."

"Oh, no, Bill; ye would n't think o' doin' that. D' ye want to go back? I did n't know ye cared to stay so bad."

"Go back? You think I'm crazy? What 'u'd the punchers say? No, curse you; you've robbed me of my fun. That mule ought to 'a' killed you!"

Hanner had learned long before the value of silence, and rode beside his morose companion with now and then an anxious glance at him. Bill was meditative, and quite forgot the rider at his side. The pale light of a young moon deepened the shadows and illuminated the heavy, sluggish dust-clouds that rose in the wake of the riders. Hungry calves, neglected at the ranches since early morning by the celebrating ranchmen, bawled in useless appeal; scurrying, skulking coyotes answered with their threatening cries the challenge of the ranch-dogs. A mile away, and coming toward them with rhythmic hoof-beat and noisy rattle of hub

on axle, the two riders heard a wagon and team.

"Who do ye reckon kin be goin' into town this time o' night, Bill?" asked Hanner.

"Hold on here, Hanner; we 'll stop." Bill meditated a moment, then went on: "You know what that team is? It's the mail-stage from Coffeyville to Vinita. Darn old rattle-trap; it's a disgrace to the country. Ought to have a railroad through this God-forsaken land. That driver's a fool, and you know what I'm goin' to do? Darn your skin, Hanner, you made me miss the fun at Vinita; now I'm goin' to have some fun of my own. We 'll rob the stage! Ever hear about the road-agents, the James boys and the Younger gang? Well, they robbed overland stages and trains for swag; but we won't get anything here, only some fun, and scare the fool driver. Stage-robbers always jump out and grab the horses' heads and poke a gun in the driver's face. We 'll tie our horses over there in the gully, and hide in the grass here by the road. You jump out and get the horses, and I 'll fix the driver. See? Come on; tie up over here!"

"Ye don't mean that, do ye, Bill? Oh, come on and let's go home." Hanner detected a determined ring in the puncher's voice, and he dared not protest more.

"You don't have to get in on this unless you want to. I can do it myself." Bill considered the plan a good joke, being drunk enough to forget that robbing the mails is a very serious crime in the eyes of the law, and the most serious in the eyes of citizen posses, who sometimes take the law into their hands. He galloped down the rain-washed gully and tied his horse out of sight of travelers on the road. Hanner, expecting an end of the joke, rode with him; but when Bill turned to go back to the road on foot, the little puncher announced his intention of having nothing to do with it.

"Then give me that floppy old hat. I got to wear some kind of a mask. Let me have that old red handkerchief round your neck, too. Now I look like a shore-nough stage-robber—or like you, and that's worse. Well, ride out of the way if you ain't goin' to help." The amateur highwayman half stumbled, chuckling at the prospect of fun, to a place in the long grass at the roadside.

Hanner rode far down the dry wash, and waited in anxious silence. He heard the scarcely understood command of Bill Seymour to the driver. The rattling of the wagon suddenly ceased. There was a brief moment of absolute silence, and a pistol

cracked. Another shot from the same gun rang out. In a short moment an answering shot was heard. Hanner could have sworn that it was the bark of Bill's revolver. An angry shout from Bill was followed by a fusillade of shots. The rattling of harness indicated a struggle with the horses. Then a yell from the driver started the stage-team at a gallop. The firing ceased, and trembling with fright, Hanner heard the noisy wagon pass on toward Vinita.

Thoroughly sobered now, Bill ran to his horse, mounted, and rode to meet his companion. The two galloped on their way for five minutes before Seymour trusted his voice to explain. After breaking into a string of furious oaths, he said:

"What a fool I was! Softy Sam was n't drivin' the blanked wagon at all. When I got holt of the horses they shot at me. I yelled to 'em to stop, that I was only jok-in', but the fools kept on pluggin' away at me. I got behind the horses and yelled again. Then I had to shoot. One of 'em fell back off the seat, and then the other one whipped up the horses. I let 'em go quick. That unshot fool plugged at me till he got out of sight. No, I did n't get hurt, but your hat got a hole in it all right."

"Ye did n't kill one of 'em, did ye, Bill? Ye don't think ye did? That would n't do, ye know, at all."

"Kill one? Hit one, all right; maybe kiled him. The fool! Oh, that's just my luck. Curse you, Hanner, it was your fault, you cur, takin' me away from the fair-grounds with your old-granny tale about bein' sick. Say, what we goin' to do about it now, eh? We got to get out of this, or we 'll get strung up, shore—I will, I mean. We 'll ride for the Verdigris River timber and hide there. Well, have you got anything better?"

"Bill, could n't we explain, tell the marshals it was a mistake, and—"

"Get strung up to a limb before we got through tellin' that, you darn fool! But it ain't a question of 'we'; I'm the only one in this. You kept out of it, you cowardly skunk, and you're safe. You want to run away now, and keep your skin whole?" Bill grew incoherent, scarcely retaining sense enough to spur on toward his destination.

Meanwhile the stage had reached Vinita, and the wounded man at the point of dying, and the driver too much confused to do anything to help him. Quite by chance, a considerable sum of money had been sent through the mails that day, and the regular



"THESE ARE THE MOTIONS THAT MAKE A BRONCO-BUSTER'S LIFE SHORTER."

driver had been replaced by two well-known deputy sheriffs. After the driver had finished telling of the attack made by a short man wearing a big, floppy black hat, and with a dirty red handkerchief tied over his lower face, a posse was immediately formed to hunt the bandit down. No one could guess who the guilty one might be.

Dick Brewer, the leader of the party, questioned minutely: "Would you know the hat if you saw it?"

"Yes," the driver answered; "Tom Forbes put a hole through it before he got shot. I saw it nearly fall off his head—a great, big, wide-brimmed, floppy thing, with what looked like a piece of rope for a band."

"Somethin' like the hat that Hanner the Runt wore to-day, was n't it, Smear?" the Convict commented. Then he asked: "Where is Bill Seymour and Hanner, anyway? You seen 'em last, did n't you, Smear?"

"They started home an hour ago. Bill said he had to get over to the Big Creek round-up to-morrow, an' he got a bottle of my whisky before he went." Smear remembered the unusual incident of Bill's early departure; ordinarily, duty was not allowed to interfere with the puncher's pleasure.

To Smear, who made one of the pursuing party, the words "a big, floppy black hat and a dirty red handkerchief" kept repeating themselves in his mind. At each repetition he recalled with distinctness the appearance of the Runt as he had gone out to ride the wild mule. No other puncher in the country would wear that hat, and none would feel quite respectable with that dirty red rag about his neck at a Fourth of July celebration.

"But, shucks!" Smear muttered to himself, "it can't be him. But he's got nerve, the little devil, ridin' that mule the way he did! He ought to 'a' been with Bill Seymour, though; could n't tear the cuss away from him. Well, we'll see."

Hanner and Bill rode at a steady gallop until, in the middle of the night, they plunged into the Verdigris River timber. No definite plan of action had been formed; they felt only a strong desire to get away out of sight. The horses must rest, and, overcome by fatigue, Bill dropped asleep. The consciousness of a crime done did not disturb him; in his mind it was an accident, the unfortunate result of a joke. Hanner did not sleep. He stared up through the tree-tops into the starlit sky, and pondered the significance of the deed. The course he had suggested to Bill, that of confessing and

explaining the matter, still seemed to be the wisest one to him. "Surely," he thought, "they would understand, for they all know Bill's nature. Did n't everybody know that he must indulge in a joke whenever he could?" A plan began to form in his mind.

"I kin sneak away before Bill wakes up, an' go explain to the marshals. They'll let Bill go, I know they will. I kin do this fer ye, Bill, an' ye'll be glad of it. I don't want to have ye scoutin' round the country; I want ye here, so we kin still ride together. I made ye come away from the fair, an' I got to git ye out of the trouble I got ye into." Hanner scarcely spoke his thoughts. He waited undecided for two or three hours. The dawn was just beginning to filter in to the hiding-place as he stole forth quietly to his horse and rode to find the posse.

More than one gang of outlaws had made the river-bottom their headquarters and been captured there. The pursuers of the lonely mail-robber inferred that he was one of a number, and that he was very likely to be heard of in the old haunts. So early morning found the posse scouring the country outside the timber, inquiring of ranchmen and the women of the houses for a trace of the man they sought. It would do little good to try to rout him out of the great forest of brush and swamp until some trace of his location had been found.

Dick Brewer and Smear were riding together near the road that plunges through the thickest of the timber when Hanner rode out. They stopped, attracted by his action. The little puncher looked anxiously about until he saw the waiting horsemen, then galloped toward them. Smear felt sick at heart on seeing the floppy hat and the dirty red handkerchief that he wore. Brewer saw them, too, and his hand flew to his revolver. He had not voiced his suspicions before, but now Smear exclaimed with excitement:

"If that there hat's got a hole in it, we've got the man!"

"It's the Runt!" Brewer had not heard the insinuations which were made before the posse started.

The appearance of the bullet-hole in the crown of the old hat sufficed to make Brewer and Smear bring Hanner to a halt before their pointed pistols. At sight of their stern faces and threatening weapons Hanner's power of speech was gone. He tried to say that he wanted to explain, and grew quite incoherent.



" 'I RECKON YE GOT THE MAN ALL RIGHT.' "

"Never mind; explain when you get up before all of us," the leader commanded.

Half an hour of scurrying about by Smear and vigorous blowing of signal-calls brought the party together. Everything was extremely orderly and businesslike. A man who robbed mails and killed drivers had no claim on their consideration; the only question was, to be sure of the man. When they were sure of him, no matter what his former standing, he must be hanged straightway. The effect of a lynching they felt to be good. Dick Brewer called upon the driver of the mail-wagon to step forth and declare truthfully whether or not he recognized the prisoner.

"Yes, sir; I can swear that that hat is the one the robber wore, and allowing for the difference between daylight and moonlight, I'd say that handkerchief was around the robber's face."

"Is he of the same size and build?" asked the leader.

"About the same; but I won't swear to anything but the hat. I know that."

It grew clear to the mind of the confused little puncher that if he told the story which he had planned to tell, Bill Seymour would be caught and hanged within the day. No excuse that he had perfected would stand for an instant against the plain fact that an attempt to rob the mails had been made and a man murdered. He saw, too, just as plainly, that if he did not tell the truth concerning Bill, he, as the owner of the hat, would suffer the penalty. He knew that very soon he would be asked to tell his story, to clear up the evidence against him. There was none of the great excitement present that nerves men to self-sacrifice. The day was young yet, and the air was chilling. The

legs of the horses and the boots of the men were dew-splashed and dripping. It was not pleasant to die now, even though life had been hard and mean to him. He felt a shudder of repulsion when he thought of the mode of death.

On the other side he considered what he owed to Bill. Out of a host of cow-boys he had known, Bill was the only one who had ever recognized the fierce desire for comradeship that had consumed him, the only one who had not passed him by in open ridicule.

"Bill fought fer me when I was down," Hanner whispered to himself. "He knowed I was human. An' I brought this on to him. He come away yesterday because he thought I was sick. He 'd 'a' got away, maybe, if I had n't left him asleep to explain. If he had to go I would n't have nobody to ride with, an' if I take his place—if I go he 'll know an'—" Hanner did not trust himself to go on, but turned to the leader and said:

"I reckon ye got the man all right."

Under the misshapen body and the half-foolish features there was a stoic in Hanner. To save the life of his friend, the man whom he worshiped and the other punchers respected, was the one great service he could render. He died there with a blind terror in his heart at the blackness of the unknown, and with the thought of Bill Seymour in his mind. The men who hanged him felt no exultation at having avenged a crime, but only a nameless pity for the poor fellow.

A day later Bill Seymour, while dodging about in the timber, learned from a chance-met friend of Hanner's fate. Looking this friend full in the face, he said:

"The poor little fool, to do a thing like that!"



CHILDLESS.

BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

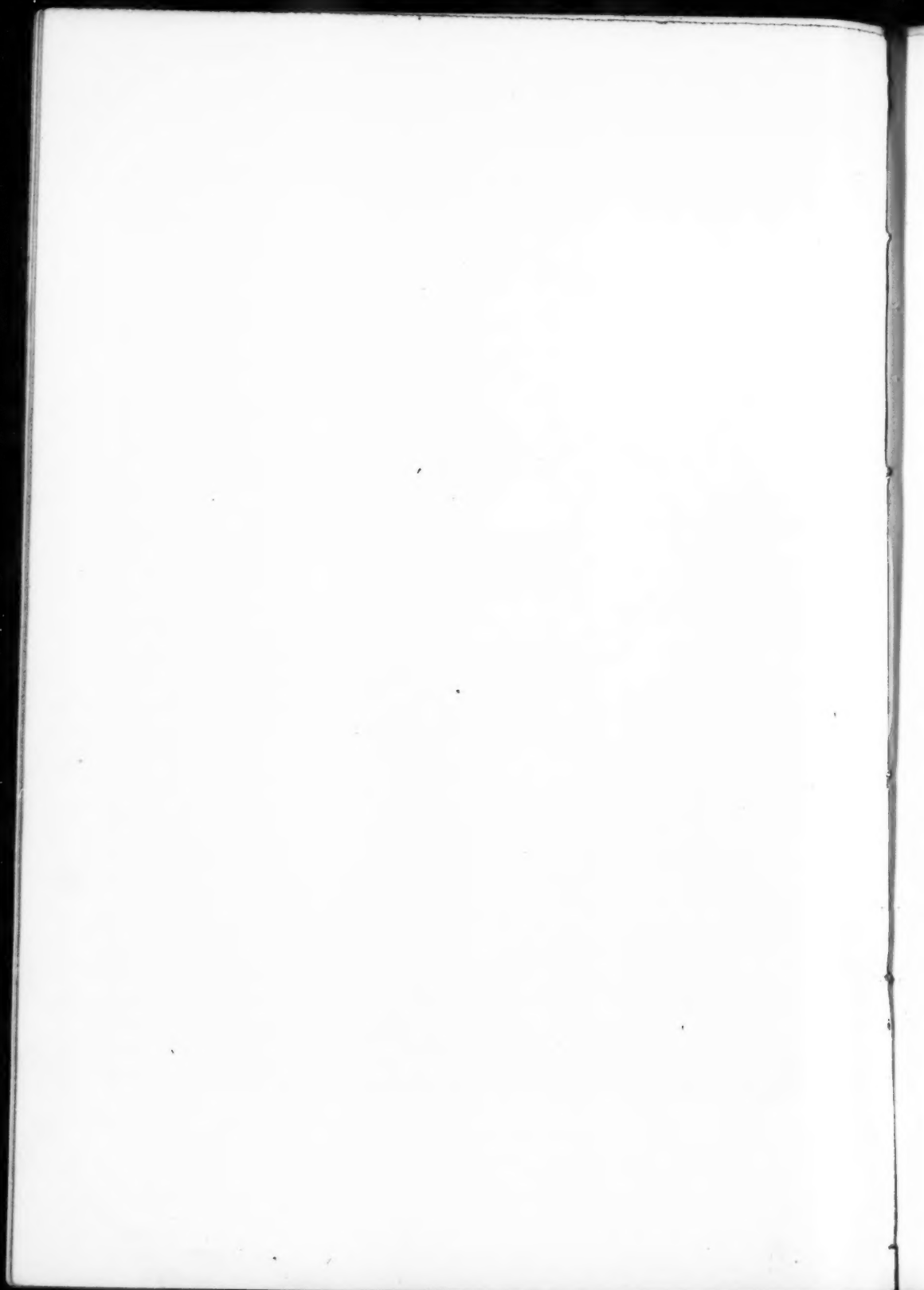
AH, barren! to go barren to the grave!
Have I not in my thought trained little feet
To venture, and taught little lips to move
Until they shaped the wonder of a word?
I am long practised. Oh, those children mine,
Mine, doubly mine, and yet I cannot touch,
Hear, see them! Does great God expect that I
Shall clasp his air and kiss his wind forever?
And the eternal budding cometh on,
The burgeoning, the cruel flowering!
At night the quickening splash of rain, at dawn
The call of the young bird, finds out my heart,
And any babe tossed up before my eyes
With ripples of wild laughter pierces me.
Still I, amid these sights and sounds, starve on.
Barren! to go down barren to the grave!
Omitted by the casual dew! Still I,
I with so much to give, perish of thrift—
Spectator of life's feast, a looker-on!
They say, those other women, in my ear:
"Much you are spared, for cruel are the young:
The streaming face, the sob with pillow choked,
The certain swiftness of young strength to sin,
The burning blushes, the unanswered prayers;
To none is God so deaf as unto mothers."
Spared! to be spared what I was born to have!
I am a woman, and this very flesh
Demands its natural pangs, its rightful throes,
And I implore with vehemence these pains.
I know that children wound us and surprise
Even to utter death; that they can wear
The silent nerve beneath the sun away
Until we walk the garden with white head,
Turn from the human face to quiet flowers.
Have I not heard and known? But this my heart
Was ready for these woes, and had foreseen.
Oh, but I grudge the mother her last look
Upon the coffined dead,—that pang is rich,—
Envy that shivering cry where gravel falls.
And now these maimed thoughts and foiled desire,
Eternal yearning answered by the wind,
Have dried in me belief and love and fear;
My thwarted woman hopes have inward turned,
And the vain milk like acid in me eats.
I am become a danger and a menace,
A wandering blight, a disappointed force,
More cruel from a love that might have been.
Oh, 't is such souls as mine that go to swell
The childless cavern-cry of the barren sea,
Or make that human ending to night wind.
Ah, barren! to go barren to the grave!



SEE "THE CENTURY'S" AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES IN "OPEN LETTERS."

EVENING. BY ELIZABETH NOURSE.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY CHARLES BAUDE.



"A TOUCH OF SUN."

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "The Chosen Valley," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.



THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN.

THE five-o'clock whistle droned through the heat. Its deep, consequential chest-note belonged by right to the oldest paying member of the Asgard group, a famous mining property of northern California.

The Asgard Company owned a square league of prehistoric titles on the western slope of the foot-hills—land enough for the preservation of a natural park within its own boundaries, where fire-lines were cleared, forest-trees respected, and roads kept up. Wherever the company erected a board fence, gate, or building, the same was promptly painted "monopoly brown." The most conspicuous of these objects cropped out on the sunset dip of the property, where the woods for twenty years had been cut, and the Sacramento valley surges up in heat and glare with yearly visitations of malaria.

Higher than the buildings in brown, a gray-shingled bungalow ranged itself on the lap of its broad lawns, against a slope of orchard-tops climbing to the dark environment of the forest. Not the original forest: of that the only memorials left were three stark pines, which rose one hundred feet out of a gulch below the house, and lent their native majesty to the base modern uses of electric wires and telephone lines. Their dreaming tops were in the sky, their feet were in the sluicings of the stamp-mill, which reared its long brown back in a semi-recumbent posture, resting one elbow on the hill; and beneath the valley smoldered, by day a pale mirage of heat and dust, by night a vision of color as transcendent and rich as the gates of the Eternal City.

At half after five the night-watchman, on his way from town, stopped at the superintendent's gate, ran up the blazing path, and thrust a newspaper between the dark-blue canvas curtain that shaded the entrance of the porch. For hours the house had slept behind its heat-defenses, every shutter closed, yards of piazza-blind and canvas awning fastened down. The sun, a ball of fire, went slowly down the west. Rose-vines drooped against the hanging lattices, printing their watery lines of split bamboo with a shadow-pattern of leaf and flower. The whole house-front was decked with dead roses, or roses blasted in full bloom, as if to celebrate with appropriate insignia the passing of the hottest day of the year.

Half-way down the steps the watchman stopped, surprised by a voice from behind the curtains. He came back in answer to his name.

"Oh, Hughson, will you tell Mr. Thorne that I am here? He does n't know I have come."

A thin white hand parted the curtain an inch or two. There was the flicker of a fan held against the light.

"Tell him that Mrs. Thorne is home?" the man translated slowly.

"Yes. He does not expect me. You will tell him at once, please?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The curtain was fastened again from inside. A woman's step went restlessly up and down, up and down the long piazza floors, now muffled on a rug, now light on a matting, or distinct on the bare boards.

Later a soft Oriental voice inquired, "Wha' time Missa Tho'ne wanta dinna?"

"The usual time, Ito," came the answer; "make no difference for me."

"Lika tea—coffee—after dinna?"

"Tea—ice-cold. Have you some now? Oh, bring it, please!"

After an interval: "Has Mr. Thorne been pretty well?"

"I think."

"It is very hot. How is your kitchen—any better than it was?"

"Missa Tho'ne fixa more screen; all open now, thank you."

"Take these things into my dressing-room. No; there will be no trunk. I shall go back in a few days."

The gate clashed to. A stout man in a blaze of white duck came up the path, lifting his cork helmet slightly to air the top of his head. As he approached it could be seen that his duck was of a modified whiteness,

and that his beard, even in that forcing weather, could not be less than a two days' growth. He threw his entire weight on the steps one by one, as he mounted them slowly. The curtains were parted for him from within.

"Well, Margaret?"

"Well, dear old man! How hot you look! Why do you not carry an umbrella?"

"Because I have n't got you here to make me. What brought you back in such weather? Where is your telegram?"

"I did not telegraph. There was no need. I simply had to speak to you at once—about something that could not be written."

"Well, it's good to have a look at you again. But you are going straight back, you know. Can't take any chances on such weather as this."

Mr. Thorne sank copiously into a piazza chair, and pulled forward another for his wife.

She sat on the edge of it, smiling at him with a wistful satisfaction. Her profile had a delicate, bird-like slant. Pale, crisped auburn hair powdered with gray, hair that looked like burnt-out ashes, she wore swept back from a small, tense face, full of fine lines and fleeting expressions. She had taken off her high, close neckwear, and the wanness of her throat showed above a collarless shirt-waist.

"Don't look at me; I am a wreck!" she implored, with a little exhausted laugh. "I wonder where my keys are? I must get on something cool before dinner."

"Ito has all the keys somewhere. Ito's a gentleman. He takes beautiful care of me, only he won't let me drink as much *shasta* as I want. What is that? Iced tea? Bad, bad before dinner! I'm going to watch *you* now. You are not looking a bit well. Is there any of that decoction left? Well, it is bad; it gets on the nerves, too much of it. The problem of existence here is, What shall we drink, and how much of it *can* we drink?"

Mrs. Thorne laughed out a little sigh. "I have brought you a problem. But we will talk when it is cooler. Don't you—don't you shave but twice a week when I am away, Henry?"

"I shave every day, when I think of it. I never go anywhere, and I don't have anybody here if I can possibly avoid it. It is all a man can do to live and be up to his work."

"I know; it's frightful to work in such weather. How the mill roars! It starts the blood to hear it. Last spring it sounded

like a cataract; now it roars like heat behind furnace doors. Which is your room now?"

"O Lord! I sleep anywhere; begin in my bed generally and end on the piazza floor. It will be the grass if this keeps on."

Mrs. Thorne continued to laugh spasmodically at her husband's careless speeches, not at what he said so much as through content in his familiar way of saying things. Under their light household talk, graver, questioning looks were exchanged, the unappeased glances of friends long separated, who realize on meeting again that letters have told them nothing.

"Why did n't you write me about this terrible heat?"

"Why did n't you write *me* that you were not well?"

"I am well."

"You don't look it—anything but."

"I am always ghastly after a journey. It is n't a question of health that brought me. But—never mind. Ring for Ito, will you? I want my keys."

At dinner she looked ten years younger, sitting opposite him in her summery lawns and laces. She tasted the cold wine soup, but ate nothing, watching her husband's appetite with the mixed wonder and concern that thirty years' knowledge of its capacities had not diminished. He studied her face meanwhile; he was accustomed to reading faces, and hers he knew by line and precept. He listened to her choked little laughs and hurried speeches. All her talk was mere postponement; she was fighting for time. Hence he argued that the trouble which had sent her flying home to him from the mountains was not fancy-bred. Of her imaginary troubles she was ready enough to speak.

The moon had risen, a red, dry-weather moon, when they walked out into the garden and climbed the orchard slope under low fruit-tree boughs. The trees were young, too quickly grown; like child mothers, they had lost their natural symmetry, overburdened with the season's pride of fruit. Each slender parent trunk was the center of a host of artificial props, which saved the sinking boughs from breaking. Under one of these low green tents they stopped and handled the great fruit that fell at a touch.

"How everything rushes to maturity here! The roses blossom and wither the same hour. The peaches burst before they ripen. Don't you think it oppresses one, all this waste fertility, such an excess of life and good living, one season crowding upon

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another? How shall we get rid of all these kindly fruits of the earth?"

She did not wait for an answer to her morbid questions. They moved on up a path between hedges of sweet pease going to seed, and blackberry-vines covered with knots of fruit dried in their own juices. A wall of gigantic Southern cane hid the boundary fence, and above it the night-black pines of the forest towered, their breezy monotone answering the roar of the forty stamps below the hill.

A few young pines stood apart on a knoll, a later extension of the garden, ungraded and covered with pine-needles. In the hollow places native shrubs, surprised by irrigation, had made an unwonted summer's growth.

Here in the blanching moon stood a tent with both flaps thrown back. A wind of coolness drew across the hill; it lifted one of the tent-curtains mysteriously; its touch was sad and searching.

Mrs. Thorne put back the canvas and stepped inside. She saw a folding camp-cot stripped of bedding, a dresser with half-open drawers that disclosed emptiness, a dusty book-rack standing on the floor. The little mirror on the tent-pole, hung too high for her own reflection, held a darkling picture of a pine-bough against a patch of stars. She sat on the edge of the cot and picked up a discarded necktie, sawing it across her knee mechanically to free it from the dust. Her husband placed himself beside her. His weight brought down the mattress and rocked her against his shoulder; he put his arm around her, and she gave way to a little sob.

"When has he written to you?" she asked.

"Since he went down?"

"I think so. Let me see! When did you hear last?"

"I have brought his last letter with me. I wondered if he had told you."

"I have heard nothing—nothing in particular. What is it?"

"The inevitable woman."

"She has come at last, has she? Come to stay?"

"He is engaged to her."

Mr. Thorne breathed his astonishment in a low whistle. "You don't like it?" he surmised at once.

"Like it! If it were merely a question of liking! She is impossible. She knows it, her people know it, and they have not told him. It remains—"

"What is the girl's name?"

"Henry, she is not a girl! That is, she is

a girl forced into premature womanhood, like all the fruits of this hotbed climate. She is that Miss Benedet whom you helped, whom you saved—how many years ago? When Willy was a school-boy."

"Well, she *was* saved, presumably."

"Saved from what, and by a total stranger!"

"She made no mistake in selecting the stranger. I can testify to that; and she was as young as he, my dear."

"A girl is never as young as a boy of the same age. She is a woman now, and she has taken his all—everything a man can give to his first—and told him nothing!"

"Are you sure it's the same girl? There are other Benedets."

"She is the one. His letter fixes it beyond a question—so innocently he fastens her past upon her! And he says, 'She is "a woman like a dewdrop."' I wonder if he knows what he is quoting, and what had happened to *that* woman!"

"Dewdrops don't linger long in the sun of California. But she was undeniably the most beautiful creature this or any other sun ever shone on."

"And he is the sweetest, sanest, cleanest-hearted boy, and the most innocent of what a woman may go through and still be fair outside!"

"Why, that is why she likes him. It speaks well for her, I think, that she hankers after that kind of a boy."

"It speaks volumes for what she lacks herself. Don't misunderstand me. I hope I am not without charity for what is done and never can be undone, though charity is hardly the virtue one would hope to need in welcoming a son's wife. It is her ghastly silence now that condemns her."

Mr. Thorne heaved a sigh, and changed his feet on the gritty tent floor. He stooped and picked up some small object on which he had stepped, a collar-stud trodden flat. He rolled it in his fingers musingly.

"She may be getting up her courage to tell him in her own time and way."

"The time has gone by when she could have told him honorably. She should have stopped the very first word on his lips."

"She could n't do that, you know, and be human. She could n't be expected to spare him at such a cost as that. Mighty few men would be worth it."

"If he was n't worth it she could have let him go. And the family! Think of their accepting his proposal in silence. Why, can

they even be married, Henry, without some process of law?"

"Heaven knows! I don't know how far the other thing had gone—far enough to make questions awkward."

Husband and wife remained seated side by side on the son's deserted bed. The shape of each was disconsolately outlined to the other against the tent's illumined walls. Now a wind-swayed branch of manzanita rasped the canvas, and cast upon it shadows of its moving leaves.

"It's pretty rough on quiet old folks like us, with no money to get us into trouble," said Mr. Thorne. "The boy is not a beauty, he's not a swell. He is just a plain, honest boy with a good working education. If you judge a woman, as some say you can, by her choice of men, she should n't be very far out of the way."

"It is very certain you cannot judge a man by his choice of women."

"You cannot judge a boy by the women that get hold of him. But Willy is not such a babe as you think. He's a deuced quiet sort, but he's not been knocking around by himself these ten years, at school and college and vacations, without picking up an idea or two—possibly about women. Experience, I grant, he probably lacks; but he has the truebred instinct. We always have trusted him so far; I'm willing to trust him now. If there are things he ought to know about this woman, leave him to find them out for himself."

"After he has married her! And you don't even know whether a marriage is possible without some sort of shuffling or concealment; do you?"

"I don't, but they probably do. Her family are n't going to get themselves into that kind of a scrape."

"I have no opinion whatever of the family. I think they would accept any kind of a compromise that money can buy."

"Very likely, and so would we if we had a daughter—"

"Why, we *have* a daughter! It is our daughter, all the daughter we shall ever call ours, that you are talking about. And to think of the girls and girls he might have had! Lovely girls, without a flaw—a flaw! She will fall to pieces in his hand. She is like a broken vase put together and set on the shelf to look at."

"Now we are losing our sense of proportion. We must sleep on this, or it will blot out the whole universe for us."

"It has already for me. I have n't a shadow of faith in anything left."

"And I have n't read the paper. Suppose the boy were in Cuba now!"

"I wish he were! It is a judgment on me for wanting to save him up, for insisting that the call was not for him."

"That 's just it, you see. You have to trust a man to know his own call. Whether it 's love or war, he is the one who has got to answer."

"But you will write to him to-morrow, Henry? He must be saved if the truth can save him. Think of the awakening!"

"My dear, if he loves her there will be no awakening. If there is, he will have to take his dose like other men. There is nothing in the truth that can save him, though I agree with you that he ought to know it—from her."

"If you had only told her your name, Henry! Then she would have had a finger-post to warn her off our ground. To think what you did for her, and how you are repaid!"

"It was a very foolish thing I did for her; I was n't proud of it in the least. That was one reason why I did not tell her my name."

Mr. Thorne removed his weight from the cot. The warped wires twanged back into place.

"Come, mother, we are too old not to trust in the Lord—or something. Anyhow, it 's cooler. I believe we shall sleep to-night."

"And have n't I murdered sleep for you, you poor old man? What a thing it is to have nerve and no nerves! I know you feel just as wrecked as I do. I wish you would say so. I want it said to the uttermost. If I could but—our only boy—our boy of 'highest hopes'! You remember the dear old Latin words in his first 'testimonials'?"

"They must have been badly disappointed in their girl, and I suppose they had their 'hopes,' too."

"They should not drag another into the pit, one too innocent to have imagined such treachery."

"I would n't make too much of his innocence, Margaret. He is all right so far as we know; he 's got precious little excuse for not being: but there is no such gulf between any two young humans; there can't be, especially when one is a man. Take my hand. There 's a step there."

Two shapes in white, with shadows preposterously lengthening, went down the hill. The long, dark house was open now to the night.

THERE is no night in the "stilly" sense at a mine.

The mill glared through all its windows from the gulch. Sentinel lights kept watch on top. The forty stamps pounded on. If they ceased a moment, there followed the sob of the pump, or the clang of a truck-load of drills dumped on the floor of the hoisting-works, or the thunder of rock in the iron-bound ore-bins. All was silence on the hill; but a wakeful figure wrapped in white went up and down the empty porches, as light as a dead leaf on the wind. It was the mother, wasting her night in grievous thinking, sighing with weariness, pining for sleep, dreading the day. How should they presume to tell that woman's story, knowing her only through one morbid chapter of her earliest youth, which they had stumbled upon without the key to it, or any knowledge of its sequel? She longed to feel that they might be merciful and not tell it. She coveted happiness for her son, and in her heart was prepared for almost any surrender that would purchase it for him. If the lure were not so great! If the woman were not so blinding fair, why, then one might find a virtue in excusing her, in condoning her silence, even. But, clothed in that power, to have pretended innocence as well!

The roar of the stamp-heads deadened her hearing of the night's subtler noises. Her thoughts went grinding on, crushing the hard rock of circumstance, but incapable of picking out the grains of gold therein. Later siftings might discover them, but she was reasoning now under too great human pressure for delicate analysis.

She saw the planets set and the night-mist cloak the valley. By four o'clock day-break had put out the stars. She went to her room then and fell asleep, awakening after the heat had begun, when the house was again darkened for the day's siege.

Her breakfast was a grief to Ito, who bore away her favorite dishes unnoticed and unpraised. But nothing could have been more grateful to feverish lips than the delicate subflavor of the fresh-gathered figs, or the ice-cold melons in their sea-green rinds.

She was still postponing, wandering through the darkened rooms, peering into closets and bureau-drawers to see, from force of habit, how Ito discharged his trust.

At luncheon she asked her husband if he had written. He made a gesture expressing his sense of the hopelessness of the situation in general.

"You know how I came by my knowledge, and how little it amounts to as a question of facts."

"Henry, how can you trifle so! You believe, just as I do, that such facts would wreck any marriage. And you are not the only one who knows them. I think your knowledge was providentially given you for the saving of your son."

"My son is a man. I can't save him. And take my word for it, he will go all lengths now before he will be saved."

"Let him go, then, with his eyes open, not blindfold, in jeopardy of other men's tongues."

Mr. Thorne rose uneasily.

"Do as you think you must; but it rather seems to me that I am bound to respect that woman's secret."

"You wish that you had not told me?"

"Well, I have, and I suppose that was part of the providence. It is in your hands now; be as easy on her as you can."

With a view to being "easy," Mrs. Thorne resolved not to expatiate, but to give the story on plain lines. The result was hardly as merciful as might have been expected.

"DEAR WILLY," she wrote: "Prepare yourself for a most unhappy letter [what woman can forego her preface?]-unhappy mother that I am, to have such a message laid upon me. But you will understand when you have read why the cup may not pass from us. If ever again a father or a mother can help you, my son, you have us always here, poor in comfort though we are. It seems that the comforters of our childhood have little power over those hurts that come with strength of years."

"Seven years ago this summer your father went to the city on one of his usual trips. Everything was usual, except that at Colfax he noticed a pair of beautiful thoroughbred horses being worked over by the stablemen, and a young fellow standing by giving directions. The horses had been overridden in the heat. It was such weather as we are having now. The young man, who appeared to have everything to say about them, was of the country sporting type, distinctly not the gentleman. In a cattle country he would have been a cow-boy simply. Your father thought he might have been employed on some of the horse-breeding ranches below Auburn as a trainer of young stock. He even wondered if he could have stolen the animals."

"But as the train moved out it appeared he had appropriated something of greater value—a young girl, also a thoroughbred."

"It did not need the gossip of the train-hands to suggest that this was an elopement of a highly sensational kind. Father was indignant at the jokes. You know it is a

saying with the common sort of people that in California elopements become epidemic at certain seasons of the year—like earthquake shocks or malaria. The man was handsome in a primitive way—worlds beneath the girl, who was simply and tragically a lady. Father sat in the same car with them, opposite their section. It grew upon him by degrees that she was slowly awakening, as one who has been drugged, to a stupefied consciousness of her situation. He thought there might still be room for help at the crisis of her return to reason (I mean all this in a spiritual sense), and so he kept near them. They talked but little together. The girl seemed stunned, as I say, by physical exhaustion or that dawning comprehension in which your father fancied he recognized the tragic element of the situation.

"The young man was outwardly self-possessed, as horsemen are, but he seemed constrained with the girl. They had no conversation, no topics in common. He kept his place beside her, often watching her in silence, but he did not obtrude himself. She appeared to have a certain power over him, even in her helplessness, but it was slipping from her. In her eyes, as they rested upon him in the hot daylight, your father believed that he saw a wild and gathering repulsion. So he kept near them."

"The train was late, having waited at Colfax two hours for the Eastern overland, else they would have been left, those two, and your father; but such is fate!"

"It was ten o'clock when they reached Oakland. He lost the pair for a moment in the crowd going aboard the boat, but saw the girl again far forward, standing alone by the rail. He strolled across the deck, not appearing to have seen her. She moved a trifle nearer; with her eyes on the water, speaking low as if to herself, she said:

"I am in great danger. Will you help me? If you will, listen, but do not speak or come any nearer. Be first, if you can, to go ashore; have a carriage ready, and wait until you see me. There will be a moment, perhaps—only a moment. Do not lose it. You understand? He, too, will have to get a carriage. When he comes for me I shall be gone. Tell the driver to take me to —" she gave the number of a well-known residence on Van Ness Avenue.

"He looked at her then and said quietly, 'The Benedet house is closed for the summer.'

"She hung her head at the name. 'Promise me your silence!' she implored in the same low, careful voice.

"I will protect you in every way consistent with common sense," your father answered, "but I make no promises."

"I am at your mercy," she said, and added, "but not more than at his."

"Is this a case of conspiracy or violence?" your father asked.

"She shook her head. 'I cannot accuse him. I came of my own free will. That is why I am helpless now.'"

"I do not see how I can help you," said father.

"You can help me to gain time. One hour is all I ask. Will you or not?" she said. "Be quick! He is coming."

"I must go with you, then," father answered. "I will take you to this address, but I need not tell you the house is empty."

"There are people in the coachman's lodge," she answered. Then her companion approached, and no more was said.

"But the counter-eloquent was accomplished, as only your father could manage such a matter on the spur of the moment—consequences accepted with his usual philosophy and bonhomie. If he could have foreseen all the consequences, he would not, I think, have refused to give her his name."

"He left her at the side entrance, where she rang and was admitted by an oldish, respectable-looking man, who recognized her evidently with the greatest surprise. Then your father carried out her final order to wire Norwood Benedet, Jr., at Burlingame, to come home that night to the house address and save—she did not say whom or what; there she broke off, demanding that your father compose a message that should bring him as sure as life and death, but tell no tales. I do not know how she may have put it—these are my own words. I am trying simply to be plain and not prolong the agony."

"There was a paragraph in one newspaper, next morning, which gave the girl's full name, and a fancy sketch of her elopement with the famous range-rider Dick Malaby—this was just after the close of the cattle-men's war in Wyoming. Malaby had fought for one of the ruined English companies. (The big owners lost everything, as you know. The country was up in arms against them; they could not protect their own men.) Malaby's employers were friends of the Benedets, and had asked a place with them for their liegeman. He was a desperado with a dozen lives upon his head, but men like Norwood Benedet and his set would have been sure to make a pet of him. One could see how it all had come about, and what a ter-

rible publicity such a name associated with hers would give a girl for the rest of her life.

"But money can do a great deal. Society was out of town; the newspapers that society reads were silent."

"It was announced a few days later that Mrs. Benedet and her daughter Helen had gone East on their way to Europe. As Mr. Benedet's health was very bad,—this was only six months before he died,—society wondered; but it has been accustomed to wondering about the Benedets."

"Mrs. Benedet came home at the time of her husband's death and remained for a few months, but Helen was kept away. You know they have continually been abroad for the last seven years, and Helen has never been seen in society here. When you spoke of 'Miss Benedet' I no more thought of her than if she had not been living. Aunt Frances met them last winter at Cannes, and Mrs. Benedet said positively they had no intention of coming back to California ever to live. Aunt Frances wondered why, with their beautiful homes empty and going to destruction. I have told you the probable reason. Whether it still exists, God knows—or what they have done with that man and his dreadful knowledge."

"Helen Benedet may have changed her spiritual identity since she made that fatal journey, but she can hardly have forgotten what she did. She must know there is a man who, if he lives, holds her reputation at the mercy of his silence. Money can do a great deal, but it cannot do everything."

"I am tempted to wish that we—your father and I—could have shared your ignorance, could trust as you do. Better a common awakening for us all, than that I should be the one necessity has chosen to apply the torture to my son."

"The misery of this will make you hate my handwriting forever. But why do I babble? You do not hear me. God help you, my dear!"

THESE words descriptive of her own emotions, Mrs. Thorne, on re-reading, scored out, and recopied the last page.

She did not weep. She ached from the impossibility of weeping. She stumbled away from her desk, tripping in her long robes, and stretched herself out at full length on the floor, like a girl in the first embrace of sorrow. But hearing Ito's footsteps, she rose ashamed, and took an attitude befitting her years.

The letter was absently sealed and addressed; there was no reason why the shaft

should not go home. Yet she hesitated. It were better she should read it to her husband first.

The sun dropped below the piazza roof and pierced the bamboo lattices with lines and slits of fervid light.

From heat to heat the day declined.

The gardener came with wet sacking and swathed the black-glazed jardinières, in which the earth was steaming. The mine whistle blared, and a rattle of miners' carts followed, as the day-shift dispersed to town. The mine did not board its proletariat. At his usual hour the watchman braved the blinding path, and left the evening paper on the piazza floor. There it lay unopened. Mrs. Thorne fanned herself and looked at it. There must be fighting in Cuba; she did not move to see. Other mothers' sons were dying; what was death to such squalor as hers? Sorrow is a queen, as the poet says, and sits enthroned; but Trouble is a slave. Mothers with griefs like hers must suffer in the fetters of silence.

When dinner was over, Ito made his nightly pilgrimage through the house, opening bedroom shutters, fastening curtains back. He drew up the piazza-blinds, and like a stage-scene, framed in post and balustrade, and bordered with a tracery of rose-vines, the valley burst upon the view. Its cool twilight colors, its river-bed of mist, added to the depth of distance. Against it the white roses looked whiter, and the pink ones caught fire from the intense, great afterglow.

The silent couple, drinking their coffee outside, drew a long mutual sigh.

"Every day," said Mrs. Thorne, "we wonder why we stay in such a place, and every evening we are cajoled into thinking there never can be such another day. And the beauty is just as fresh every night as the heat is preposterous by day."

"It's a great strain on the men," said Mr. Thorne. "We lost two of our best hands this week—threw down their tools and quit, for some tomfoolery they would n't have noticed a month ago. The bosses irritate the men, and the men get fighting mad in a minute. Not one of them will bear the weight of a word, and I don't blame them. The work is hard enough in decent weather; they are dropping off sick every day. The night-shift boys can't sleep in their hot little houses—they look as if they'd all been on a two weeks' tear. The next improvement we make I shall build a rest-house where the night-shift can turn in and sleep inside

of stone walls, without crying babies and scolding wives clattering around. This heat every summer costs us thousands of dollars in delays, from wear and tear and extra strain—tempers and nerves giving out, men getting frantic and jerking things. I believe it breeds a form of acute mania when it keeps on like this."

"Yes; the point of view changes the instant the sun goes down," said Mrs. Thorne. "I am glad I did not send my letter. Will you let me read it to you, Henry?"

"Not now; let us enjoy the peace of God while it lasts." He stretched himself on his back on the ratan lounge, and folded his hands on that part of his person which illustrated, geographically speaking, the great Continental Divide. The locked hands rose softly up and down. His wife fanned him in silence.

He turned his head and looked at her; her tired eyes, the dragged lines about her mouth, disturbed his sense of rest. He took the fan from her and returned her attention vigorously. "Please don't!" she said, with a little teased laugh. She rearranged the lock which he had blown across her forehead. His larger help she needed, but he had seldom known how to pet her in little ways.

"I think you ought to let me read it to you," she said. "There is nothing so difficult as telling the truth about one's self—when it's another person."

"That's what I claim; she is the only one who can tell it."

"This is a case of first aid to the injured," she sighed. "I may not be a surgeon, but I must do what I can for my son."

Then there was silence; the valley grew dimmer, the sky nearer and more intense.

"Yes, the night forgives the day," after a while she said; "it even forgets. And we forget what we were, and what we did when we were young. What is the use of growing old if we can't learn to forgive?" she vaguely pleaded; and suddenly she began to weep.

The rattle of a miner's cart broke in upon them; it stopped at the gate. Mr. Thorne half rose and looked out; a man was hurrying up the walk. He waved with his cane for him to stop where he was. Messengers at this hour were usually bearers of bad news, and he did not choose that his wife should know all the troubles of the mines.

The two men conversed together at the gate; then Mr. Thorne returned to explain.

"I must go over to the office a moment; and I may have to go to the power-house."

"Is anybody hurt?"

"Only a pump. Don't think of things, dear. Just keep cool while you can."

"For pity's sake, there is a carriage!" Mrs. Thorne exclaimed. "We are going to have a visitor. Fancy making calls after such a day as this!"

Mr. Thorne hurried away with manlike promptitude in the face of a social obligation. The mistress stepped inside and gave an order to Ito.

As she returned, a lady was coming up the walk. She was young and tall, and had a distant effect of great elegance. She held herself very erect, and moved with the rapid, swimming step peculiar to women who are accustomed to the eyes of critical assemblages. Her thin black dress was too elaborate for a country drive; it was a concession to the heat, which yet permitted the wearing of a bonnet—no more than a pair of wings that started up from her beautiful head like white flames. But Mrs. Thorne chiefly observed the look of tense preparation in the face that met hers. She retreated a little from what she felt to be a crisis of some sort, and her heart beat hard with acute agitation.

"Mrs. Thorne?" said the visitor. "Do I need to tell you who I am? Has anyone forewarned you of such a person as Helen Benedet?"

The two women clasped hands hurriedly. The worn eyes of the elder, strained by night-watchings, drooped under the young, dark ones, reinforced by their splendor of brows and lashes.

"It was very sweet of you to come," she said in a lifeless voice.

"Without an invitation! You did not expect me to be quite so sweet as that?"

Mrs. Thorne did not reply to this challenge. "You are not alone?" she asked gently.

"I am alone, dear Mrs. Thorne. I am everything I ought not to be. But you will not mind for an hour or two? It's a great deal to ask of you this hot night, I know."

"You must not think of going back to-night." Mrs. Thorne glanced at the hired carriage from town. "Did you come on purpose, this dreadful weather, my dear? I am very stupid, but I've only just come myself."

"Oh, you are angelic! I heard at Colfax, as we were coming up, that you were at the mine. I came—by main strength. But I should have come somehow. Have you people staying with you? You look so very gay with your lights—you look like a whole community."

"We have no lights here, you see; we are anything but gay. We were talking of you only just now," Mrs. Thorne added infelicitously.

The other did not seem to hear her. She let her eyes rove down the lengths of empty piazza. The close-reefed awnings revealed the stars above the trees, dark and breezeless on the lawn. The matted rose-vines clung to the pillars motionless.

"What a strange, dear place!" she murmured. "And there is no one here?"

"No one at all. We are quite alone. We really must have you."

"I will stay, then. It's perfectly fearful, all I have to say to you. I shall tire you to death."

Ito, appearing, was ordered to send away the lady's carriage.

"May he bring me a glass of water? Just water, please." The tall girl, in her long black dress, moved to and fro, making a pretense of the view to escape observation.

"What is that sloping house that roars so? It sounds like a house of beasts. Oh, the stamps, of course! There goes one on the bare metal. Did anything break then?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Thorne; "things do not break so easily as that in a stamp-mill. Only the rock gets broken."

Ito returned with a tray of iced soda, and was spoken to aside by his mistress.

"It's quite a farce," she said, "preparing beds for our friends in this weather. No one sleeps until after two, and then it is morning; and though we shut out the heat, it beats on the walls and burns up the air inside, and we wake more tired than ever."

"Let us not think of sleep! I need all the night to talk in. I have to tell you impossible things."

"Is Willy's father to be included in this talk?" Mrs. Thorne inquired; "because he is coming—he is there at the gate."

She rose uneasily. Her visitor rose, too, and together they watched the man's unconscious figure approaching. An electric lamp above the gate threw long shadows, like spokes of a wheel, across the grass. Mr. Thorne's face was invisible till he had reached the steps.

"Henry," said his wife, "you do not see we have a visitor."

He took off his hat, and perceiving a young lady, waved her a gallant and playful greeting, assuming her to be a neighbor. Miss Benedet stepped back without speaking.

"God bless me!" said Thorne, simply, when his wife had named her guest, and so left the matter, for Miss Benedet to acknowledge or deny their earlier meeting.

Mrs. Thorne gave her little coughing laugh.

"Well, you two!" she said with ghastly gaiety. "Must I repeat, Henry, that this is—"

"He is trying to think where he has seen me before," said Helen Benedet. There was a ring in her voice like that of the stamp-heads on the bare steel.

"I am wondering if you remember where you saw me before," Thorne retorted. He did not like the young lady's presence there. He thought it extraordinary and rather brazen. And he liked still less to be drawn into a woman's parlance.

Mrs. Thorne sat still, trembling. "Henry, tell her! Speak to her!"

Miss Benedet turned from husband to wife. Her face was very pale. "Ah," she said, "you knew about me all the time! He has told you everything—and you called me 'my dear'! Is it easy for you to say such things?"

"Never mind, never mind! What did you wish to say to me? What was it?"

"Give me a moment, please! This alters everything. I must get accustomed to this before we go any further."

She reached out her white arm with the thin sleeve wrinkled over it, and helped herself again to water. In every gesture there was the poise and distinction of perfect self-command, a highly wrought self-consciousness, as far removed from pose as from nature's simplicity. Natural she could never be again. No woman is natural who has a secret experience to guard, whether of grief or shame, her own or of any belonging to her.

"You are the very man," she said, "the one who would not promise. And you kept your word and told your wife. And how long have you known of—of this engagement?"

Mr. Thorne looked at his wife.

"Only a few days," she said.

"Still, there has been time," the girl reflected. She let her voice fall from its high society pitch. "I did not dream there was so much mercy in the world—among parents! You both knew, and you have not told him. You deserve to have Willy for your son!"

Mrs. Thorne leaned forward to speak. Her husband, guessing what trouble her conscience would be making her, forestalled the effort with a warning look. "There was no mercy in the case," he bluntly said; "we do not know your story."

Miss Benedet continued, as if thinking aloud: "Yet you gave me that supreme trust, that I would tell him myself! I have not, and now it is too late. Now I can never know how he would have taken it had he known in time. I do not want his forgive-

ness, you may be sure, or his toleration. I must be what I was to him or nothing. You will tell him, and then he will understand the letter I wrote him last night, breaking the engagement. We may be honest with each other now; there is no peace of the family to provide for. This night's talk, and I leave myself, my whole self, with you, to do with as you think best for him. If you think better to have it over at one blow, tell him the worst. The facts are enough if you leave out the excuses. But if you want to soften it for the sake of his faith in general,—is n't there some such idea, that men lose their faith in all women through the fault of one?—why, soften it all you like. Make me the victim of circumstances. I can show you how. I had forgiven myself, you know. I thought I was as good as new. I had forgotten I had a flaw. And I was so tired of being on the defensive. Now at last, I said, I shall have a friend! You know—do you know what a restful, impersonal manner your son has? What quiet eyes! We rode and talked together like two young men. It seems a pleasure common enough with some girls, but I never had it; lads of my own age were debarred when I was a girl. I had neither girls nor boys to play with. Girl friends were dealt out to me to fit my supposed needs, but taken that way as medicine I did n't find them very interesting. If I clung to one more than another, that one was not asked soon again for fear of inordinate affections and unbalanced enthusiasms. I was to be an all-around young woman; so they built a wall all around me. It fitted tight at last, and then I broke through one night and emptied my heart on the ground. My plea, you see, is always ready. Could I have lived and kept on scorning myself as I did that night? Do you remember?" She bent her imperative, clear gaze upon Thorne. "I told you the truth when you gave me a chance to lie. Heaven knows what it cost to say, 'I came with him of my own free will!'"

Mrs. Thorne put her hand in her husband's. He pressed it absently, with his eyes on the ground.

"It is such a mercy that I need not begin at the beginning. You know the worst already, and your divine hesitation before judgment almost demands that I should try to justify it. I may excuse myself to you. I will not be too proud to meet you halfway; but remember, when you tell the story to him, everything is to be sacrificed to his cure."

"When we really love them," Mrs. Thorne



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"I ALWAYS CONFORM, YOU KNOW." (SEE PAGE 350.)

unexpectedly argued, "do we want them to be cured?"

The defendant looked at her in astonishment. "Do I understand you?" she asked. "You must be careful. I have not told you my story. Of course I want to influence you, but nothing can alter the facts."

There was no reply, and she took up her theme again, with visible and painful effort. A sickening familiarity, a weariness of it all before she had begun, showed in her voice and in her pale, reluctant smile.

"Seven years is a long time," she said, looking at Thorne. "Are you sure you have forgotten nothing? You saw what the man was?" she demanded. "He was precisely what he looked to be—one of the men about the stables. I was not supposed to know one from another."

"It is a mistake to talk of a girl having fallen. She has crawled down in her thoughts, a step at a time—unless she fell in the dark; and I declare that before this happened it was almost dark with me!"

"My mother is a very clever woman; she has had the means to carry out her theories, and I am her only child (Norwood Benedet is my half-brother). I was not allowed to play with ordinary children; they might have spoiled my accent or told me stories that would have made me afraid of the dark; and while the perfect child was waited for, I had only my nurses. I was not allowed to go to school, of course. Schools are for ordinary children. When I was past the governess age I had tutors, exceptional beings, imported like my frocks. They were too clever for the work of teaching one ignorant, spoiled child. They wore me out with their dissertations, their excess of personality, their overflow of acquirements, all bearing upon poor, stupid me, who could absorb so little. And mama would not allow me to be pushed, so I never actually worked or played. These persons were in the house, holidays and all, and there was a perpetual little dribble of instruction going on. I wearied of the deadly deliberation of it all."

"As a family we have always been in a way notorious; I am aware of that; but my mother's ideals are far different from those that held in father's young days, when he made his money and a highly ineligible circle of acquaintances. Nordy inherited all the fun and the friends, and he spent the money like a prince. Once or twice a year he would come down to the ranch, and the place would be filled with his company, and their horses and jockeys and servants. Then

mama would fly with me till the reign of sport was over. It was a terrible grief to have to go at the only time when the ranch was not a prison. I grew up nursing a crop of smothered rebellions and longings which I was ashamed to confess. At sixteen mama was to take me abroad for two years; I was to be presented and brought home in triumph, unless Europe refused to part with a pearl of such price. All pearls have their price. I was not left in absolute ignorance of my own. Of all who suffered through that night's madness of mine, poor mama is most to be pitied. There was no limit to her pride in me, and she has never made the least pretense that religion or philosophy could comfort her.

"Now, before I really begin, shall we not speak of something else for a while? I do not want to be quite without mercy."

"I think you had better go on," said Mrs. Thorne, gently; "but take off your bonnet, my dear."

"Still 'my dear'?" sighed the girl. "Is so much kindness quite consistent with your duty? Will you leave *all* the plain speaking to me?"

"Forgive me," said the mother, humbly; "but I cannot call you 'Miss Benedet.' We seem to have got beyond that."

"Oh, we have got beyond everything! There is no precedent for us in the past"—she felt for her hat-pins—"and no hope in the future." She put off the little winged circlet that crowned her hair, and Mrs. Thorne took it from her. Almost shyly the middle-aged woman, who had never herself been even pretty, looked at the sad young beauty, sitting uncovered in the moonlight.

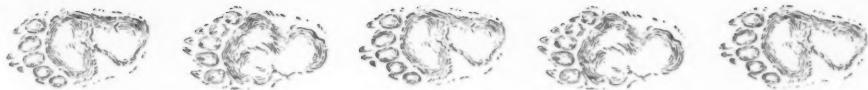
"You should never wear anything on your head. It is desecration."

"Is it? I always conform, you know. I wear anything, do anything, that is demanded."

"Ah, but the head—such hair! I wonder that I do not hate you when I think of my poor Willy."

"You will hate me when I am gone," said the beautiful one, wearily; "you may count on the same revulsion in him. I know it. I have been through it. There is nothing so loathsome in the bitter end as mere good looks."

"Ah, but why—" the mother checked herself. Was she groveling already for Willy's sake? She had stifled the truth, and accepted thanks not her due, and listened to praise of her own magnanimity. Where were the night's surprises to leave her?



THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY.

BY ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON,
Author of "Wild Animals I have Known."

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

PART III. THE WANING OF WAHB.

I.

YEARS went by. Wahb grew no bigger,—there was no need for that,—but he got whiter, crosser, and more dangerous. He really had an enormous range now. Each spring, after the winter storms had removed his notice-boards, he went around and renewed them. It was natural to do so, for, first of all, the scarcity of food compelled him to travel all over the range. There were lots of clay wallows at that season, and the itching of his skin, as the winter coat began to shed, made the dressing of cool, wet clay very pleasant, and the exquisite pain of a good scratching was one of the finest pleasures he knew. So, whatever his motive, the result was the same: the signs were renewed each spring.

At length the Palette Ranch outfit appeared on the Lower Piney, and the men got acquainted with the "ugly old fellow." The Cow-punchers decided they "had n't lost any Bears" when they saw him, and they had better keep out of his way and let him mind his business.

They did not often see him, although his tracks and sign-boards were everywhere. But the owner of this outfit, a born hunter, took a keen interest in Wahb. He learned something of the old Bear's history from Colonel Pickett, and found out for himself more than the colonel ever knew.

He learned that Wahb ranged as far south as the Upper Wiggins Fork and north to the Stinking Water, and from the Metetsee to the Shoshones.

He found that Wahb knew more about Bear-traps than most trappers do; that he either passed them by or tore open the other end of the bait-pen and dragged out the bait without going near the trap, and by accident or design Wahb sometimes sprang the trap with one of the logs that formed the pen. This ranch-owner found also that Wahb disappeared from his range each year during the heat of the summer, as completely as he did each winter during his sleep.





HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"HE DELIBERATELY STOOD UP ON THE FINE ROOT."



II.

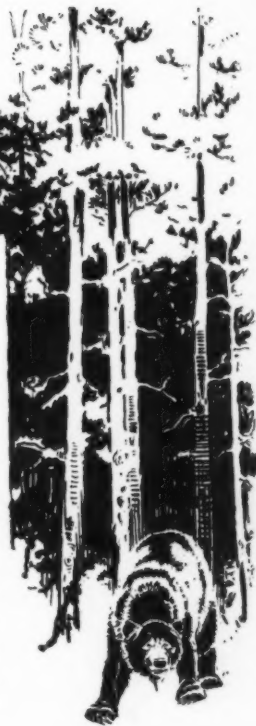
MANY years ago a wise government set aside the head waters of the Yellowstone to be a sanctuary of wild life forever. In the limit of this great Wonderland the ideal of the Royal Singer was to be realized, and none were to harm or make afraid. No violence was to be offered to any bird or beast, no ax was to be carried into its primitive forests, and the streams were to flow on forever unpolluted by mill or mine. All things were to bear witness that such as this was the West before the white man came.

The wild animals quickly found out all this. They soon learned the boundaries of this unfenced Park, and, as every one knows, they show a different nature within its sacred limits. They no longer shun the face of man, they neither fear nor attack him, and they are even more tolerant of one another in this land of refuge.

Peace and plenty are the sum of earthly good; so, finding it there, the wild creatures crowd into the Park from the surrounding country, and are found there in numbers that are not elsewhere to be seen.

The Bears are especially numerous about the Fountain Hotel. In the woods, a quarter of a mile off, all the kitchen garbage is dumped, and each year a greater number of Bears gather there during the months that the hotel is running, for the sake of the abundant feed on the garbage-heap. It is a common thing now to see a dozen Bears feeding there at one time. They are of all kinds—Black, Brown, Cinnamon, Grizzly, Silvertip, Roachbacks, big and small, families and rangers, from all parts of the vast surrounding country. All seem to realize that in the Park no violence is allowed, and the most ferocious of them have here put on a new behavior. Although scores of Bears roam about this choice resort, and quarrel among themselves, perhaps, over the best feeding- and drinking-places, there has never yet been a man hurt by any one of them.

One day the owner of the Palette Ranch came through the Park. During his stay at the Fountain Hotel, he went to the garbage-dump to see the Bears. There were several Blackbears feeding, but they made way for a huge Grizzly that came about sundown.



"That," said the man who was acting as guide, "is the biggest Grizzly in the Park; but he is a peaceable sort, or Lud knows what 'd happen."

"That!" said the ranchman, in astonishment, as the Grizzly came hulking nearer, and loomed up like a load of hay in the pine woods. "That! If that is not Meteetsee Wahn, I never saw a Bear in my life! Why, that is the worst Grizzly that ever rolled a log in the Big Horn Basin."

"It ain't possible," said the other, "for he's here every summer, July and August, an' I reckon he don't live so far away."

"Well, that settles it," said the ranchman; "July and August is just the time we miss him on the range; and you can see for yourself that he is a little lame behind and has lost a claw of his left front foot. I know now where Wahn puts in his summers; but I did not suppose that the old reprobate would know enough to behave himself away from home."

The old Grizzly became very well known during the successive hotel seasons. Once only did he really behave ill, and that was the first season he appeared, before he fully knew the ways of the Park.

He wandered over to the hotel, one day, and in at the front door. In the hall he reared up his eight feet of stature as the guests fled in terror; then he went into the clerk's office. The man said: "All right; if you need this office more than I do, you can have it," and leaping over the counter, locked himself in the telegraph-office, to wire the superintendent of the Park: "Old Grizzly in the office now, seems to want to run hotel; may we shoot?"

The reply came: "No shooting allowed in Park; use the hose." Which they did, and, wholly taken by surprise, the Bear leaped over the counter too, and ambled out the back way, with a heavy thud, thudding of his feet, and a rattling of his claws on the floor. He passed through the kitchen as he went, and, picking up a quarter of beef, took it along.

This was the only time he was known to do ill, though on one occasion he was led into a breach of the peace by another Bear. This was a large she-Blackbear and a noted mischief-maker. She had a wretched, sickly cub that she was very proud of—so proud that she went out of her way to seek trouble on his behalf. And he, like all spoiled children, was the cause of much bad feeling. She was so big and fierce that she could bully all the other Blackbears, but when she tried to drive off old Wahn she received a pat from his paw that sent her tumbling like a football. He followed her up, and would have killed her, for she had broken the peace of the Park, but she escaped by climbing a tree, from the top of which her miserable little cub was apprehensively squealing at the pitch of his voice. So the affair was ended; in future the Blackbear kept out of Wahn's way, and he won the reputation of being a peaceable, well-behaved Bear. Most persons believed that he came from some remote mountains where were neither guns nor traps to make him sullen and revengeful.



THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY.

III.

EVERY one knows that a Bitter-root Grizzly is a bad Bear. The Bitter-root Range is the roughest part of the mountains. The ground is everywhere cut up with deep ravines and overgrown with dense and tangled underbrush.

It is an impossible country for horses, and difficult for gunners, and there is any amount of good Bear-pasture. So there are plenty of Bears and plenty of trappers.

The Roachbacks, as the Bitter-root Grizzlies are called, are a cunning, desperate race. An old Roachback knows more about traps than half a dozen ordinary trappers; he knows more about plants and roots than a whole college of botanists. He can tell to a certainty just when and where to find each kind of grub and worm, and he knows by a whiff whether the hunter on his trail a mile away is working with guns, poison, dogs, traps, or all of them together. And he has one general rule, which is an endless puzzle to the hunter: "Whatever you decide to do, do it quickly and follow it right up." So when a trapper and a Roachback meet, the Bear at once makes up his mind to run away as hard as he can, or to rush at the man and fight to a finish.

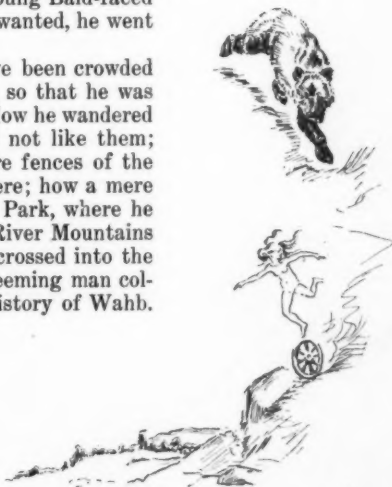
The Grizzlies of the Bad Lands did not do this: they used to stand on their dignity and growl like a thunder-storm, and so gave the hunters a chance to play their deadly lightning; and lightning is worse than thunder any day. Men can get used to growls that rumble along the ground and up one's legs to the little house where one's courage lives; but Bears cannot get used to 45-90 soft-nosed bullets, and that is why the Grizzlies of the Bad Lands were all killed off.

So the hunters have learned that they never know what a Roachback will do; but they do know that he is going to be quick about it.

Altogether these Bitter-root Grizzlies have solved very well the problem of life, in spite of white men, and are therefore increasing in their own wild mountains.

Of course a range will hold only so many Bears, and the increase is crowded out; so that when that slim young Bald-faced Roachback found he could not hold the range he wanted, he went out perforce to seek his fortune in the world.

He was not a big Bear, or he would not have been crowded out; but he had been trained in a good school, so that he was cunning enough to get on very well elsewhere. How he wandered down to the Salmon River Mountains and did not like them; how he traveled till he got among the barb-wire fences of the Snake Plains and of course could not stay there; how a mere chance turned him from going eastward to the Park, where he might have rested; how he made for the Snake River Mountains and found more hunters than berries; how he crossed into the Tetons and looked down with disgust on the teeming man colony of Jackson's Hole, does not belong to this history of Wabb.



But when Baldy Roachback crossed the Gros Ventre Range and over the Wind River Divide to the head of the Graybull, he does come into the story, just as he did into the country and the life of the Meteetsee Grizzly.

The Roachback had not found a man-sign since he left Jackson's Hole, and here he was in a land of plenty of food. He feasted on all the delicacies of the season, and enjoyed the easy, brushless country till he came on one of Wahn's sign-posts.

"Trespassers beware!" it said in the plainest manner. The Roachback reared up against it.

"Thunder! what a Bear!" The nose-mark was a head and neck above Baldy's highest reach. Now, a simple Bear would have gone quietly away after this discovery; but Baldy felt that the mountains owed him a living, and here was a good one if he could keep out of the way of the big fellow. He nosed about the place, kept a sharp lookout for the present owner, and went on feeding wherever he ran across a good thing.

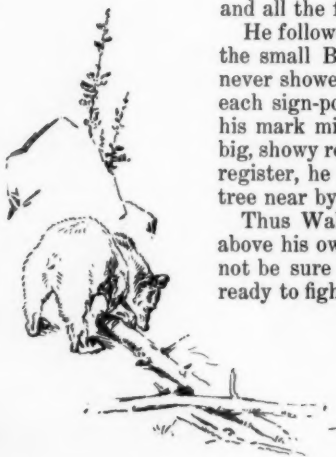
A step or two from this ominous tree was an old pine stump. In the Bitter-roots there are often mice-nests under such stumps, and Baldy jerked it over to see. There was nothing. The stump rolled over against the sign-post. Baldy had not yet made up his mind about it; but a new notion came into his cunning head. He turned his head on this side, then on that. He looked at the stump, then at the sign, with his little pig-like eyes. Then he deliberately stood up on the pine root, with his back to the tree, and put his mark away up, a head at least above that of Wahn. He rubbed his back long and hard, and he sought some mud to smear his head and shoulders, then came back and made the mark so big, so strong, and so high, and emphasized it with such claw-gashes in the bark, that it could be read only in one way—a challenge to the present claimant from some monstrous invader, who was ready, anxious, to fight to a finish for this desirable range.

Maybe it was accident and maybe design, but when the Roachback jumped from the root it rolled to one side. Baldy went on down the cañon, keeping the keenest lookout for his enemy.

It was not long before Wahn found the trail of the interloper, and all the ferocity of his outside-the-Park nature was aroused.

He followed the trail for miles on more than one occasion. But the small Bear was quick-footed as well as quick-witted, and never showed himself. He made a point, however, of calling at each sign-post, and if there was any means of cheating, so that his mark might be put higher, he did it with a vim, and left a big, showy record. But if there was no chance for any but a fair register, he would not go near the tree, but looked for a fresh tree near by with some log or side-ledge to reach from.

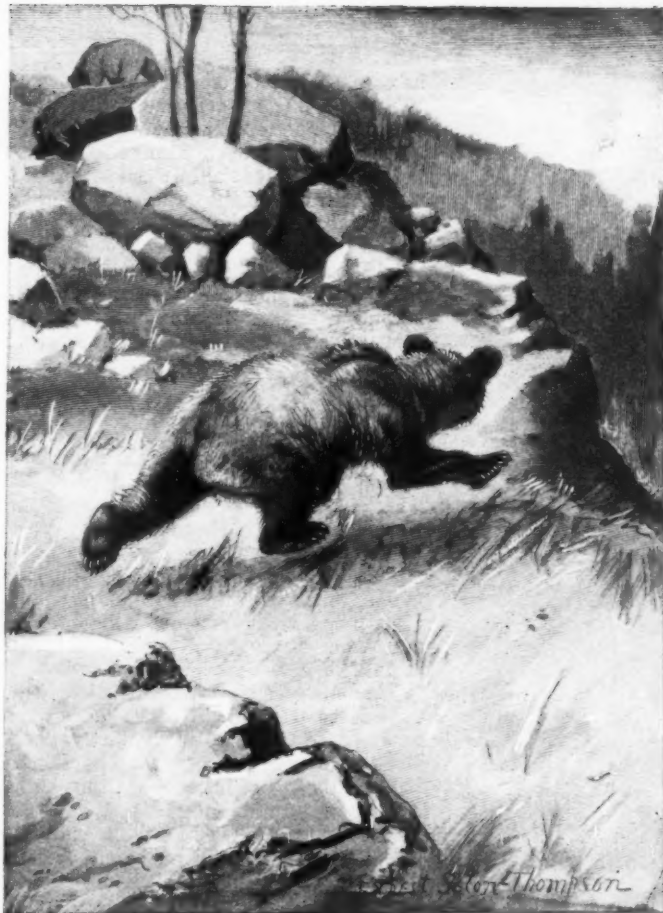
Thus Wahn soon found the interloper's marks towering far above his own—a monstrous Bear evidently, that even he could not be sure of mastering. But Wahn was no coward. He was ready to fight to a finish any one that might come; and he hunted



the range for that invader. Day after day Wahb sought for him and held himself ready to fight. He found his trail daily, and more and more often he found that towering record far above his own. He often smelled him on the wind; but he never saw him, for the old Grizzly's eyes had grown very dim of late years; things but a little way off were mere blurs to him. The continual menace could not but fill Wahb with uneasiness, for he was not young now, and his teeth and claws were worn and blunted. He was more than ever troubled with pains in his old wounds, and though he could have risen on the spur of the moment to fight any number of Grizzlies of any size, still the continual apprehension, the knowledge that he must hold himself ready at any moment to fight this young monster, weighed on his spirits and began to tell on his general health.

IV.

THE Roachback's life was one of continual vigilance, always ready to run, doubling and shifting to avoid the encounter that must mean instant death to him. Many a time from some hiding-place he watched the great Bear, and trembled lest the wind should betray him. Several times his very impudence saved him, and more than once he was nearly cornered in a box-cañon. Once



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

THE ROACHBACK.

he escaped only by climbing up a long crack in a cliff, which Wahn's huge frame could not have entered. But still, in a mad persistence, he kept on marking the trees farther into the range.

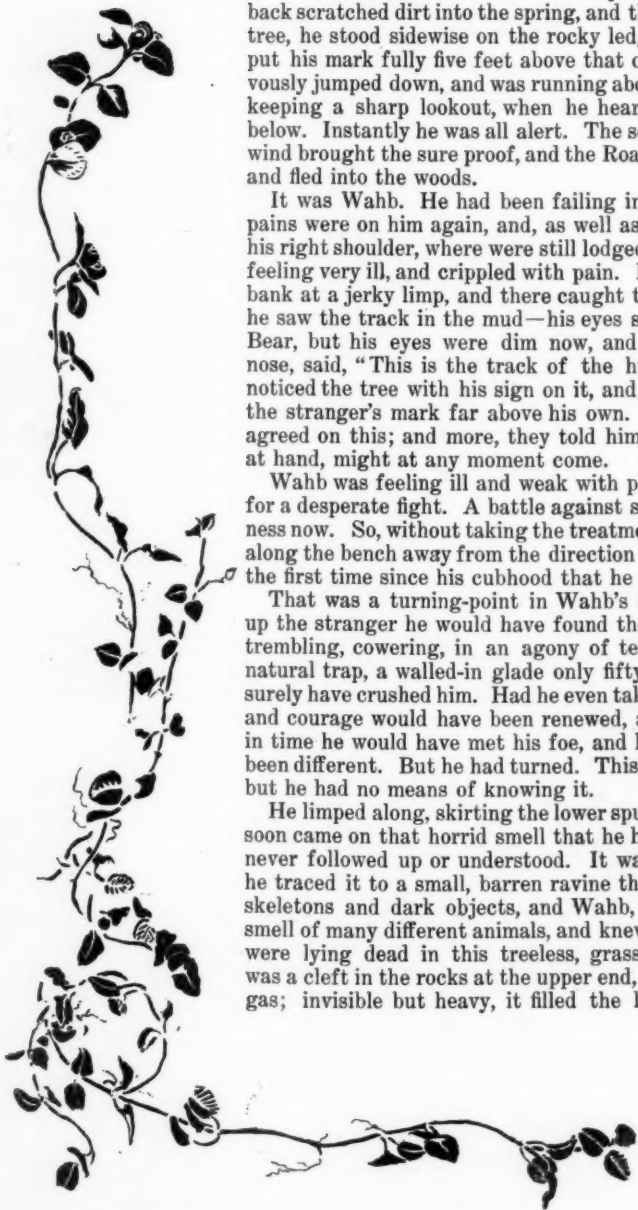
At last he scented and followed up the sulphur-bath. He did not understand it at all. It had no appeal to him, but hereabouts were the tracks of the owner. In a spirit of mischief the Roachback scratched dirt into the spring, and then seeing the rubbing-tree, he stood sidewise on the rocky ledge, and was thus able to put his mark fully five feet above that of Wahn. Then he nervously jumped down, and was running about, defiling the bath and keeping a sharp lookout, when he heard a noise in the woods below. Instantly he was all alert. The sound drew near, then the wind brought the sure proof, and the Roachback, in terror, turned and fled into the woods.

It was Wahn. He had been failing in health of late; his old pains were on him again, and, as well as his hind leg, had seized his right shoulder, where were still lodged two rifle-balls. He was feeling very ill, and crippled with pain. He came up the familiar bank at a jerky limp, and there caught the odor of the foe; then he saw the track in the mud—his eyes said the track of a *small* Bear, but his eyes were dim now, and his nose, his unerring nose, said, "This is the track of the huge invader." Then he noticed the tree with his sign on it, and there beyond doubt was the stranger's mark far above his own. His eyes and nose were agreed on this; and more, they told him that the foe was close at hand, might at any moment come.

Wahn was feeling ill and weak with pain. He was in no mood for a desperate fight. A battle against such odds would be madness now. So, without taking the treatment, he turned and swung along the bench away from the direction taken by the stranger—the first time since his cubhood that he had declined to fight.

That was a turning-point in Wahn's life. If he had followed up the stranger he would have found the miserable little craven trembling, cowering, in an agony of terror, behind a log in a natural trap, a walled-in glade only fifty yards away, and would surely have crushed him. Had he even taken the bath, his strength and courage would have been renewed, and if not, then at least in time he would have met his foe, and his after life would have been different. But he had turned. This was the fork in the trail, but he had no means of knowing it.

He limped along, skirting the lower spurs of the Shoshones, and soon came on that horrid smell that he had known for years, but never followed up or understood. It was right in his road, and he traced it to a small, barren ravine that was strewn over with skeletons and dark objects, and Wahn, as he passed, smelled a smell of many different animals, and knew by its quality that they were lying dead in this treeless, grassless hollow. For there was a cleft in the rocks at the upper end, whence poured a deadly gas; invisible but heavy, it filled the little gulch like a brim-



THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY.

ming poison bowl, and at the lower end there was a steady overflow. But Wahb knew only that the air that poured from it as he passed made him dizzy and sleepy, and repelled him, so that he got quickly away from it and was glad once more to breathe the piny wind.

Once Wahb decided to retreat, it was all too easy to do so next time; and the result worked double disaster. For, since the big stranger was allowed possession of the sulphur-spring, Wahb felt that he would rather not go there. Sometimes when he came across the traces of his foe, a spurt of his old courage would come back. He would rumble that thunder-growl as of old, and go painfully lumbering along the trail to settle the thing right then and there. But he never overtook the mysterious giant, and his rheumatism, growing worse now that he was barred from the cure, soon made him daily less capable of either running or fighting.

Sometimes Wahb would sense his foe's approach when he was in a bad place for fighting, and, without really running, he would yield to a wish to be on a better footing, where he would have a fair chance. This better footing never led him nearer the enemy, for it is well known that the one awaiting has the advantage.

Some days Wahb felt so ill that it would have been madness to have staked everything on a fight, and when he felt well or a little better, the stranger seemed to keep away.

Wahb soon found that the stranger's track was most often on the Warhouse and the west slope of the Piney, the very best feeding-grounds. To avoid these when he did not feel equal to fighting was only natural, and as he was always in more or less pain now, it amounted to abandoning to the stranger the best part of the range.

Weeks went by. Wahb had meant to go back to his bath, but he never did. His pains grew worse; he was now crippled in his right shoulder as well as in his hind leg.

The long strain of waiting for the fight begot anxiety, that grew to be apprehension, which, with the sapping of his strength, was breaking down his courage. His daily care now was not to meet and fight the invader, but to avoid him till he felt better.

Thus that first little retreat grew into one long retreat. Wahb had to go farther and farther down the Piney to avoid an encounter. He was daily worse fed, and as the weeks went by was daily less able to crush a foe.

He was living and hiding at last on the Lower Piney—the very place where once his Mother had brought him with his little brothers. The life he led now was much like the one he had led after that dark day. Perhaps for the same reason. If he had had a family of his own all might have been different. As he



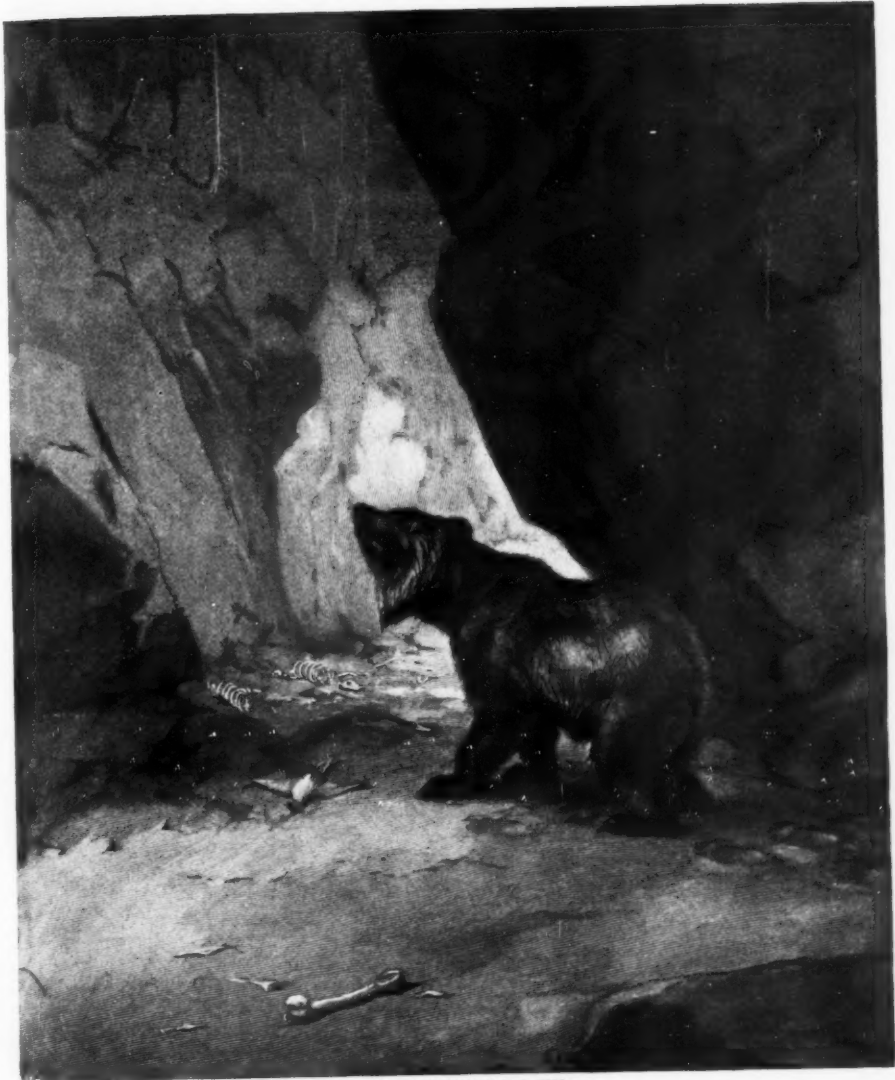
limped along one morning, seeking among the barren aspen groves for a few roots, or the wormy partridge-berries that were too poor to interest the Squirrel and the Grouse, he heard a stone rattle down the western slope into the woods, and, a little later, on the wind was borne the dreaded taint. He waded through the ice-cold Piney,—once he would have leaped it,—and the chill water sent through and up each great hairy limb keen pains that seemed to reach his very life. He was retreating again—which way? There seemed but one way now—toward the new ranch-house.

But there were signs of stir about it long before he was near enough to be seen. His nose, his trustiest friend, said, "Turn, turn and seek the hills," and turn he did even at the risk of meeting there the dreadful foe. He limped painfully along the north bank of the Piney, keeping in the hollows and among the trees. He tried to climb a cliff that of old he had often bounded up at full speed. When half-way up his footing gave way, and down he rolled to the bottom. A long way round was now the only road, for onward he must go—on—on. But where? There seemed no choice now but to abandon the whole range to the terrible stranger.

And feeling, as far as a Bear can feel, that he is fallen, defeated, dethroned at last, that he is driven from his ancient range by a Bear too strong for him to face, he turned up the west fork, and the lot was drawn. The strength and speed were gone from his once mighty limbs; he took three times as long as he once would to mount each well-known ridge, and as he went he glanced backward from time to time to know if he were pursued. Away up the head of the little branch were the Shoshones, bleak, forbidding; no enemies were there, and the Park was beyond it all—on, on he must go. But as he climbed with weak, uncertain limbs, the west wind brought the odor of Death Gulch, that fearful little valley where everything was dead, where the very air was deadly. It used to disgust him and drive him away, but now Wahb felt that it had a message for him; he was drawn by it. It was in his line of flight, and he hobbled slowly toward the place. He went nearer, nearer, until he stood upon the entering ledge. A Vulture that had descended to feed on one of the victims was slowly going to sleep on the untouched carcass. Wahb swung his great grizzled muzzle and his long white beard in the wind. The odor that he once had hated was attractive now. There was a strange biting quality in the air. His body seemed to crave it. It seemed to numb his pain and promise sleep, as it did that day when first he saw the place.

Far below him, to the right and to the left and on and on as far as the eye could reach, was the great kingdom that once had been his; where he had lived for years in the glory of his strength; where none had dared to meet him face to face. The whole earth could show no view more beautiful. But Wahb had no thought of





HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"HE PAUSED A MOMENT AT THE GATE."

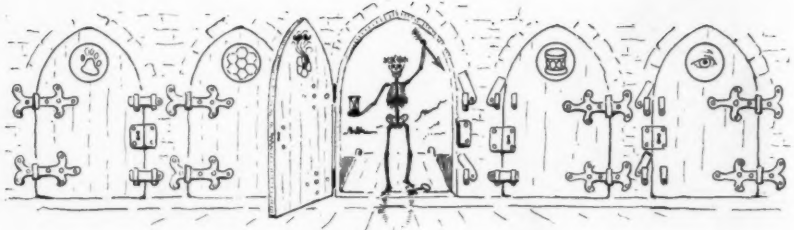
its beauty; he only knew that it was a good land to live in; it had been his, but now it was gone, for his strength was gone, and he was flying to seek a place where he could rest and be at peace.

Away over the Shoshones, indeed, was the road to the Park, but it was far, far away, with a doubtful end to the long, doubtful journey. But why so far? Here in this little gulch was all he sought; here were peace and painless sleep. He knew it; for his nose, his never-erring nose, said, "*Here! here now!*"

He paused a moment at the gate, and as he stood the wind-borne fumes began their subtle work. Five were the faithful wardens of his life, and the best and trustiest of them all flung open wide the door he long had kept. A moment still Wahn stood in doubt. His lifelong guide was silent now, had given up his post. But a newer sense he felt within. The Angel of the Wild Things was standing, beckoning, there in the little vale. Wahn did not understand. He had no eyes to see the tear in the Angel's eyes, nor the pitying smile that was surely on his lips. He could not even see the Angel. But he felt him beckoning, beckoning.

A rush of his ancient courage surged in the Grizzly's rugged breast. He turned aside into the little gulch. The deadly vapors entered in, filled his huge chest and tingled in his vast, heroic limbs as he calmly lay down on the rocky, herbless floor and gently went to sleep.

THE END.





ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF.
IN THE STORE.

A FILIAL IMPULSE.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

WITH PICTURES BY OTTO H. BACHER.

"YO' 're purty well fixed, Jim; I wish I had yore business."

Big Jim Bradley glanced slowly around his store. The heaps of flour-sacks, coffee-bags, sugar-barrels, piles of bacon, crates of hams, kits of mackerel, and the long rows of well-filled shelves brought a flush of satisfaction into his rugged face.

"Hain't no reason to complain, Bob," he said; "you 've been in Georgia, an' you know how blamed hard it is fer a feller to make his salt back thar."

"Now yo' 're a-talkin'—yo' 're a-sayin' some'n' now!" Bob Lash was sitting on the head of a potato-barrel, eating cheese and crackers, and his spirited words were interspersed with little snowy puffs from the corners of his mouth. "Jim," he continued in a muffled tone, as he eased his feet down to the floor, "I 'm a-goin' to wash this dry truck down with a glass o' yore cider; I 'm

about to choke. Thar 's yore nickel. You need n't rise; I can wait on myse'f."

"I 'd keep my eye open while he was behind the counter, Jim," put in Henry Webb, jestingly. "Bob 's got a swallow like a mill-race. He may take a notion to drink out of yore half-gallon measure."

"Had to drink out 'n a thimble, ur some'n' 'bout the size of it, at yore place when you kept a bar," gurgled Bob in the cider-glass. "But I hain't nothin' ag'in' you; the small doses of the stuff you sold was all that saved my life."

The flashily dressed young man sitting at Webb's side laughed and slapped him familiarly on the knee. His name was Thornton. He used to "mix drinks" for Webb, and had been out of employment ever since his employer's establishment had been closed by the sheriff a few months before. "One on you, Harry," he said, laughing again at the

comical expression on his friend's face; "you have to get up before day to get the best o' these Georgia mossbacks."

Webb said nothing; and Bob, blushing triumphantly under Thornton's compliment, and chewing a chip of dried beef that he had found on the counter, came back to his seat on the barrel.

"Well, I reckon I *have* done middlin' well," said Jim, bringing the conversation back to

goin' to make you my last proposition about this stock o' goods. My wife got her money out of her minin' interest to-day, an' wants to put it in some regular business o' this sort. I'm goin' to make you a round bid on the whole thing, lock, stock, an' barrel, an', on my honor, it's my last offer. I'll give you ten thousand dollars in cash fer the key to the door."

Everybody in the group was fully con-



"YOU NEED N'T RISE, MRS. BRADLEY." (SEE PAGE 371.)

his own affairs with as much adroitness as he was capable of exercising. "I did n't have a dollar to my name when I struck this town ten year back. I started as a waiter in a restaurant nigh the railroad-shops, then run a lemonade-stand at the park, an', by makin' every lick count, I gradually worked up to this shebang."

Henry Webb seemed to grow serious. He glanced stealthily at Thornton when Jim was not looking, crossed his legs nervously, and said: "Jim, me an' you have been dickerin' long enough; all this roundabout talk don't bring us an inch nearer a trade. Now, I'm

conscious of the vital importance of the words which had just been spoken. Webb, who was a famous poker-player, had never controlled his face and tone better. No one spoke for a moment, but all eyes were fixed expectantly on Bradley. "Huh," he answered, half under his breath, "I reckon you would!" He tossed his shaggy, iron-gray head and smiled artificially. His face was pale, and his eyes shone with suppressed excitement. It was a better offer than he had expected; in fact, he had not realized before that his stock was convertible into quite so much ready money, and it was hard

for him, simple and honest as he was, to keep from showing surprise. "Harry Webb," he went on evasively, "do you have any idee what I cleared last year, not countin' bad debts an' expenses? I'm over three thousand ahead, an' prospects fer trade never was better. My books will show you that I am a-givin' it to you straight."

Webb made no reply. If he had been as sure of his own moral worth as he was of Jim's he would have been a better man. As it was, he only looked significantly at Thornton, who had evidently come prepared to play a part.

"It ain't no business o' mine, fellers, one way or the other," began Thornton, slightly confused. He cleared his throat and spat on the floor. "But I'll admit I'm kinder anxious to see Harry get into some settled business. You know he's mighty changeable, one day runnin' some fortune-wheel or card-table, an' the next got charge of a side-show, bar, or skating-rink, and never makes much stake at anything. I told his wife to-day that I'd do my best to get you fellers to come to a' understanding. That's all the interest I've got in the matter, but I'd bet my last chip you'd have to look a long ways before you could find another buyer with that much ready cash such times as these."

"Huh, you don't say!" sneered Jim, a cold gleam of indecision and excitement in the glance that he accidentally threw to Bob Lash, who erroneously fancied that his friend wanted him to say something to offset the remarks made by Webb's ally. But diplomacy was not one of the few gifts with which frugal nature had blessed Bob, and when the idea struck him that he ought to speak, he grew very agitated, and almost stabbed a hole in one of his cheeks with the long splinter with which he was picking his teeth.

"The man that gits it has a purty dead-shore thing fer a comfortable income," he blurted out incautiously. "I wish I had the money to secure it. I'd plank it down so quick it 'u'd make yore head swim."

Jim flushed. "Nobody hain't said nothin' 'bout the shebang bein' on the market," he said quickly.

Bob saw his mistake too late to rectify it, so he said nothing.

Webb smiled and rose with an easy assumption of indifference and lighted a fresh cigar over the lamp-chimney. "Tibbs wants to rent me the new store-room joining you, Jim," he said, rolling his cigar into the corner of his mouth and half closing the eye

which was in direct line with the rising smoke. "I kinder thought I'd like them big plate-glass show-windows. Ten thousand dollars in bran-new groceries would n't be bad, would they?"

Jim was taken slightly aback, but he recovered himself in an instant. "Not ef they was bought jest right, Harry," he said significantly. "A man *mought* have a purty fair start that way, ef he was experienced; but law me! I'd hate awful to start to lay in a stock frum these cussed drummers; they are wholesale bunco-sharks. An' then, you see, I've been here sence this town first started, an' I know who will do to credit an' who won't. My black-list is wuth five thousand to any man in this line. Thar's men in this town that'll pay a gamblin' debt 'thout a bobble, an' cuss like rips at the sight of a grocery bill. But thar ain't no use talkin'; I reckon my business ain't fer sale."

Webb turned to Thornton and coolly asked for a match; then the entire group was silent till Bob Lash spoke.

"How in the world did you ever happen to come 'way out here, anyway, Jim?" he asked, obtusely believing that Bradley meant exactly what he had said in regard to Webb's proposition, and that for all concerned it would be more agreeable and profitable to talk about something else.

"Got tired an' wanted a change," grunted Bradley. "I never was treated exactly right by my folks, an' was itchin' awful to make money."

"What county did you say you was from?"

"Gilmer."

Webb yawned aloud, puffed at his cigar, and swept the store from end to end with a rather critical, would-be dissatisfied glance.

"I passed through thar goin' from Dalton to Canton," went on Bob, warming up. "It's a purty country through them mountains. What was you a-follerin' back thar?"

"Farmin' it. Thar was jest three uv us — me an' brother Joe an' mother; but we could n't git along together."

"What a pity!" said Bob.

"I al'ays wanted to make money," went on Jim, "an' attar the old man died I was anxious fer me an' Joe to save up enough to git a farm uv our own; but he tuk to drinkin' an' spreein' round generally, an' was al'ays off jest when the crap needed the most attention. I al'ays was easy irritated, an' never could be satisfied onless I was goin' ahead. Me an' Joe was eternally a-fussin', an' mother al'ays tuk his part. One night she got rippin'

mad an' 'lowed that she could git along better with 'im ef I was n't thar to make trouble, an' so I made up my mind to come West. I tol' 'em they was welcome to my intrust in the crap, an' that I had had all I could stand up under, an' was goin' off. Mother never even said farewell, an' Joe sorter turned up his nose an' 'lowed I'd be writin' back an' beggin' fer money to git home on 'fore a month was out. I told mother ef she ever needed help to write, but she never looked up from her spinnin'-wheel, an' from that day to this I hain't had a scratch of a pen."

"Shorely you did n't leave a' old woman in sech hands as that," ventured Bob.

The expression on Jim Bradley's face changed. "What was I to do? Ef I'd 'a' stayed thar I'd 'a' been a beggar to-day," he said argumentatively. "I 'lowed ef I was sech a bother I'd leave 'em; but I'll admit thar are times when I think I may 'a' been a leetle hasty. An' I do hanker atter home folks mighty bad at times, especially when I'm locked up in this lonely store at night, with nothin' but my cat fer company. I've been intendin' to write to mother every day, but some'n' al'ays interferences. I heerd four year ago accidentally that they was gittin' 'long tolerable well."

"It's mighty tough on fellers of our age, Jim, to grow old alone in the world," sighed Bob, reaching out to the crate for another splinter. "I'd rather have less money an' more rale home comforts. Kin is a great thing. Brother Sam sent me a pictur' uv his little gal. I wish I had it to show you; she's mighty purty an' smart-lookin'. It made me mighty homesick."

"I reckon it did," said Bradley. "I've seed dogs that lived better than I do. D' you fellers ever see whar I bunk?"

"No," joined in Thornton and Webb, seeing that they were addressed.

"Come into my parlor, then"; and Jim grinned broadly. He lifted the lamp, and holding it over his head, he led them through some curtains made of cotton bagging into the back room. Empty boxes, hogsheads, crates, bales of hay, heaps of old iron, and every sort of rubbish imaginable covered the floor. A narrow bed stood 'by a window between a row of dripping syrup-barrels and the greasy wall. "Thar's whar I sleep," said Jim, pointing to the bed. "It hain't been made up in a coon's age. Sometimes old Injun Mary changes the sheets an' turns the mattress when she happens along, but it hain't often. At home I used to sleep in

a big sweet-smellin' bed that was like lyin' down in a pile o' roses."

"I'd think you'd git tired o' this, I would, by hooky!" declared Bob. "Whar do you git yore grub?"

"Fust one place an' then another; I don't bother much about my eatin'. I have to light out o' bed to wait on the fust one that rattles the door-knob in the mornin', an' am so busy from then on that I cayn't find a minute to git a bite o' breakfast. See my kettle thar? I can make as good a cup o' coffee as the next one. Half a cup o' ground Javy in my coffee-pot, with bilin' water poured on, an' then putt on the stove to bile ag'in, does the business. Thar's my skillet; a cow-boy give it to me. Sometimes I fry a slice o' streak-o'-lean-streak-o'-fat, ur a few cracked eggs, but it hain't half livin'."

They walked back and sat down in the store again. Bob had a strange, perplexed look on his face. Webb was about to make some reference to his offer when Bob forestalled him in a rather excited tone.

"Jim, did yore mother live nigh Ellijay?"

"'Bout three miles from town. What in the thunder is the matter? What are you starin' at me that way fer?"

Bob looked down and moved uneasily on the barrel. "I was jest a-wonderin'—my Lord, Jim! thar was a feller shot the day I passed through Ellijay. I cayn't be shore, but it seems to me his name was Joe Bradley. He was a troublesome, rowdyish sort of a feller, an' a man had to shoot 'im in self-defense."

Jim stared at the speaker helplessly and then glanced around at Webb and Thornton. His great brown eyes began to dilate, and a sickly pallor came into his face. His breathing fell distinct and harsh on the profound stillness of the room. His mouth dropped open, but he was unable to utter a word.

"He may not 'a' been yore brother," added Bob, quickly, and with sympathy. "I'm not plumb shore o' the name, nuther. I was helpin' a man drive a drove of Kentucky hosses through to Gainesville, an' we got thar jest atter the shootin'. I heerd the shots myse'f. The coroner held a' inquest, an' the dead man's mother was thar. She looked pitiful; she was mighty gray an' old an' bent over. I was standin' in the edge o' the crowd when some neighbor fotch' 'er up in his wagon, an' we all made room for 'er. She had the pity of every blessed man thar. She jest stood 'mongst the rest, lookin' down at the corpse fer some time 'thout sayin' a word to anybody, nur sheddin' a tear. Then she

seemed to come to 'erse'f, an' said, jest as ef nothin' oncommon had occurred: 'Well, gentlemen, why don't you move 'im into a shelter?' an' with that she squatted down at his head, an' breshed the hair off 'n his forehead mighty gentle-like. 'We are a-holdin' uv a' inquest accordin' to law,' a big feller said who was the coroner of the town. 'Law ur no law,' she said, lookin' up at 'im, her eyes flashin' like a tiger-cat's, 'he sha'n't lie here in the br'ilin' sun, with no shelter over 'im. Thar was n't no law to keep 'im from bein' murdered right in yore midst.' An' she had her way, you kin bet on that. The men jest lifted 'im up an' toted 'im into the highest store an' put 'im on a cot. The coroner objected, but them men jest cussed 'im to his face an' pushed him away as ef he was so much trash."

"Did you take notice o' the body?" gasped Bradley, finding voice finally. "What kind of a lookin' man was he?"

"Ef I remember right, he had sorter reddish hair an' blue eyes, an' was 'bout yore build. He was a good-lookin' man."

"It was brother Joe," said Bradley. He was trembling from head to foot and was deathly pale. "Well, go on," he said, making a mighty effort to appear calm; "what about mother?"

"I don't know anything more," said Bob. "I left that same day. I heerd some talk about her bein' left destitute, an' ef I ain't mistaken some said her other son had gone off West an' died out thar, as nobody had heerd from him. That's what made me—"

But Bradley interrupted him. He rose with a dazed look on his face and went to his desk, a few feet away. He sat on the high stool and leaned his shaggy head on a pile of account-books. An inkstand rolled down to the floor, and a penholder rattled after it, but he did not pick them up. Then everything was still. Thornton reached over and took Webb's cigar to light his own instead of striking the match he had taken from his pocket. The two men exchanged significant glances, and then looked curiously, almost breathlessly, at the mute figure bowed over the desk. Bradley raised his head. His eyes were bloodshot, and a tangled wisp of his long hair lay across his haggard face.

"How long ago was it, Bob?" he asked in a deep, husky voice.

"Two year last May."

"My Lord! she may be dead an' gone by this time, an' I kin never make up fer my neglect!" He left the desk and came back

slowly. "Kin you git that money to-night?" he asked, looking down at Webb.

"Yes; by walkin' up home." Webb tried to subdue the eager light in his eyes, which threatened to betray his intense satisfaction at the sudden change of affairs.

"Well, go git it. I 'll pack my satchel while yo' 're gone. I 'm goin' to leave you fellers fer good, I reckon. I want to git back home. I wish you luck with the business, Webb. It's a good investment; we mought never have traded ef this had n't 'a' come up."

JIM BRADLEY was worn out with the fatigue of his long journey when he alighted from the train in the little town that he had once known so well. The place had changed so much that he hardly knew which way to turn. He went into a store. The merchant was at his desk behind a railing in the rear, and a boy sat in the middle of the floor filling a patent egg-case with fresh eggs. "Come in," he said, without looking up, and went on with his work. Jim put his oil-cloth valise on the floor and sat down in a chair.

"Some'n' I kin do fer you to-day?" asked the boy, rising and putting the lid on the egg-case.

"No, I b'lieve not, to-day, bub," replied Bradley. "I've jest got off 'n the train an' stopped in to ax a few questions. The' used to be a woman livin' on the Starks place ten year ago—a widder woman, Miz Jason Bradley; kin you tell me whar I'd be likely to find 'er now?"

"I don't know no sech er person," said the boy; "mebby Mr. Summers kin tell."

"You mean Joe Bradley's mother," said the storekeeper, approaching—"the feller that was shot over at Holland's bar."

"She's the one," said Jim, breathlessly; "is she still alive?"

"I hain't heerd nothin' to the contrary, but I don't know jest whar she is now. She was powerful hard up last winter, an some-body tuk'er to live with 'em—seems to me it was one o' the Sanders boys."

A woman entered the door and set her basket on the counter.

"Miz Wade 'll be able to tell you," continued the merchant, turning to her; "she lives over in that direction."

"What's that, Mr. Summers?" she asked, carefully untying the cloth that covered some yellow rolls of butter.

"This gentleman was askin' about the widow Bradley, Joe's mother; do you know whar she is?"

"She 's livin' with Alf Sanders," replied the woman; "I seed 'er thar soap-bilin' as I driv by last Tuesday was a week. Are you any kin o' hern?" and she eyed Bradley curiously from head to foot.

He made no reply to her question, though a warm color had suddenly come into his face at the words she had spoken. He took up his valise and looked out at the setting sun.

"How fer is it out thar?" he asked, a tremor in his voice. "I want to see 'er to-night."

"Three mile, I reckon," the woman said. "Keep to the big road tel you cross the creek, an' then turn off to the right. You cayn't miss it."

He thanked her and trudged on past the other stores and the little white church on the hill, and on into the road that led toward the mountain. Just before entering the woods, he turned and looked back at the village.

"O Lord, I'm glad I ain't too late entirely," he said, and he took a soiled red handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his eyes. "I don't know what I would 'a' done ef they 'd 'a' said she was gone. But I'll never see Joe ag'in, an' that seems quar. Poor boy! me an' him used to be mighty thick when we was little bits o' fellers. I kin remember when he 'd 'a' fit a wildcat to help me, an' I got mad at him fer drinkin' when he was n't able to he'p hissef. I 'd hold my peace ef it was to do over ag'in."

Sanders's house was a low, four-roomed log cabin which sat back under some large beech-trees about a hundred yards from the road. Sanders himself sat smoking in the front yard, surrounded by four or five half-clad children and several gaunt hunting-dogs. He was a thin, wiry man with long brown hair and beard, and dark, suspicious eyes set close together. He did not move or show much concern as Jim Bradley, just at dusk, came wearily up the narrow path from the bars to the door.

"Down, Ski! Down, Brutus!" he called out savagely to his barking dogs, and he silenced their uproar by hurling an ax-helve among them.

"This is whar Alf Sanders lives, I reckon," said Bradley.

"I'm the feller," replied Sanders. "Take a cheer; thar 's one handy"; and he indicated it with a lazy wave of his pipe.

Jim sat down mutely. Through the open door in one of the rooms he could see the form of a woman moving about in the fire-

light. He fell to trembling, and forgot that he was under the curious inspection of Sanders and his children. A moment later, however, when the fire blazed up more brightly, he saw that it was not his mother whom he had seen, but a younger woman.

"Yo' 're a stranger about here?" interrogated Sanders, catching his eye.

"Hain't been in this country fer ten year," was the laconic reply. "My name 's Bradley—Jim Bradley; I 've come back to see my mother."

"My stars! We all 'lowed you was dead an' buried long 'go!" and Sanders dropped his pipe in sheer astonishment. "Well, ef that don't take the rag off 'n the bush! Mary! Oh, Mary!"

"What ails you, Alf?" asked a slatternly woman, emerging from the firelight.

"Come out here a minute. This is the old woman's son Jim, back from the West."

"Yo' 're a-jokin'," she ejaculated, as she came slowly in open-eyed wonder toward the visitor. "Why, who 'd 'a' thought—"

"Whar is she?" interrupted Bradley, unceremoniously. "I 've come a long ways to see 'er."

"She 's out thar at the cow-lot a-milkin'. She tuk 'er bucket an' the feed fer Brindle jest now."

His eyes followed hers. Beyond a row of alder-bushes and a little patch of corn he saw the dim outlines of a log stable and lean-to shed surrounded by a snake fence. Away out toward the red-skied west lay green fields and meadows under a canopy of blue smoke, and beyond their limits rose the frowning mountains, upon the sides of which long, sinuous fires were burning.

"I reckon I ort not to run upon her too sudden," he said awkwardly, "bein' as she ain't expectin' me, an' hain't no idee I 'm alive. Is she well?"

"Toler'ble," replied Mrs. Sanders, hesitatingly. "She 's been complainin' some o' headaches lately, an' her appetite ain't overly good, but she 's up an' about, an' will be powerful glad to see you. She talks about you a good deal of late. Jest attar yore brother Joe's death she had 'im on her mind purty constant, but now she al'ays has some'n' to say about Jim—that 's yore name, I believe?"

He nodded silently, not taking his eyes from the cow-lot. His valise rolled from his knees down on to the grass, and one of the children restored it to him.

"Yes, that is a fact," put in Sanders. "She was talkin' last Sunday about her two

boys. She al'ays calls you the steady one. You ort to be sorter cautious. Old folks like her sometimes cayn't stand good news any better 'n bad."

"I'll be keerful." His voice sounded husky and deep. "Does she—" he went on hesitatingly—"does she work fer you around the place?"

Sanders crossed his legs and cleared his throat. "That was the understandin' when we agreed to take 'er," he said rather consequentially. "She was to make 'er self handy whenever she was able. My wife has had a risin' on 'er arm an' could n't cook, an' we 've had five ur six field-hands here to the'r meals. The old critter was willin' to do anything to git a place to stay. The' was n't anywhar else fer 'er to go. She's too old to do much, but she's willin' to put 'er hands to anything. We cayn't complain. She gits peevish now an' then, though, an' 'er eyesight an' memory's a-failin', so that she makes mistakes in the cookin'. T' other day she salted the dough twice an' clean furgot to put in sody."

"She's gittin' into 'er second childhood," added Mrs. Sanders, "an' she ain't got our ways in church notions, nuther. She's a Baptist, you know, an' b'lieves in emersion of the entire body an' in close communion an' sech like, while the last one of us, down to little Sally thar, is Methodists. She goes whar we do to meetin' 'ca'se her church is too fer off an' we use the hosses Sundays."

Bradley's face was hidden by the dusk and the brim of his slouch-hat, and they failed to notice the hot flush that rose into his cheeks. He got up suddenly and put his valise on a chair. "I reckon I mought as well walk out to whar she is," he said. "She won't be apt to know me. I've turned out a beard an' got gray sence she seed me."

"I'll go 'long with you." But Mrs. Sanders touched her husband on the arm as he was rising. "It 'u'd look more decent ef you'd leave 'em to the'r selves, Alf," she whispered. He sat down without a word, and Bradley walked away in the dusk to meet his mother. There was a blur before the strong man's eyes, and a strange weakness came over him as he leaned against the cow-lot fence and tried to think how he would make himself known to her. Beneath the low shed, a part of the crude stable, he saw the figure of a woman crouched down under a cow. "So, so, Brin'!" she was saying softly. "Cayn't you stan' still a minute? That ain't no way to do. So, so!"

His heart sank. It was her voice, but it

was shrill and quivering, and he recognized it only as one does a familiar face under a mask of age. Just then, with a sudden exclamation, she sprang up quickly and placed her pail on the ground out of the cow's reach. He comprehended the situation at a glance. The calf had got through the bars and was sucking its mother.

"Lord, what 'll I do?" cried the old woman, in dismay; and catching the calf around the neck, she exerted all her strength to separate it from the cow.

Bradley sprang over the fence and ran to her assistance.

"Le' me git a hold o' the little scamp," he said, and the next instant he had the sleek little animal up in his strong arms. "Whar do you want 'im putt?" he asked dryly, turning to her.

"Outside the lot," she gasped, so astonished that she could hardly utter a word.

He carried his struggling burden to the fence and dropped it over, and fastened up the bars to keep it out.

"Well, ef that don't beat all!" she laughed in great relief when he turned back to her. "I am very much obleeged. I 'lowed at fust you was one o' the field-hands." He looked into her wrinkled face closely, but saw no sign of recognition there. She put the corner of her little breakfast-shawl to her poor wrinkled mouth and broke out into a low, childlike laugh. "I cayn't help from being amused at the way you tuk up that calf; I don't know" (and the smile left her face) "what I'd 'a' done ef you had n't 'a' come along. I never could 'a' turned it out, an' Alf's wife never kin be pacified when sech a thing happens. We don't git enough milk anyway."

"Le' me finish milkin'," he said, keeping his face half averted.

She laughed again. "Yo're a-jokin' now; I never seed a *man* milk a cow."

"I never did nuther tel I went out West," he replied. "The Yankees out thar showed me how. I 'm a' old bach' an' used to keep a cow o' my own, an' thar was n't nobody but me to tend 'er."

She stood by his side and laughed like a child amused with a new toy when he took her place at the cow and, with the pail between his knees and using both hands, began to milk rapidly.

"I never seed the like," he heard her muttering over and over to herself. Then he rose and showed her the pail nearly filled. "I reckon that calf 'u'd have a surprise-party ef he was to try on his suckin' business now,"

he said. "It serves 'im right fer bein' so rampacious."

"Law me! I never could git that much," she said, and she held out her hand for the pail, but he swung it down at his side. "I'll tote it," he said; "I'm a-goin' back to the house. I reckon I'll putt up thar fer the night—that is, ef they'll take me in."

"I've jest been lookin' at you an' wonderin'," she said reflectively after they had passed through the bars. "My hearin' an' eyesight is bad, an' so is my memory of faces, but it seems like I've seed somebody some'r's that favors you mightily."

He walked on silently. Only the little corn-patch was between them and the group in the yard. He could hear Sanders's drawling voice, and caught a gleam of the kitchen fire through the alder-bushes.

"You better le' me take the bucket," she said, stopping abruptly and showing some embarrassment. "Yo' 're mighty gentlemanly; but Alf's wife al'ays gits mad when I make at all free with company. The whole family pokes fun at me an' 'lows I am childish an' too fond o' talkin'. They expect me jest to keep my mouth shet an' never have a word to say. It cayn't be helped, I reckon, but it's a awful way fer a' old body to live."

"That's a fact!" he blurted out impulsively, still holding to the pail, on which she had put her hand. "It's the last place on earth fer you."

"I hain't had one single day o' enjoyment sence I came here," she continued, encouraged to talk by his manifest sympathy. "I reckon I ort to be thankful, an' beggars must n't be choosers, as the feller said; fer no other family in the county would take me in. But it hain't no place fer a' old woman that likes peace an' rest at my time o' life. I work hard all day, an' at night I need sound sleep; but they putt the childern in my bed, an' they keep up a kickin' an' a squirmen' all night. Then, the' ain't no other old women round here, an' I git mighty lonesome. Sometimes I come as nigh as pease givin' up entirely."

"Thank the Lord you won't have to stand it any longer!" he exclaimed hotly.

She started from him in astonishment, and began to study his features. At that juncture two of Sanders's little girls drew near inquisitively. "Here!" and he held the pail out to them. "Take this milk to yore mammy." One of them, half frightened, took the pail, and both scampered back to the house.

"Yo' 're a curi's sort of a man," she said,

with a serious kind of chuckle, as she drew her shawl up over her white head. "I would n't 'a' done that fer a dollar. You skeered Sally out 'n a year's growth. I used to have a boy, that went away West ten year ago, who used to fly up like you do, an' you sorter putt me in mind of him, you do. He was the best one I had. I could allus count on him fer help. He was as steady-goin' as a clock. He never was heerd from, an' the general belief is that he died out thar."

There was a moment's pause. He seemed trying to think of some way to reveal his identity. "You ort n't to pay attention to everything you hear," he ventured awkwardly. "Who knows? Mebby he's still alive—sech things ain't so almighty oncommon. Seems like I've heerd tell o' a feller named Bradley out thar."

"I reckon it was n't Jim," she sighed. "It was my daily prayer fer a long time that he mought come back, but thar ain't no sech luck fer me. I've done give up. I am a destitute, lonely woman, an' I cayn't stan' all this commotion an' wrangle much longer. Ef I had him to work fer now, I would n't kee; I'd wear my fingers to the bone; but fer people that ain't no speck o' kin an' hain't no appreciation fer what you do it's different."

The corners of her mouth were drawn down, and she put her thin hand up to her eyes.

"I don't b'lieve you'd know 'im ef you was to see 'im," he said, laughing artificially and taking her hand in his.

She stared. A shiver ran through her frame, and her fingers clutched his convulsively. "What do you mean?" she gasped. "Oh, my Lord, what does the man mean?"

"The' ain't much doubt in my mind that he's alive an' ort to have a thousand lashes on his bare back fer neglectin' his old mammy," he said, trying to hide the tremor in his voice.

A startled light of recognition dawned in her eyes and illumined her whole visage. She stared at him with dilating eyes for an instant and then fell into his arms. "Oh, Jim, I declare I cayn't stan' it! It will kill me! It will kill me!" she cried, putting her arms about his neck and drawing his head down to her.

"I'm as glad as you are, mother," he replied, tenderly stroking her white hair with his rough hand; "no feller livin' ever wanted to see his mammy wuss."

Then there seemed nothing further for either of them to say, and so he led her on

to the house and to the chair he had left a few moments before.

"I've let the cat out 'n the bag," he said shamefacedly, answering their glances of inquiry. "I had to mighty nigh tell her point-blank who I was."

"I never 'lowed I'd see 'im ag'in," Mrs. Bradley faltered in a low, tearful tone. "I am that thankful my heavenly Father let me live to this day. I'd suffer it all over an' over ag'in fer this joy."

Sanders was silent, and his wife; and the children, barelegged and dirty-faced, sat on the grass and mutely watched the bearded stranger and his mother in childish wonder. Bradley said nothing, but he moved his chair nearer to his mother's and put his strong arm around her. Sanders broke the silence.

"What have you been follerin', Bradley?" he asked.

"Sellin' goods."

"Clerkin' fer somebody?"

"No; had a 'stablishment o' my own."

"You don't say!" and Sanders looked at Bradley's seedy attire and then at his wife significantly.

"Yes; I made some money out thar. The night 'fore I left, a feller offered me ten thousand dollars in cash fer my stock o' goods, an' I tuk 'im up. I did n't wait to putt on my Sunday clothes; these is the things I worked in, handlin' dirty groceries. I hain't the pertic'lar sort. I've got some bonds an'

rare estate that kin remain jest as well whar they are at present. I've come back here to stay with mother. I could n't stand it to be alone much longer, an' I would n't ax 'er to move to a new country at 'er age."

Sanders and his wife stared at him in astonishment. Mrs. Bradley leaned forward and looked intently into his face. She was very pale and quivered with new excitement, but she said nothing.

"My Lord, you 've had luck!" exclaimed Sanders, thinking of something to say finally. "What on earth are you gwine to invest in here, ef it hain't no harm to ax?"

"I 'lowed I'd buy a big plantation. They are a-goin' cheap these times, I reckon. I want a place whar a livin' will come easy, an' whar I kin make mother comfortable. She 's too old to have to lay 'er hand to a thing ur be bothered in the least. I want to be nigh some meetin'-house of her persuasion, an' whar she kin 'sociate with other women o' her age. I don't expect to atone fer my neglect, but I intend to try my hand at it fer a change."

Mrs. Bradley lowered her head to her son's knee, and began to sob softly. Then Mrs. Sanders got up quickly. "I smell my bread a-burnin'," she said "I'll call y' all in to supper directly. We hain't pretendin' folks, Mr. Bradley, but yo' 're welcome to what we got. You need n't rise, Mrs. Bradley; I kin fix the table."

THE PEASANT GRASS.

BY LULU W. MITCHELL.

A LITTLE peasant tuft of grasses!
And darest show thyself beside
The whole conservatory's pride—
The rose no other rose surpasses?

Thy lowly fringes half enwreath her,
So wondrously thou thriveest there;
Nor, couldst thou dream it, wouldst thou care
That thou must always grow beneath her.

So from the sunbeam and the water
Thou drawest all thy life may need,
Unhesitating—'t is thy meed;
Equally art thou Nature's daughter.

Unenvious of the bloom above thee,
Asserting but thy right to live,
To give what only grass can give,
Ah, almost as the rose I love thee!

Alone, through dauntless courage keeping
One spot with constant verdure dressed,
Bold, uninvited, welcome guest,
Thou 'st won a smile from eyes long weeping.

Wind-sown from world-wide wildernesses,
The weed of life springs near the rose.
And who but the Good Gardener knows
The share each in his love possesses?

COLE'S OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE (1769-1830).

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE.



HE infant prodigy, so frequently met with in the annals of English art, crops out once more in Lawrence—the last of the older portrait-painters. As a child he was dandled on the public knee because of his precocity in reciting poetry; at five he was “taking likenesses” for a moneyed consideration; and at twelve he is said to have been the main support of his family. Raphael, with genius at his back, did not come to maturity so quickly, nor did Rubens, triumphant at Antwerp, hold popular applause so long; for Lawrence kept his admiring public to the last, and was something of a wonder both as man and boy. His whole career was brilliant, yet not through intrinsic force; his art was successful without being great; he was honored and praised down to his grave, and yet he possessed not genius. There are men who achieve popular success without genius. Lawrence was one of them.

The father was a man of some birth and education, but he had what is called “the poetic temperament,” and never got on very well in the world. He was at different times a barrister without a brief, an actor without a part, a keeper of the White Lion Inn at Devizes without guests enough to make it pay. When young Lawrence was three years old his father made a change of base, and moved into the Black Bear Inn. It was here that the boy was placed upon the table to recite Shakspeare for the guests. Here also he developed a wonderful gift of making portraits in pastel of the passing public. A guest could have a portrait painted while he waited, and the speed of the artist was not less wonderful than his age. The Duchess of Devonshire and Lord and Lady Kenyon were among his early sitters, and the record is preserved that Lady Kenyon’s likeness was drawn in profile because, as the child artist declared, “her face was not straight.” In a short time he had attracted the attention of Garrick, Foote, Wilkes, Burke, Sheridan, and Johnson, and his father began traveling with him about the neighboring country, and exhibiting him as one of the wonders of the age.

The Black Bear proved no more of a success than the White Lion, and soon the Lawrences moved to Bath. Young Thomas had been at Oxford, Weymouth, and other places, making portraits at a guinea a head, and when he finally came to Bath he was shortly the town talk, and portraits were worth a guinea and a half a head. The great Siddons sat to him, and grew fond of him; he had such charming manners that Sir H. Harpur wished to adopt him, and his youthful appearance was so handsome that William Hoare wanted to paint him as the young Christ. No wonder that at twelve years of age his studio was the haunt of fashion, and that he himself was something of a Bath rage.

In 1787 Lawrence went up to London, took apartments, and entered the schools of the Royal Academy. That year, though only eighteen, he sent seven pictures to the Academy exhibition, five of them being portraits. He had met Reynolds and others through his early admirer, Hoare the painter, and his affable manners had almost at the start placed him in good social circles. Just how it was brought about is something of a mystery, but soon nobility was patronizing him, and finally the Duke of York, the Queen, and the Princess Amelia sat to him. At twenty-one he made a “hit” with the full-length portrait of Miss Farren, afterward Countess of Derby, one of the best of his many portraits. Then he bothered himself over a large historical canvas, called “Homer Reciting the Iliad”; and a little later he returned to the Academy exhibition with a portrait of George III. In the same exhibition appeared a portrait of the Prince of Wales by Hoppner, and that was the beginning of a rivalry between the painters that ended only with Hoppner’s death. Lawrence had the advantage, for the king was behind him, and he could afford to keep silent, and, besides, he was naturally a polite man. At twenty-two his Majesty made him a supplemental associate of the Royal Academy, in spite of the rule that no one under twenty-four could be elected to that position, and when Reynolds died Lawrence was made portrait-painter to the king. Everything now seemed

to favor his advancement. He was elected a member of the Dilettanti Society, made a Royal Academician, and duly installed as the fashionable portrait-painter of the day. He moved to Piccadilly, set up an establishment, and again tried to do historical canvases, but without marked success. His portraits, however, were not abandoned. He was a success in that department; and though some clients left his studio after the scandalous talk about him and the unfortunate Princess of Wales, he had sitters enough, and to spare. He went on painting Curran, Eldon, Thurlow, Pitt, and others, and in 1810, when Hoppner died, he had the entire field to himself.

Lawrence had never been out of England, never knew Italy, the mother of the arts, and it was not until 1814 that he went to Paris to see the art treasures that Napoleon had collected there. He was soon recalled by the prince regent to paint some of the allied sovereigns and their generals, then in London. Shortly afterward he was knighted, and in 1818 was sent to Aix-la-Chapelle, where the European rulers were assembled in congress, to paint the portraits of the chief actors. These portraits were for the Waterloo Room in Windsor Castle, and the emperors of Russia and Austria, the King of Prussia, and the princes, with Metternich, Blücher, Wellington, Platoff, and many others, sat to him. He now went to Vienna to paint more portraits, and to Rome to paint the Pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi. Everywhere he was the recipient of honors and attentions, and at Rome he was received as a second Raphael—almost an inspired being. These attentions had no small effect upon his prospects at home, and when he returned to London he found that he had been made president of the Royal Academy. The king was dead, but George IV continued him as his portrait-painter, Oxford made him a D. C. L., and the art academies of Europe, and even of America, began electing him to honorary memberships. There never was a painter, not even Titian, who received so many honors as Lawrence. He was at his height, but still the golden apples fell in his lap. In 1825 he was sent to Paris to paint Charles X and the Dauphin, and he returned with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Every year some new distinction was pinned on his coat-lapel, and he certainly was prosperous in all ways save one. He could make money, but he could not keep it. His prices had risen from a guinea to seven hundred guineas for a por-

trait, and at that price he had as much as he could do; yet somehow he was always poverty-stricken. He said himself that he was careless of money, and his contemporaries record that he gave it away to almost any one who asked it; but whatever the reason, the result was apparent enough. All his life he was worried by financial matters, and the worry ceased only with his death in 1830. There was a great funeral over him as he was laid in St. Paul's Cathedral; but he left nothing behind him except his name, his pictures, and a collection of drawings after the old masters.

There is every reason to believe that much of Lawrence's worldly success was due not alone to his clever brush, but to his polished manners and his courtier spirit. He early became a man of the world, with a proper regard for people of quality. He knew how to defer to nobility, how to speak to kings, how to stroke humanity with the grain. As late as 1823, when he was P. R. A. and a famed painter, he was writing to Sir William Knighton about a portrait ordered by the king: "I beg you to throw me with every sentiment of duty and reverence at his Majesty's feet for this additional distinction which the king confers upon my pencil, and of the grateful happiness for the subject and distinction of the task which his feeling beneficence has assigned me." The gratitude is a bit excessive, it may be thought, but Lawrence knew just how much his sublimated Majesty would stand. It was a famous age for thrift following fawning, a shallow age, with George IV setting the pace; but Reynolds and Gainsborough had lived through one quite as bad, and still maintained an independence. Sir Thomas might have done likewise had he not been somewhat shallow in himself. His personal character lacked in sturdiness, in assertiveness, in virile force. It never occurred to him to fight or reform anything, and there was much in the life about him that needed reformation. He sat still and accepted the day in which he lived, probably thinking it better than the days of Pericles. Almost everything about him was pinchbeck, but he did not seem to realize it, for he himself was only a brilliant kind of plated ware. Not but what he had skill and ability of a rather high order. He could paint a picture or pay court to a lady very cleverly indeed; but it seems that in his heart he had neither the deep love of art nor the true love of woman. Both were semi-fashionable pursuits, to be regulated after a certain

manner, as one makes a bow or carries a walking-stick. Art, love, faith, life, were mere matters of form, and what one needed was not sincerity, truth, or purpose, but the correct formula of style.

A mind that bothers itself largely with conventionalities rarely discloses great originality, and a painter without conviction never plows deep in art. Lawrence seldom got beneath the surface. Portraiture was to him largely a matter of some nobleman wishing a "smart" likeness of himself in pomatumed hair, Osbaldistone tie, colored waistcoat, and Hessian boots; or it meant her ladyship in white, with blue ribbons, short waist, and puffed sleeves, posed as an innocent young thing just out of school. Almost every one had a clean face, new clothes, and an engaging smile, which led Campbell the poet to say that Lawrence's sitters "seem to have got in a drawing-room in the mansions of the blessed, and to be looking at themselves in the mirrors." Sir Thomas was too polite to paint people otherwise than at their best, and what he thought "best" we to-day might translate "prettiest"; for besides the exactness of costume and pose he could somehow rub a quality of sentiment into his sitters' faces that showed the inside of their heads was quite as "pretty" as the outside. This appears noticeably in the portraits of children, with the celebrated "Master Lambton" in the lead. They are so artificial, so priggishly unnatural, that one turns away in disappointment. Gainsborough's children are much more honest, and the children of Reynolds more naïve. The best picture of this type that Lawrence ever painted was that of the two Calmady children, engraved under the name of "Nature." In that picture Lawrence not only drew a graceful group, but he really got the children (and himself) "off guard," as it were. The double portrait which Mr. Cole has engraved is another successful effort at the joyousness of young girls. There is little fault to be found in it; but many others of his fair sitters are artful, coquettish, sub-brettish. His ladies of quality have necks as long as Parmigiano's madonnas, and eyes as languishing as Perugino's saints. One of the best of them, the "Countess Gower and Daughter," is just a little of this type for all its clever painting. The "Countess of Derby" (Miss Farren) is an early picture, and has escaped affectation. It has been criticized for the anachronism of the "John" coat and the furs in a summer landscape,

but the criticism is hardly worth quoting. Reynolds and Gainsborough painted people in evening costume wandering through classical woodlands, but no one ever found fault with them on that account. Such matters are of no consequence in art. Lawrence was painting a picture, and this time he painted an excellent one. Indeed, one may recall many examples of Lawrence's portraiture, such as the "Lady Dover," or the sad-faced "Mrs. Siddons," that seem excellent in every respect; and yet, in spite of these, the general statement holds true that he painted the artificial and the pretentious much oftener than the frank and the natural.

It is just so with his portraits of men; they are not positive or sturdy; and yet to confute such a statement one has only to think of the worn, tired, lion-like repose of the "Warren Hastings" in the National Portrait Gallery, the forceful "Sir Joseph Banks" in the British Museum, or the alert, clear-cut "Wellington" belonging to Lord Rosebery. With these pictures in mind one grows enthusiastic, and is disposed to think Lawrence a really great painter; but a trip to Windsor Castle is fatal to such an idea. Time after time in the Windsor rooms he prettifies a strong head, and produces only a dinner-plate portrait. And royalty there fares no better than others. The Georges are pompous spectacles in white, the Princess Sophia shrieks in red, and Metternich is a pattern in gold lace. The contradictions of Lawrence are bewildering. If judged by his best work he must be ranked high; if by his general average then he must be placed below Reynolds, Gainsborough, and even Romney.

Where and how he got his skill—and he had plenty of it—no one knows. He seems to have picked it up by the wayside and given it a final rub at the Royal Academy. He never went to Europe until too late to profit by foreign pictures, and it is remarkable, in the circumstances, that he drew and painted so well. His early attempts at the historical canvas were, of course, not successful. His "Satan Calling his Legions" was likened by Anthony Pasquin to "a mad sugar-baker dancing naked in a conflagration of his own treacle"; and even his friend Fuseli said that "it was a d—d thing certainly, though not the devil." The criticism is brutally frank, but not quite true. The picture is not lofty enough in conception, but it is well drawn and painted. He did better with his half-historical pieces, like "Kemble as Hamlet"; but portraiture was his proper field. In his day he stood quite alone in it, producing

the "column and curtain" picture to the last with much elegance, if not always with good taste. He could compose a portrait group very well, and execute it with a great deal of dash. Indeed, technically he was rather a fascinating workman, and he was not a bad draftsman by any means. His brothers of the craft praised his drawing of eyes and hands, and the portrait of the Cardinal Gonsalvi, or that of the Duke of Wellington, shows that he knew how to model a face with firmness. His early habit of drawing in crayons was doubtless of service to him, and after he took up oils he still continued to draw the model in crayon, adding the color last of all. Perhaps this method of securing drawing allowed him the greater freedom in his brush-work. Certainly he was the most facile of all the English portrait-painters, running on at times into a superficial and ineffectual glibness and producing textures porcelain-like in their smoothness.

Lawrence started portrait-painting in the manner of Reynolds, whom he greatly ad-

mired, and many of his best works were done before he was twenty-five. After he became popular he was hurried, and grew somewhat mannered. His cream-whites changed to cold whites, his modeling outgrew its solidity, his textures became velvety and his handling slippery. He came at a pretentious period and had a pretentious monarch to dictate taste; and perhaps the wonder is, or should be, that he did so well. The best period of English portraiture had passed with Reynolds, and Lawrence was the "singer of an empty day," somewhat like Tiepolo after Paolo Veronese. But Tiepolo has, not without reason, many admirers, and Lawrence, too, can claim a following even to the present time. His immediate pupils rather exaggerated his shortcomings, but more recent portrait-painters have taken large hints from him. Even the Frenchmen have not studied his work in vain, and a number of young Americans might be mentioned as gathering inspiration from the same source.

BLACK SILAS.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.



BLACK SILAS had killed his man. Of course there had been no regular trial for murder, for the old plantation had always been a law unto itself, and Judge Clayton administered that law; but the crime had been considered a grave offense, and after a preliminary arraignment before the three hundred field-hands,—for Black Silas belonged to that class,—the culprit was allowed to choose his own punishment.

Standing apart, in the early sunlight, with his great knotted arms bare and head bowed low, stolid and unwavering, like an ebony colossus, Black Silas had asked for time.

Ole marse was proud of his chattel, for there was no other negro on ten plantations of such proportions, and stories of his marvelous strength were current for a hundred miles; and he looked upon the statuesque figure before him, gleaming here and there like black marble, then over at the forge beside the great live-oak, before he answered, "Tomorrow at six—no later, Silas."

Speculation in the quarters ran high. The

workers paused to discuss it in measured tones, side by side in the field, in the wagon-shop, among the basket-workers, the washers at the branch, the helpers in the big-house kitchen, old maumer among the cradles of the piccaninnies—in fact, everywhere; but the giant at the forge worked on in silence. Plow-points were sharpened, tires replaced, hoes repaired, mules were shod, and a hundred and one things were brought to be mended by the curious. Never before had there been so much work at one time in the plantation shop. Silas attended each demand with dignity, no amount of impatience inducing him to break his even tenor, and no laggard gossip beguiling him from his steady occupation.

Black Silas was a newcomer on the plantation; that is, he was not born there, as were the majority of the others, but had reached the age of manhood when purchased by Judge Clayton—a purchase that the judge had complacently told himself he had never had cause to regret. So when the murder was committed,—an incident almost

unheard of in those times,—the judge was very grave, for he had come to respect the strong, silent dignity of the slave who stood beside his forge; and most carefully he had investigated the case, which was one of extreme provocation. At last the judge came to a conclusion, and the sigh was one of relief; for though the murdered negro was a loss pecuniarily, still he valued the offender more, and promising himself that justice should be meted out, he took the case under advisement. All lawlessness must be sternly repressed, and even justifiable murder was lawless under the circumstances; for he was the arbiter of all disputes among them, and he had taught them that no man had the right to raise his hand against another. That was the privilege of free men. Three hundred pairs of eyes were furtively watching ole marse, three hundred pairs of ears were waiting for the verdict, and a lesson to three hundred lives—full of ungovernable passion, though most often harmlessly childish—must be administered. And what should the lesson be? The ordinary negro would have received a certain number of lashes from the overseer, who, on the judge's domain, was always of the same race; but Black Silas was not an ordinary negro, and the only boast he ever made was that he had never been whipped by a negro, bond or free. At the mere idea of personal castigation, the ease-loving, tender heart of the judge recoiled. He could never whip a slave, and the crushing of Black Silas by another he was not willing to witness; so after an uncomfortable night, half sleepless because of his indecision, begging his own pardon for his unusual weakness, the judge left the choice of punishment to the offender himself. So he had announced in the presence of the three hundred waiting blacks, and Black Silas had asked for time.

The last plow had been sharpened, the last tire adjusted, the figure moving like a piece of bronze mechanism, slow and unbending, and at last, in the sunset, Black Silas leaned against the live-oak outside the shop to think. Beneath the stern, calm exterior was a ferment that the flinty muscles, all the day at the forge, could not dispel. The greatest thoughts of his life were seething through his sluggish brain.

"I kilt 'im! I kilt 'im!" he muttered slowly, as if to recall the chain of events. "He stole what were mine—de lizard-livered, limpin' dorg! He stole my gal, an' I kilt 'im! I kilt 'im, an' I 'm glad I kilt 'im!" The great arms were swung above his head, and

the features worked convulsively in an ecstasy of gratified revenge. Then the fire died and the arms fell heavily.

"But I got ter git en de dirt 'fore all dese niggers, an' 'fore her, ter pay fer hit—me, dat nuffin en dis lan' kin tech! I cain't do hit—I cain't! I cain't!" He dropped languidly on the bench under the tree, and grasping a section of small iron rod that lay beside him, he twisted it like straw thoughtfully in his fingers. "Ole marse done lef' hit ter me ter say let Unc' Zeke lash me, but er nigger cain't lay han's on me, mun, while dis head 's hot. I cain't! Oh, I cain't!"

Rapidly another section of the iron rod was twisted into knots, but thought was traveling faster. Down by the river-bank, only a few yards away, the ferry was tied, and Jerry would think nothing of taking him over, for ole marse owned a good bit of cotton land on that side, too. Even now in the willows and high cane, the other side of the ferry, the little pirogue was tied, her oars on the bottom. He would not have to ask Jerry. Why, he could even swim across the river; he had done it many a time. Once across, no questions would be asked, for ole marse had given him many privileges; and once beyond,—he looked at his bare arms, gnarled and corded,—who would dare molest him? He spurned the thought of a sneak and a coward, but he could not stand this; he would die of the humiliation. He must run away. How often he had joined the hunt after a "runaway nigger," he and his pack of coon-dogs leading the posse! He knew just what short cuts they always took. But no posse would ever hunt for him. That was as far as his mind could pierce; beyond was the enormity of black, chaotic uncertainty.

Deliberately he put the tools in their places and set the shop in order—Jezrul would stand at the bellows alone in the morning; then he poured a gourd of water on the coals, lest a waking fire might make trouble there. A few of the mended things were waiting for their callers on the morrow. These he placed to one side, and then he paused regretfully, with his hand on the door before he closed it for the last time.

"Whooee, Unc' Silas! Wait for me! wait!" There were tears in a childish voice, the patter of little hurrying bare feet in the dust, and a baby in a torn blue pinafore stood breathlessly before him, holding high in his hand a broken iron toy.

"It 's b'oke! it 's b'oke!" and again tears, dirt, and curls were mingled in confusion. "Suky say she tote me in the mornin', that

it's too far for me; but I runned away an' comed, 'cause it's b'oke!"

Gently the giant lifted the midget to his knee, but the curly head was pressed against the great breast, inconsolable.

"Dar, now! dar, now! Don't cry, little marse; we kin fix hit!"

There was the gleam of a smile through the rain. "I can put it to bed, an' you 'll tote me back, an' tell Suky not to scold."

"Y-a-s." The answer came slowly, for there was the vision of boats and ferries, and a mission across the river just at nightfall. The tone was hardly reassuring, and again the little man began to weep.

"Suky said you 'd fix it to-morrow, but I wants my pretty right now!" There was an unconscious imperiousness, born of the blood that commands, and the giant looked helplessly into the tiny face before him. The wind was rising, the little boat was rocking in the willows, then he seemed to be swimming for the shore; he could almost feel the splash of the water about his neck. The humiliation was left behind; what then? He did not care. There was no foresight in the negro character; only the present swayed.

"I want it fixed *now*!" It was only a baby who was crying, ole marse's latest-born. A moment he wavered, then the vision of the boats was gone, with the splash of the waters. Something seemed to loosen about his throat, and he swung the sobbing child high upon his shoulder.

"Nebber min', little marse; we 'll fix hit ter-night! Come, hope me blow the fire!"

The shadows of the evening had fallen when the flames at last flared up, and the sparks flew from the giant at the bellows, lighting up the golden halo of the cherub in the blue pinafore, who waited with folded hands and smiling lip for the work of the genie at the forge. The moon was showing a silver thread with a star upon its horn as in the twilight Black Silas turned the key in the padlock, and strode through the field to the big house, with ole marse's baby boy laughingly astride his shoulder.

"Unc' Silas mighty good to Ben," whispered the red lips in his ear. "When I gets real big I goin' to buy him a candy house,—a great big candy house,—an' it 'll rain lemonade in your gutters, Unc' Silas!"

"Um! um!" The assent was preoccupied. Afar across the field the lamps from the big-house windows were shining; they were uneasy about the baby; perhaps ole marse was seeking him. Black Silas quickened his stride.

"An' a little candy pony 'll play on the lawn," continued the little voice, "an' he 'll eat candy grass. Just think, Unc' Silas, he 'll eat candy grass!"

"Um! um!" Yes, he would take the baby to the house and ask to see ole marse. Of course it was not usual, but the child would be the excuse; and he would lay the whole matter before ole marse, for he could not be whipped by a negro.

"An' there 'll be a candy table in the middle of the floor—you ain't listenin', Unc' Silas!"

"Yas, I is, honey; yas, I is!"

Ole marse had always been good and kind; he would tell him everything, even about the girl, and how the murder was really committed, which nobody knew, and then ole marse could beat him, or do anything he chose with him: he would surely relieve him from his difficulty, for the responsibility was too great.

"An' we make mama fink we ridin' a big black horse, won't we, Unc' Silas?" The little dusty heels beat a tattoo on each side of the great shoulder. "You ain't listenin', Unc' Silas! Ain't you my big black horse?"

"Yas, yas, honey!"

It was a happy thought; yes, ole marse could and would help him.

The big gate was opened, and Suky came running across the lawn, rubbing her eyes with her apron.

"Lawdy mussy on us, little marse! whar-ebber *has* yo' been? I done been cryin' my eyes out 'ca'se yo' los', an' ole miss done sont out six men ter hunt fer yo'! Hain't yo' 'shame', yo' naughty chile? What *yo'* doin' wid 'im?" This to Silas, and Suky snatched the baby from the stalwart shoulder. There was a line of caste between the house-negro and the field-hand; besides, this big, silent man had just committed murder.

"Unc' Silas fixed my pretty an' toted me home—there, now, old Suky!" shouted the baby, triumphantly.

"Whar 's ole marse?"

"What business yo' got wid ole marse dis time er night?" asked Suky, crossly.

"I wants ter see ole marse!"

"Wall, yo' cain't see 'im—dar, now!"

"Gal, tell ole marse I wanten see 'im; I got ter see 'im ter-night!"

Suky cowered before the intonation, but answered lightly:

"I 's powerful sorry, Mister Silas, but ole marse were call' erway dis ebenin' ter hole cote et Holly Ridge, an' won' be back fer free days; so, arter all, yo' cain't see 'im."

"Is yo' sho he gone?"

"I seed Permely pack he shuts, an' he er-sayin' good-by ter ole miss."

"Does yo' *know* he gone?" The question was a despairing cry, wrung somewhere from the great breast.

"My Lord, mun, yas; fer I seed Jake, an' he shot de big gate to fer 'im."

Mechanically the huge figure turned.

"Good night, Unc' Silas!" called the cheery little voice.

"Good night, honey!" The farewell smothered something that was almost a sob.

"I'll tell papa 'bout it," continued the little voice. "Good night!"

ALL night the little boat rocked in the willows, for the wind was high. All night the little ferry tugged at her moorings, for Black Silas knew. Many times in his vigil his hand had pulled the ropes or touched the oars to see that they were there, but the time for running away had passed; the courage to do it was not there. And to-morrow, to-morrow at six! The darkest hour had passed, the stars were winking sleepily; it was already to-morrow. At six the plantation bell would ring, at six he would say what he had chosen, and there before the three hundred negroes, before her, Unc' Zeke would administer it. Perhaps, after all, ole marse had left a message; perhaps Unc' Zeke would wait for his return. Be that as it might, the hand of a negro had never whipped him, and never, never should. Long before the sun had risen the smoke from the forge was creeping upward, and long before the smoke arose Black Silas had made his choice.

There was some passing to and fro by the curious who had seen the smoke, and at last the bell tolled six, and the negroes began to gather in eager knots over against the shop, where Black Silas had been arraigned the day before. All were gathered; even old maumer had left her numerous cradles in the nursery to see Black Silas punished; and Black Silas was there, leaning movelessly against the live-oak.

"Unc' Zeke need n' 'spec' ter whup *dat* man. Look at 'im! He could n' eben tie 'im!" said Pompey, a wizen-faced, wheezing little negro, who fished in summer and cobbled in winter, unable to do anything harder.

"He done say he hain't gwine let er nigger whup 'im," said Tildy, a sharp-voiced, brisk negro, who had come from the big house to see what was going on.

"An' he hain't gwine ter, nuther," said maumer, folding her arms from long habit,

as though she were dandling one of her little charges.

"He done sell hese'f ter de debil ter git dem arms, an' de debil gwine take keer uv he own," said a bent old crone, with her bony arms akimbo, who was always to be found in a knot of idlers and mischief-makers.

"Hump! yo' better be hustlin' ter dat market, den, fer yo' cert'n'y needs hit!" sneered maumer, smoothing down her apron comfortably over her ample proportions, and casting a sidelong glance at Unc' Jah, the seventh son, who stood apart, with his hand on a hickory sapling.

Now and again the eyes of the culprit and the hoodoo met, but there was no motion of recognition. Even the chief exhorter, who leaned lazily against a stump,—for it was characteristic to lean,—made no advance to Black Silas, though he and Unc' Jah had always been officious upon such occasions before. But Black Silas had always been so self-contained, so self-sufficient, that he had never seemed to need or court help or sympathy. In the plantation parlance, he had "never hollered."

There was a stir in the assembly as Unc' Zeke mounted the little platform where the judge always spoke to the field-hands in a body, for Unc' Zeke was alone. Ole marse was evidently not at home, or would not be present upon this occasion. There was an added dignity in the old overseer's bearing, that consorted oddly with his bare arms and working-clothes; for he was filling both ole marse's place and his own for the present, and his well-shaped head was set firmly upon his shoulders as he faced the multitude. It was now a quarter past six, and Unc' Zeke cleared his throat as nearly like ole marse's bronchial habit as he could make it; but still he waited, for it was always easier to pose before his people than to speak to them, and to-day was an unusual occasion.

All eyes were fixed upon the motionless giant against the tree, but in the rows of dark faces he saw only one; it was the face of the "gal" whose affections the murdered man had stolen—a trim yellow girl with great beady eyes and heavy pouting lips, young enough to be the culprit's daughter. Sometimes her gaze met his with a curious indifferent expectancy that made Black Silas tingle even to the tips of his fingers: for this woman he had taken a life. But now she was twisting the corner of her apron as she ogled a later admirer and giggled, and the heavy brow of Black Silas grew darker yet, as he saw her look

down and trace a figure in the dust with her shapely bare foot.

A murmur was rising, for it was close upon seven. Old maumer had gone back to the cradles, and even Tildy had reluctantly taken her departure, when Unc' Zeke, looking anywhere but at the figure against the tree, again cleared his throat uncomfortably; for though Unc' Zeke had strapped a hundred negroes in his time, and would yet live to strap many a hundred more, this was not an ordinary occasion, he did not intend to treat it in an ordinary manner, and all authority was vested in him. Again he cleared his throat and pushed his sleeves up higher.

"Unc' Zeke think hit Sunday!" giggled the "gal." "Done forgit hit 's Chewsday mornin'."

"Hain't nuffin but broadclorf close go wid dem Sunday-go-ter-meetin' airs," assented the admirer.

"Listen; Unc' Zeke talkin'"; and the deep voice rolled out from the platform.

"Listen to me, an' look, all yo' people. I's here en de flesh to 'minister de jestic er Jedge Ashbel Clayton on de pusson er Silas Clayton, wha' am bekknownst ter we-all es Black Silas, fer de killin' er Limpin' Moses."

Then a silence fell, a leaf fluttered from the live-oak, and over in the wheat-field a partridge whistled; the three hundred pairs of ears and eyes were alert.

"Black Silas, ercordin' ter de day, I's waitin' ter hear yo' choice."

The lounge against the tree was as immovable as stone; the keen ear and eye had followed the whistle, there was a haze beyond, but within the waving wheat the little brown hen was mothering her brood. It would be six weeks at least before a gun could be shot among them. Ole marse had punished the violators of last year, for ole marse was very careful. The crowd swayed restlessly. Again the voice thundered:

"Black Silas, I's waitin' ter hear yo' choice."

There seemed to be a stir among the wheat, the hen was giving a peculiar call; there must be a snake among the brood. How easy it would have been to kill it! But the veins in Unc' Zeke's temples were knotted like ropes, and his voice called impatiently. Black Silas turned a hardened face from the tragedy in the wheat-field.

"I's waitin' ter hear yo' choice."

A tiny thread of smoke was still climbing from the chimney of the forge, and turning sullenly, the figure of Black Silas was lost a moment through the doorway.

"Dis am my choice."

Stifling back his words of wrath, the overseer paused as a pair of ruddy branding-irons were hurled in the midst of the scurrying negroes.

Unc' Zeke recoiled. "My Gord, nigger! Is you er fool?"

The giant's brow darkened, his teeth were set hard together, and, with arms still folded, he knelt in the dust beside Unc' Zeke's pavilion.

"Dis am my choice."

And Unc' Zeke, dominated by the stronger will, under the influence of a strange compelling power, moving as one in a dream, touched with the hot iron the forehead of the kneeling man. As he flung it back, ringing upon the anvil, the sense of ceremony seemed to stir the breathless crowd. Daft Chaney shouted dismally from a corner of the fence, an old exhorter swayed and rocked as he raised a revival hymn, and Unc' Jah, the seventh son, touched reverently the conjure-bag he wore about his neck, and muttered his charm under his breath.

It was a beautiful world that Judge Clayton saw as he drove through the afternoon shadows. It was his world, and the reins were slackened and hardly held; for old Billy knew the road, and leisurely jogged along, for at Far Bayou he had cast a shoe, and Billy had great ideas of taking care of himself. The judge smiled as he watched the carefully stepping horse. If there was time, he would stop by the shop and have him shod. Black Silas always stayed late—and, by the way, how had Unc' Zeke come out with the punishment? The last ten days had been so filled with judicial duties that he had hardly given his own affairs a thought. He knew that he had been obeyed; the punishment, whatever it was, had been administered. He knew he could trust Zeke, and trust him to do it impressively; but *how* had Black Silas chosen? Suddenly he felt uncomfortable, and gave a great sigh of relief as he saw a thin thread of smoke still curling from the shop.

On the bench under the tree sat Black Silas, apparently lost in thought; his hat, an unusual accompaniment, was pulled low on his forehead, and he had not even heard the sound of the approaching wheels. The horse instinctively stopped without a reining hand, and the judge leaped to the ground before the great body under the tree even stirred.

"Silas, shoe this horse before it gets too dark; I've got to use him in the morning."

Silently the horse was unharnessed, and the work went on under the touch of a master hand.

"That was n't your shoe that he cast, Silas; Burdick's Pete put that on at Holly Ridge—the worthless scoundrel!" said the judge, throwing himself on the vacated bench, and busying himself with papers.

Then Black Silas, still wearing his hat, led old Billy between the shafts again.

"I was sorry I had to leave, Silas, but I suppose you and Zeke came out all right," said the judge, kindly.

The sullen negro buckled the last strap and tied the reins. Ole marse ignored the silence. More earnestly he looked upon the savage magnificence before him.

"And what *did* you choose at last, Silas?"

The negro slowly turned, facing his master, and as he pushed the hat back from his brow, the setting sun cast high lights upon the great C seared upon his forehead.

The master turned away, then thundered in his wrath:

"How dared you do it, Silas? God! the mark of Cain!"

The heavy face softened from its statue-like proportions, the features were contorted by an unutterable emotion, and in the eyes there gleamed a light of savage wildness.

"'Ca'se dar hain't no nigger en dis lan', ole marse, dat kin whup me an' live while dis ole head am hot."

The words were hissed rather than spoken.

"Not if I command it?"

"Not ef you *kills* me, ole marse!"

This was insubordination, but it was the insubordination of an irresponsible child.

"Silas, I am sorry for you." The tone was pitying; he had never heard such an intonation from ole marse before. "I have always been proud of you, proud of your ability, your strength, your manhood; I have pitted you against any man for a hundred miles around, and yet you were always peaceable, always trustworthy."

The negro looked away across the wheat-field; he had been standing before the judge, who still sat upon the bench.

"Something was wrong; what was it, Silas?" The tone was still pitying. "What was it that you should have murdered, butchered even, with a knife?"

The wandering eyes came back from the wheat-field; the tone, rather than the words, was waking an emotion.

"Tell me, as between man and man, for, before God, I want to help you, Silas."

The right chord was touched. The giant trembled, heaving a great sob, and as a little child he fell upon his knees just at his master's feet. "Hit were de gal!" he moaned. "An' *his* dead face keep er-risin' 'twixt me an' de moon, an' I cain't shet hit out. Oh, ole marse, hit were de gal!"

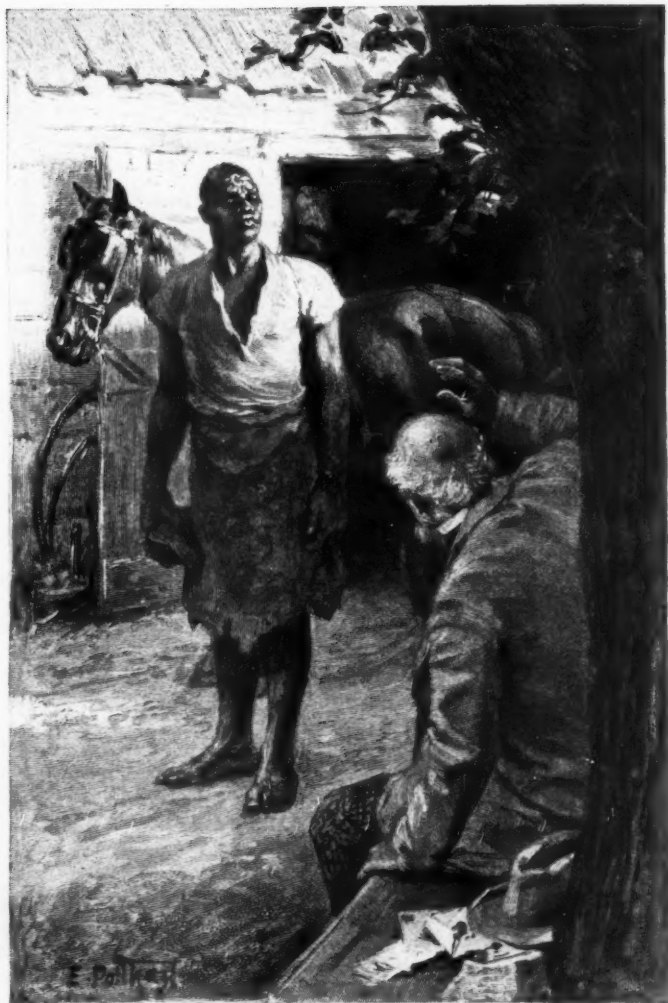
The huge figure was shaken with anguish, as the master laid a gentle hand upon the shoulder of the slave. The sun went down in a blaze of crimson glory, and the rosy light faded into a purplish gray. Old Billy, restless at last, nickered for his oats; but darkness came and found them yet talking.

There seemed to be a closer tie, a kind of mutual understanding, between ole marse and Black Silas after the episode at the shop; but, always silent and taciturn, the negro seemed to shrink more and more within himself, and even his misfortune was made capital of by the other negroes. They resented the fact that he would not take such a punishment as they had all received, and would receive, for misdemeanor; and so their murmurs rose against him as the great corded C upon his forehead gleamed through the honest sweat of the giant at the smithy. The murmurs rose in words that were not to be mistaken, for the gossips had a leader as well as all other flocks.

"Um! Talk about *hit* huttin' uv 'im! Ole marse let him off mighty easy. He ought ter hung 'im, an' he choosed hit hese'f."

Then of that species of ostracism was born religious exaltation, and the exhorters preached of the curse of Cain, until their ardor had stirred the greatest revival the region had ever known. Even the big-house negroes caught the infection. Night after night they "sat under" the exhorters on the "mourners' bench," and a dusky Samson, in his aloofness, was more than once tempted to overturn the pillars upon the worshippers. Day after day the contact was intolerable, and at last ole marse was petitioned for release from the shop, and the occupancy of a cabin among the willows, one that was apart and "did n' neighbor nobody," as the petitioner expressed it; and ole marse heartily assented.

As winter came on he gave the lonely man a gun that he might hunt; but the iron-framed giant called the squirrels and partridges his brothers, and they did not fear his coming, for he left the gun to rust and gather cobwebs in the corner of his cabin. Then in the darkest night, when the rains whipped the sleeping trees and the wind howled mournfully through the swamps, the



DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

"THE MARK OF CAIN!"

savage rose in him, the pent passion had a vent at last, and Black Silas howled with it, stripping his stout clothing into ribbons, and tearing his breast and arms with the sharp shells of the river-mussel; and as the wind sobbed ole marse turned and slept uneasily, and dreamed that he had set Black Silas free.

THEY had all gone to the ball but ole marse and baby Ben. In the silence of the big house the old clock in the hall ticked noisily, the setter, undisturbed before the

dying fire, stretched in luxurious dreams, and the judge turned over the briefs of an undecided case. Even mammy had deserted, and the judge glanced now and again at the little crib where the baby murmured in his sleep. The day had been full of cares, the last brief but one had been read; a sleepy mood was stealing even the judicial dignity, the candles were guttering in their sconces, and the judge leaned his head upon his arm and slept.

Without the shrill wind was cutting the corners dimly. In the darkness a darker

shadow, mammoth and ungainly in the uncertain light, slipped round the house and dropped in a heap within the chimney-lock.

"Des ter be clos't ter ole marse; des ter keep de cole, dead face f'om risin'," it moaned. "I 's feard, oh, I 's feard, an' hit 'pear lak hit ease ef I gits clos't ter ole marse!"

The wind sobbed high, and again ole marse dreamed in the sighing of the wind that he had set Black Silas free.

It was after the fire, the great old mansion-house lay in ruins, and domiciled now in the lodge, ole marse, somewhat pale from the late excitement, was telling for the fiftieth time of the rescue from the flames.

"A stiff wind was blowing, and the whole thing went like tinder. I was dozing, and must have been stupefied, then suffocated by the smoke; but you know the rest. I have n't a roof over my head, but damme if I don't make an example of it!" The julep-glasses shivered as the judge brought his fist down hard upon the table.

John appeared and tilted the decanter obsequiously.

"No whisky! Ring the big bell!" roared ole marse.

"But, Marse Ashbel," stammered John, "de niggers all en de fiel."

"Ring them out, then!" shouted the judge.

Again the eager throng gathered over against the smithy, restless and expectant, even Unc' Zeke having no foreknowledge of the reason for the call—a fact, however, that he withheld most carefully. Old maumer had again left her charges, and even Tildy and Suky had responded, for it was only a little past midday, and the call must have been intended for all.

"Po' ole miss, done bu'nt outen house an' home, an' all dem flannens an' blankets!" sighed maumer.

"Dat Silas he were strong las' night," said Tildy. "He ain' 'pear ter hab nuffin 'g'in' ole marse, ef he do 'spise we-all, 'ca'se he were clos't by somers w'en de fire bus' out; an' he tote de baby out, an' den ole marse, lak he were des er baby, an' blow de horn, an' den hab mos' ebber'ting frowed out de house 'fore de niggers kin git dar. He sho were strong las' night, an' Unc' Zeke he say he nebber eben lef' de house twel de walls was er-swingin'."

"But he 's ha'nted; he cain't wash de blood er Limpin' Moses offen his han'," said Suky.

"I dunno 'bout dat," said Tildy; "de 'zorters say he do dat w'en he sabe ole marse.

But howsomebber, w'en dey lays 'im on de grass fer dead, an' pour de water on 'im, dat gal what he done hit all fer come er-reelin' an' er-rockin', an' des fling herse'f on 'im, an' she say ef he des don' die, she gwine mairry him in er minute, ef de Lord spar' her."

"She hain't fitten," said Suky, veering round.

"Oh, she hain't?" queried Tildy, in a tone that made Suky turn on her heel and toy with her apron.

"Are they all here, Zeke?"

The practised eye of the overseer traveled rapidly; the face of Unc' Jah, the seventh son, leered from a vantage-ground, and the exhorters were in their accustomed places.

"Yas, sah, all here," said Unc' Zeke, and the voice of ole marse met the listening ears.

"Without a roof over my head, and almost before the ashes of my home are cold, I have called you from the field to see justice done to an act of bravery and self-sacrifice; to see your master pay tribute, as man to man, to one of the humblest of his slaves.

"Black Silas!"

The crowd swayed and parted, and the bronze giant, almost naked, and towering over his fellows, was led down the narrow aisle until he stood before his master.

There was a touch of pomposity and of pride in ole marse's manner.

"Black Silas, in the name of God, and before these witnesses, I now declare you free!"

The guides drew back, and Black Silas dropped upon his knees.

"Take the bandage off and look me in the face!"

The cloths were removed, and ole marse bent and saw that the lifted eyes were blind. The pomposity was gone, something seemed to quiver in his throat, and the hand he laid upon the negro's head trembled a little.

"Silas," he murmured, "you are free, and to-day I make you a deed to one hundred acres on the northwest of the new field, with mules and men to work your land. Rise!" commanded ole marse.

The negro, awed and dazed, mechanically obeyed, and then ole marse shouted:

"Cheer, boys—cheer for the new land-owner of Clayton!"

Such a yell went up that it almost split the throats of those that gave it, and then they led him back again, tradition said, with a great red cross upon his brow; for flame had blotted out forever the fearful brand of murder. But Black Silas only knew that the "gal" he loved held him by the hand.

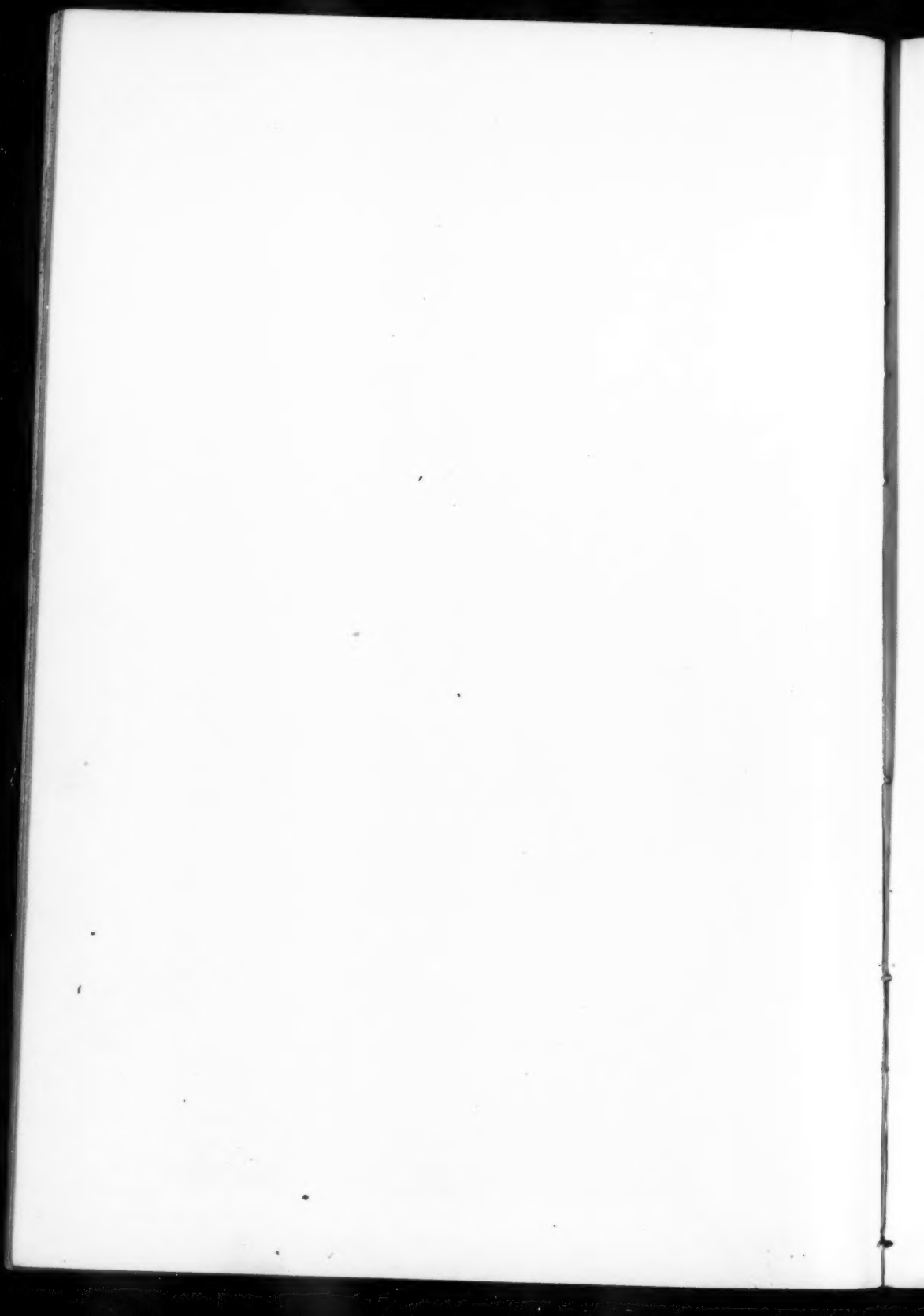


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SEE "THE CAPTAIN'S" AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES IN "OPEN LETTERS."



THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A QUACK.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR J. KELLER.

PART III. CONCLUSION.



"HE WARNED ME THAT . . . HE WOULD SHOOT ME."

IN one most disastrous case I suffered personally to a degree which I never can recall without a distinct sense of annoyance, both at my own want of care and at the disgusting consequences which it brought upon me.

Early one morning an old gentleman called,

in a state of the utmost agitation, and explained that he desired to consult the spirits as to a heavy loss which he had experienced the night before. He had left, he said, a sum of money in his pantaloons pocket upon going to bed. In the morning he had changed his clothes and gone out, forgetting to re-

move the notes. Returning in an hour in great haste, he discovered that the garment still lay upon the chair where he had thrown it, but that the money was missing. I at once desired him to be seated, and proceeded to ask him certain questions, in a chatty way, about the habits of his household, the amount lost, and the like, expecting thus to get some clue which would enable me to make my spirits display the requisite share of sagacity in pointing out the thief. I learned readily that he was an old and wealthy man, a little close, too, I suspected, and that he lived in a large house with but two servants, and an only son about twenty-one years old. The servants were both women who had lived in the household many years, and were probably innocent. Unluckily, remembering my own youthful career, I presently reached the conclusion that the young man had been the delinquent. When I ventured to inquire a little as to his habits, the old gentleman cut me very short, remarking that he came to ask questions, and not to be questioned, and that he desired at once to consult the spirits. Upon this I sat down at a table, and, after a brief silence, demanded in a solemn voice if there were any spirits present. By industriously cracking my big toe-joint I was enabled to represent at once the presence of a numerous assembly of these worthies. Then I inquired if any one of them had been present when the robbery was effected. A prompt double knock replied in the affirmative. I may say here, by the way, that the unanimity of the spirits as to their use of two knocks for "yes" and one for "no" is a very remarkable point, and shows, if it shows anything, how perfect and universal must be the social intercourse of the respected departed. It is worthy of note, also, that if the spirit—I will not say the medium—perceives after one knock that it were wiser to say yes, he can conveniently add the second tap. Some such arrangement in real life would, it appears to me, be highly desirable.

It seemed that the spirit was that of Vidocq, the French detective. I had just read a translation of his memoirs, and he seemed to me a very available spirit to call upon.

As soon as I explained that the spirit who answered had been a witness of the theft, the old man became strangely agitated. "Who was it?" said he. At once the spirit indicated a desire to use the alphabet. As we went over the letters,—always a slow method, but useful when you want to observe excita-

ble people,—my visitor kept saying, "Quicker—go quicker." At length the spirit spelled out the words, "I know not his name."

"Was it," said the gentleman—"was it a—was it one of my household?"

I knocked "yes" without hesitation; who else, indeed, could it have been?

"Excuse me," he went on, "if I ask you for a little whisky."

This I gave him. He continued: "Was it Susan or Ellen?"

"No, no!"

"Was it—" He paused. "If I ask a question mentally, will the spirits reply?" I knew what he meant. He wanted to ask if it was his son, but did not wish to speak openly.

"Ask," said I.

"I have," he returned.

I hesitated. It was rarely my policy to commit myself definitely, yet here I fancied, from the facts of the case and his own terrible anxiety, that he suspected, or more than suspected, his son as the guilty person. I became sure of this as I studied his face. At all events, it would be easy to deny or explain in case of trouble; and, after all, what slander was there in two knocks? I struck twice as usual.

Instantly the old gentleman rose up, very white, but quite firm. "There," he said, and cast a bank-note on the table, "I thank you," and bending his head on his breast, walked, as I thought, with great effort out of the room.

On the following morning, as I made my first appearance in my outer room, which contained at least a dozen persons awaiting advice, whom should I see standing by the window but the old gentleman with sandy-gray hair? Along with him was a stout young man with a head as red as mine, and mustache and whiskers to match. Probably the son, I thought—ardent temperament, remorse, come to confess, etc. I was never more mistaken in my life. I was about to go regularly through my patients when the old gentleman began to speak.

"I called, doctor," said he, "to explain the little matter about which I—about which I—"

"Troubled your spirits yesterday," added the youth, jocosely, pulling his mustache.

"Beg pardon," I returned; "had we not better talk this over in private? Come into my office," I added, touching the younger man on the arm.

Would you believe it? he took out his handkerchief and dusted the place I had

touched. "Better not," said he. "Go on, father; let us get done with this den."

"Gentlemen," said the elder person, addressing the patients, "I called here yesterday, like a fool, to ask who had stolen from

and then turning, added: "To cut the thing short, he found the notes under his candlestick, where he left them on going to bed. This is all of it. We came here to stop this fellow" (by which he meant me) "from



"THE BIG BIBLE LAY OPEN ON THE FLOOR."

me a sum of money which I believed I left in my room on going out in the morning. This doctor here and his spirits contrived to make me suspect my only son. Well, I charged him at once with the crime as soon as I got back home, and what do you think he did? He said, 'Father, let us go up-stairs and look for it,' and—"

Here the young man broke in with: "Come, father; don't worry yourself for nothing";

carrying a slander further. I advise you, good people, to profit by the matter, and to look up a more honest doctor, if doctoring be what you want."

As soon as he had ended, I remarked solemnly: "The words of the spirits are not my words. Who shall hold them accountable?"

"Nonsense," said the young man. "Come, father"; and they left the room.



"I KNEW I WAS THAT BOY."

Now was the time to retrieve my character. "Gentlemen," said I, "you have heard this very singular account. Trusting the spirits utterly and entirely as I do, it occurs to me that there is no reason why they may not, after all, have been right in their suspicions of this young person. Who can say that, overcome by remorse, he may not have seized the time of his father's absence to replace the money?"

To my amazement, up gets a little old man from the corner. "Well, you are a low cuss!" said he, and taking up a basket beside him, hobbled hastily out of the room. You may be sure I said some pretty sharp things to him, for I was out of humor to begin with, and it is one thing to be insulted by a stout young man, and quite another to be abused by a wretched old cripple. However, he went away, and I supposed, for my part, that I was done with the whole business.

An hour later, however, I heard a rough knock at my door, and opening it hastily, saw my red-headed young man with the cripple.

"Now," said the former, taking me by the collar, and pulling me into the room among my patients, "I want to know, my man, if this doctor said that it was likely I was the thief after all?"

"That's what he said," replied the cripple; "just about that, sir."

I do not desire to dwell on the after conduct of this hot-headed young man. It was the more disgraceful as I offered but little resistance, and endured a beating such as I would have hesitated to inflict upon a dog. Nor was this all. He warned me that if I dared to remain in the city after a week he would shoot me. In the East I should have thought but little of such a threat, but here it was only too likely to be practically carried out. Accordingly, with much grief and reluctance, I collected my whole fortune, which now amounted to at least seven thousand dollars, and turned my back upon this ungrateful town. I am sorry to say that I also left behind me the last of my good luck.

I traveled in a leisurely way until I reached Boston. The country anywhere would have been safer, but I do not lean to agricultural pursuits. It seemed an agreeable city, and I decided to remain.

I took good rooms at Parker's, and concluding to enjoy life, amused myself in the company of certain, I may say uncertain, young women who danced at some of the theaters. I played billiards and drove fast horses, and at the end of a delightful year was shocked to find myself in debt, and with

only nine dollars and fifty cents left—I like to be accurate. I had only one resource: I determined to visit my deaf aunt and Peninnah, and to see what I could do in the rôle of the prodigal nephew. At all events, I should gain time to think of what new enterprise I could take up; but, above all, I needed a little capital and a house over my head.

I left my debts to gather interest, and went away to Woodbury. It was the day before Christmas when I reached the little Jersey town, and it was also by good luck Sunday. I wandered about until church had begun, because I was sure then to find Aunt Rachel and Peninnah out at the service, and I desired to explore a little. The house was closed, and even the one servant absent. I got in with ease at the back through the kitchen, and having at least an hour and a half free from interruption, I made a leisurely search. The rôle of prodigal was well enough, but here was a larger chance and an indulgent opportunity.

In a few moments I found the famous Bible hid away under Aunt Rachel's mattress. The Bible bank was fat with notes, but I intended to be moderate enough to escape suspicion. Here were quite two thousand dollars. I resolved to take, just now, only one hundred, so as to keep a good balance. Then, alas! I lit on a long envelop, my aunt's will. Every cent was left to Christ Church; not a dime to poor Pen or to me. I was in a rage. I tore up the will and replaced the envelop. To treat poor Pen that way—Pen of all people! I thought there was a heap more will than testament, for all it was in the Bible. After that I thought it was right to punish the old witch, and so I took every note I could find. When I was through with this business, I put back the Bible under the mattress, and observing that I had been quite too long, I went down-stairs with a keen desire to leave the town as early as possible. I was tempted, however, to look further, and was rewarded by finding in an old clock case a small reticule stuffed with bank-notes. This I appropriated, and made haste to go out. I was too late. As I went into the little entry to get my hat and coat, Aunt Rachel entered, followed by Peninnah.

At sight of me my aunt cried out that I was a monster and fit for the penitentiary. As she could not hear at all, she had the talk to herself, and went by me and up-stairs, rumbling abuse like distant thunder overhead.

Meanwhile I was taken up with Pen. The pretty fool was seated on a chair, all dressed up in her Sunday finery, and rocking back-

ward and forward, crying, "Oh, oh, ah!" like a lamb saying, "Baa, baa, baa!" She never had much sense. I had to shake her to get a reasonable word. She mopped her eyes, and I heard her gasp out that my aunt had at last decided that I was the person who had thinned her hoards. This was bad, but involved less inconvenience than it might have done an hour earlier. Amid tears Pen told me that a detective had been at the house inquiring for me. When this happened it seems that the poor little goose had tried to fool deaf Aunt Rachel with some made-up story as to the man having come about taxes. I suppose the girl was not any too sharp, and the old woman, I guess, read enough from merely seeing the man's lips. You never could keep anything from her, and she was both curious and suspicious. She assured the officer that I was a thief, and hoped I might be caught. I could not learn whether the man told Pen any particulars, but as I was slowly getting at the facts we heard a loud scream and a heavy fall.

Pen said, "Oh, oh!" and we hurried upstairs. There was the old woman on the floor, her face twitching to right, and her breathing a sort of hoarse croak. The big Bible lay open on the floor, and I knew what had happened.

At this very unpleasant sight Pen seemed to recover her wits, and said: "Go away, go away! Oh, brother, brother, now I know you have stolen her money and killed her, and—and I loved you, I was so proud of you! Oh, oh!"

This was all very fine, but the advice was good. I said: "Yes, I had better go. Run and get some one—a doctor. It is a fit of hysterics; no danger. I will write to you. You are quite mistaken."

This was too feeble even for Pen, and she cried:

"No, never; I never want to see you again. You would kill me next."

"Stuff!" said I, and ran down-stairs. I seized my coat and hat, and went to the tavern, where I got a man to drive me to Camden. I have never seen Pen since. As I crossed the ferry to Philadelphia I saw that I should have asked when the detective had been after me. I suspected from Pen's terror that it had been recently.

It was now, as I reminded myself, the day before Christmas. The ground was covered with snow, and as I walked up Market street my feet were soon soaked. In my haste I had left my overshoes. I was very cold, and, as I now see, foolishly fearful. I kept thinking

of what a conspicuous thing a fire-red head is, and of how many people knew me. As I had reached Woodbury early and almost penniless, I had eaten nothing all day. I relied on Pen.

Now I concluded to go down into my old neighborhood and get a lodging where no references were asked. Next day I would secure a disguise and get out of the way. I had passed the day without food, as I have just said, and having ample means, concluded to go somewhere and get a good dinner. It was now close to three in the afternoon. I was aware of two things: that I was making many plans, and giving them up as soon as made; and that I was suddenly afraid without cause, afraid to enter an eating-house, and in fear of every man I met.

I went on, feeling more and more chilly. When a man is really cold his mind does not work well, and now it was blowing a keen gale from the north. At Second and South I came plump on a policeman I knew. He looked at me through the drifting snow, as if he was uncertain, and twice looked back after having passed me. I turned west at Christian street. When I looked behind me the man was standing at the corner, staring after me. At the next turn I hurried away northward in a sort of anguish of terror. I have said I was an uncommon person. I am. I am sensitive, too. My mind is much above the average, but unless I am warm and well fed it does not act well, and I make mistakes. At that time I was half frozen, in need of food, and absurdly scared. Then that old fool squirming on the floor got on to my nerves. I went on and on, and at last into Second street, until I came to Christ Church, of all places for me. I heard the sound of the organ in the afternoon service. I felt I must go in and get warm. Here was another silly notion: I was afraid of hotels, but not of the church. I reasoned vaguely that it was a dark day, and darker in the church, and so I went in and sat near the north door. No one noticed me. I sat still in a high-backed pew, well hid, and wondering what was the matter with me. It was curious that a doctor, and a man of my intelligence, should have been long in guessing a thing so simple.

For two months I had been drinking hard, and for two days had quit, being a man capable of great self-control, and also short of money. Just before the benediction I saw a man near by who seemed to stare at me. In deadly fear I got up and went out. I said to myself, "He will follow me or wait outside." I turned in the vestibule, being alone, opened

a door, and went up the stairs to the tower until I got into the bell-ringer's room. I was safe. I sat down shivering. There were the old books on bell-ringing, and the miniature chime of small bells for instruction. The wind had easy entrance, and it swung the six ropes about in a way I did not like. I remember saying, "Oh, don't do that," and at last had a mad desire to ring one of the bells. As a loop of rope swung toward me it seemed to hold a face, and this face cried out, "Come and hang yourself; then the bell will ring."

If I slept I do not know. I may have done so. Certainly I must have stayed there many hours. I was dull and confused, and yet on my guard, for when far into the night I heard noises below, I ran up the steeper steps which ascend to the steeple, where are the bells. Half-way up I sat down on the stair. The place was cold and the darkness deep. Then I heard the ringers down below. One said: "Never knew a Christmas like this since Zeb Sandcraft died. Come, boys!" I knew it must be close on to midnight. Now they would play a Christmas carol. I used every Christmas to be roused up and carried here and set on dad's shoulder. When they were done ringing, Number Two always gave me a box of sugar-plums and a large red apple. As they rang off, my father would cry out, "One, two," and so on, and then cry, "Elias, all over town people are opening windows to listen." I seemed to hear him as I sat in the gloom. Then I heard, "All ready; one, two," and they rang the Christmas carol. Overhead I heard the great bells ringing out:

And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day, on Christmas day.

I felt suddenly excited, and began to hum the air. Great heavens! There was the old woman, Aunt Rachel, with her face going twitch, twitch, the croak of her breathing keeping a sort of mad time with "On Christmas day, on Christmas day." I jumped up. She was gone. I knew in a hazy sort of way what was the matter with me, but I had still the sense to sit down and wait. I said now it would be snakes, for once before I had been almost as bad. But what I did see was a little curly-headed boy in a white frock and pantalets, climbing up the stairs right leg first; so queer of me to have noticed that. I knew I was that boy. He was an innocent-looking little chap, and was smiling. He seemed to me to grow and grow, and at last was a big red-headed man with a live rat in his hand. I saw nothing more, but I surely

knew I needed whisky. I waited until all was still, and got down and out, for I knew every window. I soon found a tavern, and got a drink and some food. At once my fear left me. I was warm at last and clear of head, and had again my natural courage. I was well aware that I was on the edge of delirium tremens and must be most prudent. I paid in advance for my room and treated myself as I had done many another. Only a man of unusual force could have managed his own case as I did. I went out only at night, and in a week was well enough to travel. During this time I saw now and then that grinning little fellow. Sometimes he had an apple and was eating it. I do not know why he was worse to me than snakes, or the twitchy old woman with her wide eyes of glass, and that jerk, jerk, to right.

I decided to go back to Boston. I got to New York prudently in a roundabout way, and in two weeks' time was traveling east from Albany.

I felt well, and my spirits began at last to rise to their usual level. When I arrived in Boston I set myself to thinking how best I could contrive to enjoy life and at the same time to increase my means. I possessed sufficient capital, and was able and ready to embark in whatever promised the best returns with the smallest personal risks. I settled myself in a suburb, paid off a few pressing claims, and began to reflect with my ordinary sagacity.

We were now in the midst of a most absurd war with the South, and it was becoming difficult to escape the net of conscription. It might be wise to think of this in time. Europe seemed a desirable residence, but I needed more money to make this agreeable, and an investment for my brains was what I wanted most. Many schemes presented themselves as worthy the application of industry and talent, but none of them altogether suited my case. I thought at times of traveling as a physiological lecturer, combining with it the business of a practitioner: scare the audience at night with an enumeration of symptoms which belong to ten out of every dozen healthy people, and then doctor such of them as are gulls enough to consult me next day. The bigger the fright the better the pay. I was a little timid, however, about facing large audiences, as a man will be naturally if he has lived a life of adventure, so that upon due consideration I gave up the idea altogether.

The patent medicine business also looked well enough, but it is somewhat overdone at all times, and requires a heavy outlay, with

the probable result of ill success. Indeed, I believe one hundred quack remedies fail for one that succeeds, and millions must have been wasted in placards, bills, and advertisements, which never returned half their value to the speculator. I think I shall some day beguile my time with writing an account of the principal quack remedies which have met with success. They are few in number, after all, as any one must know who recalls the countless pills and tonics which are puffed awhile on the fences, and disappear, to be heard of no more.

Lastly, I inclined for a while to undertake a private insane asylum, which appeared to me to offer facilities for money-making, as to which, however, I may have been deceived by the writings of certain popular novelists. I went so far, I may say, as actually to visit Concord for the purpose of finding a pleasant locality and a suitable atmosphere. Upon reflection I abandoned my plans, as involving too much personal labor to suit one of my easy frame of mind.

Tired at last of idleness and lounging on the Common, I engaged in two or three little ventures of a semi-professional character, such as an exhibition of laughing-gas, advertising to cure cancer,—send twenty-five stamps by mail to J. B., and receive an infallible receipt,—etc. I did not find, however, that these little enterprises prospered well in New England, and I had recalled very forcibly a story which my grandfather was fond of relating to me in my boyhood. It briefly narrated how certain very knowing flies went to get molasses, and how it ended by the molasses getting them. This, indeed, was precisely what happened to me in all my efforts to better myself in the Northern States, until at length my misfortunes climaxed in total and unexpected ruin.

Having been very economical, I had now about twenty-seven hundred dollars. It was none too much. At this time I made the acquaintance of a sea-captain from Maine. He told me that he and two others had chartered a smart little steamer to run to Jamaica with a variety cargo. In fact, he meant to run into Wilmington or Charleston, and he was to carry quinine, chloroform, and other medical requirements for the Confederates. He needed twenty-five hundred dollars more, and a doctor to buy the kind of things which army surgeons require. Of course I was prudent and he careful, but at last, on his proving to me that there was no risk, I agreed to expend his money, his friends', and my own up to twenty-five hun-

dred dollars. I saw the other men, one of them a rebel captain. I was well pleased with the venture, and resolved for obvious reasons to go with them on the steamer. It was a noble investment, and I am free to reflect that in this, as in some other things, I have been free from vulgar prejudices. I bought all that we needed, and was well satisfied when it was cleverly stowed away in the hold.

We were to sail on a certain Thursday morning in September, 1863. I sent my trunk and went down the evening before to go on board, but found that the little steamer had been hauled out from the pier. The captain, who met me at this time, endeavored to get a boat to ferry us to the ship; but a gale was blowing, and he advised me to wait until morning. My associates were already on board. Early next day I dressed and went to the captain's room, which proved to be empty. I was instantly filled with doubt, and ran frantically to the Long Wharf, where, to my horror, I could see no signs of the vessel or captain. Neither have I ever set eyes on them from that time to this. I thought of lodging information with the police as to the unpatriotic design of the rascal who swindled me, but on the whole concluded that it was best to hold my tongue.

It was, as I perceived, such utterly spilt milk as to be little worth lamenting, and I therefore set to work, with my accustomed energy, to utilize on my own behalf the resources of my medical education, which so often before had saved me from want. The war, then raging at its height, appeared to offer numerous opportunities to men of talent. The path which I chose was apparently a humble one, but it enabled me to make very agreeable use of my professional knowledge, and afforded for a time rapid and secure returns, without any other investment than a little knowledge cautiously employed. In the first place, I deposited my small remnant of property in a safe bank. Then I went to Providence, where, as I had heard, patriotic persons were giving very large bounties in order, I suppose, to insure the government the services of better men than themselves. On my arrival I lost no time in offering myself as a substitute, and was readily accepted, and very soon mustered into the Twentieth Rhode Island. Three months were passed in camp, during which period I received bounty to the extent of six hundred and fifty dollars, with which I tranquilly deserted about two hours before the regiment left for the field. With

the product of my industry I returned to Boston, and deposited all but enough to carry me to New York, where within a month I enlisted twice, earning on each occasion four hundred dollars.

My next essay was near Philadelphia, which I approached with a good deal of doubt. It was an ill-omened place for me; but I selected a regiment in camp at Norristown, which is eighteen miles away. I got nearly seven hundred dollars by entering the service as a substitute for an editor, whose pen, I presume, was mightier than his sword. I was, however, disagreeably surprised by being hastily forwarded to the front under a foxy young lieutenant, who brutally shot down a poor devil in the streets of Baltimore for attempting to desert. At this point I began to make use of my medical skill, for I did not in the least degree fancy being shot, either because of deserting or of not deserting. It happened, therefore, that a day or two later, while in Washington, I was seized in the street with a fit, which perfectly imposed upon the officer in charge, and caused him to leave me at the Douglas Hospital. Here I found it necessary to perform fits about twice a week, and as there were several real epileptics in the ward, I had a capital chance of studying their symptoms, which, finally, I learned to imitate with the utmost cleverness.

I soon got to know three or four men who, like myself, were personally averse to bullets, and who were simulating other forms of disease with more or less success. One of them suffered with rheumatism of the back, and walked about like an old man; another, who had been to the front, was palsied in the right arm. A third kept open an ulcer on the leg, rubbing in a little antimonial ointment, which I sold him at five dollars a box, and bought at fifty cents.

A change in the hospital staff brought all of us to grief. The new surgeon was a quiet, gentlemanly person, with pleasant blue eyes and clearly cut features, and a way of looking at you without saying much. I felt so safe myself that I watched his procedures with just that kind of enjoyment which one clever man takes in seeing another at work.

The first inspection settled two of us.

"Another back case," said the assistant surgeon to his senior.

"Back hurt you?" says the latter, mildly.

"Yes, sir; run over by a howitzer; ain't never been able to stand straight since."

"A howitzer!" says the surgeon. "Lean forward, my man, so as to touch the floor—

so. That will do." Then turning to his aid, he said, "Prepare this man's discharge papers."

"His discharge, sir?"

"Yes; I said that. Who's next?"

"Thank you, sir," groaned the man with the back. "How soon, sir, do you think it will be?"

"Ah, not less than a month," replied the surgeon, and passed on.

Now, as it was unpleasant to be bent like a letter C, and as the patient presumed that his discharge was secure, he naturally allowed himself a little relaxation in the way of becoming straighter. Unluckily, those nice blue eyes were everywhere at all hours, and one fine morning Smithson was appalled at finding himself in a detachment bound for the field, and bearing on his descriptive list an ill-natured indorsement about his malady.

The surgeon came next on O'Callahan, standing, like each of us, at the foot of his own bed.

"I've paralytics in my arm," he said, with intention to explain his failure to salute his superior.

"Humph!" said the surgeon; "you have another hand."

"An' it's not the rigulation to saloot with yer left," said the Irishman, with a grin, while the patients around us began to smile.

"How did it happen?" said the surgeon.

"I was shot in the shoulder," answered the patient, "about three months ago, sir. I have n't stirred it since."

The surgeon looked at the scar.

"So recently?" said he. "The scar looks older; and, by the way, doctor,"—to his junior,—"it could not have gone near the nerves. Bring the battery, orderly."

In a few moments the surgeon was testing, one after another, the various muscles. At last he stopped. "Send this man away with the next detachment. Not a word, my man. You are a rascal, and a disgrace to honest men who have been among bullets."

The man muttered something, I did not hear what.

"Put this man in the guard-house," cried the surgeon, and so passed on without smile or frown.

As to the ulcer case, to my amusement he was put in bed, and his leg locked up in a wooden splint, which effectually prevented him from touching the part diseased. It healed in ten days, and he too went as food for powder.

The surgeon asked me a few questions, and requesting to be sent for during my next fit, left me alone.

I was, of course, on my guard, and took care to have my attacks only during his absence, or to have them over before he arrived. At length, one morning, in spite of my care, he chanced to be in the ward when I fell on the floor. I was carried in and laid on the bed, apparently in strong convulsions. Presently I felt a finger on my eyelid, and as it was raised, saw the surgeon standing beside me. To escape his scrutiny I became more violent in my motions. He stopped a moment and looked at me steadily. "Poor fellow!" said he, to my great relief, as I felt at once that I had successfully deceived him. Then he turned to the ward doctor and remarked: "Take care he does not hurt his head against the bed; and, by the by, doctor, do you remember the test we applied in Carstairs's case? Just tickle the soles of his feet and see if it will cause those backward spasms of the head."

The aid obeyed him, and, very naturally, I jerked my head backward as hard as I could.

"That will answer," said the surgeon, to my horror. "A clever rogue. Send him to the guard-house."

Happy had I been had my ill luck ended here, but as I crossed the yard an officer stopped me. To my disgust, it was the captain of my old Rhode Island company.

"Hello!" said he; "keep that fellow safe. I know him."

To cut short a long story, I was tried, convicted, and forced to refund the Rhode Island bounty, for by ill luck they found my bank-book among my papers. I was finally sent to Fort Delaware and kept at hard labor, handling and carrying shot, policing the ground, picking up cigar-stumps, and other light, unpleasant occupations.

When the war was over I was released. I went at once to Boston, where I had about four hundred dollars in bank. I spent nearly all of this sum before I could satisfy the accumulated cravings of a year and a half without drink or tobacco, or a decent meal. I was about to engage in a little business as a vender of lottery policies when I first began to feel a strange sense of lassitude, which soon increased so as quite to disable me from work of any kind. Month after month passed away, while my money lessened, and this terrible sense of weariness still went on from bad to worse. At last one day, after nearly a year had elapsed, I perceived on my face a large brown patch of color, in consequence of which I went in some alarm to consult a well-known physician. He asked me a multitude of tiresome

questions, and at last wrote off a prescription, which I immediately read. It was a preparation of arsenic.

"What do you think," said I, "is the matter with me, doctor?"

"I am afraid," said he, "that you have a very serious trouble—what we call Addison's disease."

"What 's that?" said I.

"I do not think you would comprehend it," he replied; "it is an affection of the suprarenal capsules."

I dimly remembered that there were such organs, and that nobody knew what they were meant for. It seemed that doctors had found a use for them at last.

"Is it a dangerous disease?" I said.

"I fear so," he answered.

"Don't you really know," I asked, "what 's the truth about it?"

"Well," he returned gravely, "I 'm sorry to tell you it is a very dangerous malady."

"Nonsense!" said I; "I don't believe it"; for I thought it was only a doctor's trick, and one I had tried often enough myself.

"Thank you," said he; "you are a very ill man, and a fool besides. Good morning." He forgot to ask for a fee, and I remembered not to remind him.

Several weeks went by; my money was gone, my clothes were ragged, and, like my body, nearly worn out, and now I am an inmate of a hospital. To-day I feel weaker than when I first began to write. How it will end, I do not know. If I die, the doctor will get this pleasant history, and if I live, I shall burn it, and as soon as I get a little money I will set out to look for my sister. I dreamed about her last night. What I dreamed was not very agreeable. I thought I was walking up one of the vilest streets near my old office, and a girl spoke to me—a shameless, worn creature, with great sad eyes, not so wicked as the rest of her face. Suddenly she screamed, "Brother, brother!" and then remembering what she had been, with her round, girlish, innocent face and fair hair, and seeing what she was now, I awoke and saw the dim light of the half-darkened ward.

I am better to-day. Writing all this stuff has amused me and, I think, done me good. That was a horrid dream I had. I suppose I must tear up all this biography.

"Hello, nurse! The little boy—boy—"

"GOOD HEAVENS!" said the nurse, "he is dead! Dr. Alston said it would happen this way. The screen, quick—the screen—and let the doctor know."



IN SAVONAROLA'S CELL

BY MARY ARNOLD CHILDS.

HERE are some pages of his manuscript
Laid loosely on the desk he sat before,
As if but yesterday the leaves had slipped
From his tired fingers; this hair-shirt he wore
To mortify his suffering flesh the more.
With swelling heart I gaze into this cell,
The shrine of a heroic soul of yore,
And shudder that men made an earthly hell
For that brave soul who wrought for righteousness so well.

I see his martyred form before me float
At sight of this charred wood, this tiny brand,
Cast half devoured from the red, hissing throat
Of that fierce fire by persecution fanned,
That fed its hunger on his gaunt right hand,
Upraised as if to bless them there on high;
I kneel in spirit with his faithful band,
The Piagnoni, where they groan and cry,
While the Arrabbiati laugh to see him die.

Thus at the cost of life new truths are taught;
When an inviolable soul awakes,
It sets itself below the purpose sought,
Its law self-sacrifice; no terror shakes
The conscience incorruptible; it makes
The actor deathless, though his deeds are fraught
With hideous doom for him; though his blood slakes
The thirst of ignorance, his aim is wrought;
Hate kills the thinker, but it cannot kill the thought.

AMONG THE FELLAHEEN.

BY R. TALBOT KELLY.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



IN spite of its many pictorial advantages and the general kindness of its omdeh and villagers, El-Ghazali, under a hot May sun, proved too pestilential for comfort, and prudence decided me to cut short my stay there, lest over-rashness might lead to disaster in the shape of malarial fever—a prospect not to be lightly regarded when camping in the wilds.

I decided therefore to return to Fakous for the weekly market, one of the most important in the Eastern Delta, and an event which has always had a great attraction for me. Leaving El-Ghazali late in the afternoon, we had a long ride before us, and night overtook us some miles from the rest-house for which we were making.

The road, like all Sharkiyeh highways, was of great and varied interest. Open stretches of rich crop-land alternated with dense groves of dates. Every few miles little hamlets, nestled among camass-trees or tamarisks, lent animation to the scene, while the shady canal-banks along which we rode were cool and refreshing. Every pathway was thronged with country folk bringing in their stock or produce to the morrow's fair.

As the sun sank in the west, bathing the scene in a golden mystery, the slowly wending groups of tired humanity and patient animals loomed mistily through the clouds of dust, and the mellow lowing of cattle and the droning of insects formed the fitting accompaniment to a scene at once gorgeous and soothing. Drowsily night came on, and our fellow-travelers became gradually enveloped in the gloom. Then, as one by one the stars appeared and the chilly night air swept over the plain, we realized that we were very hungry, with scant prospect of a satisfactory meal before us that night.

Suddenly Abd-el-Messieh swerved from the track with a cry of satisfaction, and calling to us to "go on," was quickly lost in the darkness. Completely mystified as to the reasons for his extraordinary desertion, we slowly picked our way through the night,

and two hours later McCullough Bey and I were safely unbooted in the Fakous rest-house, and somewhat disconsolately sitting down to a meal of dry bread and tea.

We had hardly begun before Abd-el-Messieh reappeared, and, with an air of triumph, swept our scanty repast from the board and gave an account of himself.

It appeared that, while we had been absorbed in the contemplation of nature, his black eyes had espied a fine milch cow tethered in a field close by, and he was suddenly seized by a brilliant inspiration.

Unhitching the cow, he drove it to a neighboring village (to which, by the way, it did not belong), and calling out the omdeh, ordered him to have the cow milked and *riz-bil-laban* prepared for "their Excellencies." This was done, and a man on donkey-back was made to follow him, carrying the huge pot of almost boiling rice and milk on his lap. The wretched man, only half awake, had to ride some four miles in the dark to Fakous, and by the time Abd-el-Messieh had finished his story the savory dish was on the table, and we were in the full enjoyment of our unexpected meal. On this occasion our unwilling porter was liberally rewarded, and next day the cow sent back to its owner.

Daylight was ushered in by the din incidental to a fellah market. The "Gypsy" is endowed with good lungs and a mind to use them, and any reason is sufficient to excuse his making a noise.

The *suk* (market), a large open space immediately outside the town, was now a seething mass of humanity, generally mixed up with cattle of all sorts, and innumerable little booths and stalls. Each vender of sweet water, savory stews, etc., is crying his wares in strident tones, and those who have nothing to sell are engaged in hot altercations over their purchases, or shouting for the love of it. Dogs are everywhere fighting and yelping, donkeys braying greetings or defiance to acquaintances made at the previous *suk*. As I strolled through the market the hot sun poured through the

dusty air, still further laden with the pungent smoke of dung fires and the heavy odor of rancid oil or *feseekh* (rotten fish), while the flies, always present in millions, seemed glutted with their weekly carnival, and, too lazy to go farther afield, contentedly settled by hundreds upon whatever portion of the anatomy might most readily afford a resting-place. The scene was one of inextricable confusion and filth, but one, nevertheless, of great picturesqueness and interest.

The incidents of such a market-place are unending, and to a European a special inter-

lief in the unconscious humor of a little mite of a child leading away a huge *gamoose*, too stupid to dispute the authority of the human atom that controls it. The scene, too, is not without an element of pathos. Here is a poor woman who hopes by the sale of her wee ewe lamb to buy some charm or medicament for the ailing child at her half-starved breast. Again, a leper or crippled deformity piteously exposes himself in the hope of charity.

In the center is a large booth gaily beflagged and decorated, wherein the *ghawasees*,



ABD-EL-MESSIEH.

est attaches to the articles exposed for sale, as these show the requirements of the fellaheen. Food-stuffs predominate, the principal articles of diet being sugar-cane, bread, *semna* (clarified butter), *feseekh*, and eggs. Gaudy prints from Manchester or Vienna, Italian matches, and glass ornaments adorn one booth, while the next is filled with sticky and fly-covered sweets, made up in the forms of men and women, camels or donkeys, and exciting the wonder, as well as the desire, of the gaping gamins who eye greedily the unwholesome-looking morsels. Here is a fat woman squatting on the ground, patting with her perspiring hands the flabby mud-fish she attempts to sell, and close by an ox has just been killed, and is partly cut up before the flaying has been completed. The smell of warm blood in the hot air, and the dogs fighting over its still quivering entrails, nauseate you, and you turn away to find re-

or dancing-girls, go through their lascivious undulations to the accompaniment of *kemen-geh*, *ood*, and tom-toms, and the boisterous applause of the audience. Throughout the whole is a breezy good humor, which is pleasant, and a striking absence of rowdiness or quarreling.

On the farther side of the suk, cattle and horses are tethered, and I was much interested in watching one particular "deal." A swarthy fellah was trying to effect the sale of a rather weedy horse to a somewhat suspicious buyer, who questioned its soundness. Having sworn to the beast's absolute perfection, by the beard of the prophet, his mother's honor and his father's tomb, and all the oaths in common use, without convincing the would-be purchaser, he finally raised his hand and said: "Ana kelem wached; ana kelem Inglese." ("I speak once; I speak as an Englishman.") And I recall



THE MARKET AT FAKOUS.

with pride the fact that this the strongest of all assertions clenched the business and resulted in a bargain being struck.

WHERE everything (to the Western mind) is so novel and picturesque, one is tempted to enlarge indefinitely upon the episodes of this or kindred fairs; but perhaps I have said enough to convey some slight idea of the dirt, din, confusion, and humor of a country market, and one would fain leave the dusty suk for the open fields and fresh air of the country, the life of which is no less interesting, if quieter. Next day, therefore, I transferred my quarters to Esbet-el-Ekiad, a country farm-house some miles from Fakous, then occupied by McCullough Bey. The *esbet*, or farm, is situated on the bank of the Bahr Fakous, pleasantly surrounded by date-trees, and within easy reach of most of the picturesque villages of the land of Goshen. Here my life was quiet and uneventful, spent in the constant study of the native and his habits.

One thing which must strike the stranger is the robust physique of the fellah. The men are almost always fine, muscular fellows, and frequently handsome, though the matrons of Egypt are almost as invariably the reverse, being either grossly fat as they

approach middle age, or else wizened and wrinkled from hard work and exposure. The young girls, however, have undoubted charms at times, and, without exception, possess exquisitely shaped hands and feet, while long practice in carrying heavy water-pots or other burdens on their heads has developed in the race a dignity and gracefulness of carriage which is queenly and superb.

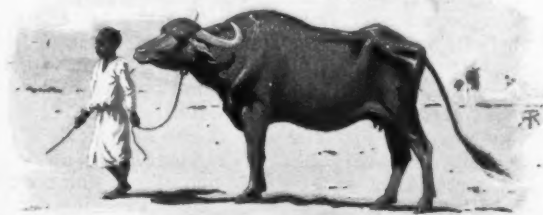
I know of few more interesting pictures than the watering-place of an Egyptian village. Here in the evening congregate the belles of the district, some occupied in the washing of cooking-utensils or clothes, others drawing the night's supply of drinking-water, while at the same time weary *gamoo-sat*, or bullocks, released from their day's work in the fields or at the *sakkia* (water-wheel), wallow in the muddy water from which the people draw their only supply. Very animated is the scene as the young of the village gossip over their work, and more than graceful the manner in which the curious-shaped *ballas* (two-handled water-pot) is balanced on their heads preparatory to departure. Wonderful, too, is the perfect sense of balance possessed by all. I saw one day a young girl, laboring under the weight of a huge water-pot, pick up with her foot a flower discarded by some passer-by, and

transfer it to her disengaged hand; and, on another occasion, a little girl, finding that the kerosene-tin she carried contained more water than she could manage, with a quick tilt of her head spilled a quart or so clear of her dress without disturbing the balance of the tin in the slightest degree. With the mothers come the infants, sitting straddle-legged on their shoulders, or toddling alongside, clutching hold of their parents' *gelabiehs*.¹

Surely of all the quaint little mites in the world the funniest is the Egyptian baby. Ridiculously small, with protruding bellies and the most old-fashioned wee faces, they hardly seem human at all. Poor, patient little objects, suffering every kind of neglect and ill feeding from birth, they are early initiated into the sorrows of life. When one has witnessed the method of child-rearing one is not surprised to hear that the proportion of infant mortality reaches the appalling figure of nearly ninety per cent.

One day, while I was working near Ekiad, a fellah farmer came and sat beside me, and entering into conversation, presently asked me "when the great pasha would be allowed to return to Egypt." Asking who the "great

sity in Cairo to complete his studies. Later he was conscripted for the army, where in barracks his remarkable faculty for repeating passages from the Koran quickly made him important in his company, and finally brought him under the notice of the officers of his regiment, where it soon became the custom after mess for "Private Arabi" to be called in to entertain the officers by his recitations. Promotion followed, and quickly passing through the subordinate ranks to a commission, a few years found him the powerful and idolized leader of an army, and dictating terms to the Khedive on the steps of the Abidin Palace. His subsequent rebellion and exile are known to all, and need no repetition, but I have always been curious in speculating upon the fate of the country had his rising been successful. Here is a case in which a fluent knowledge of the Koran was the stepping-stone to the highest power, and so far as I have been able to learn, all native risings and social agitations have been led by men whose principal claim to recognition has been a more than usual acquaintance with their sacred writings, and the power by this means to influence the popular mind. Public opinion there is none,



CHILD LEADING A GAMOOSE.

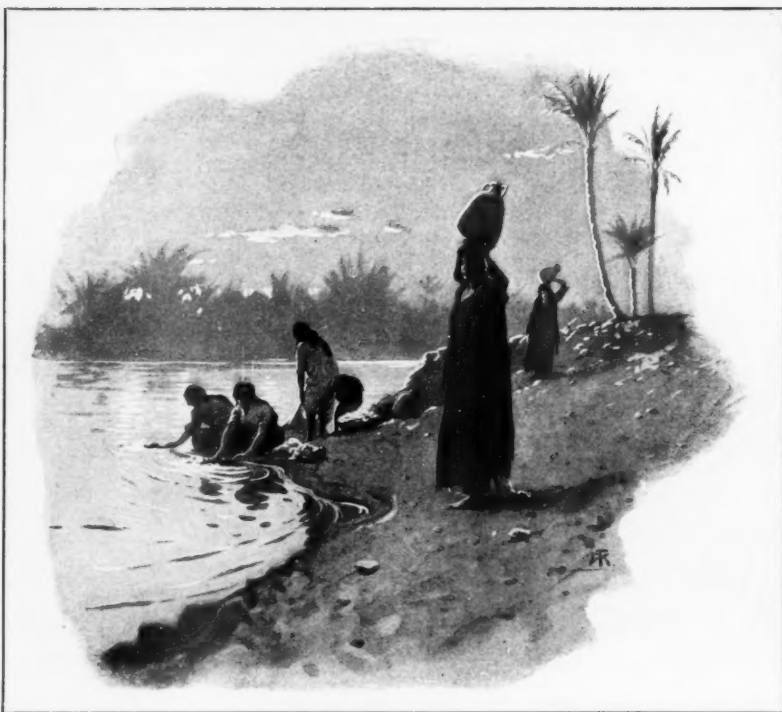
pasha" might be, he said he referred to his brother, Arabi Pasha. From him I gathered some details of Arabi's history.

Arabi, it appeared, was one of seven sons of a poor farmer near Abukir, all of whom were supported on a little holding of some ten acres. Attending the village school, Arabi early showed exceptional ability, and was eventually sent to the El-Azhar Univer-

and no cohesion of the people can be looked for except on religious grounds and in response to an appeal to their fanaticism.

No one who has lived among the people can fail to be struck with the simple sincerity of their religion. To the average Mohammedan (in Egypt) Allah is a personal deity, whose fatherhood is recognized and believed in, and to whom his children can with confidence appeal. This belief in the

¹ The long gown worn by both sexes in Egypt.



A VILLAGE WATERING-PLACE.

direct and paternal interest of Allah in their well-being is almost universal, and childlike in its perfect faith. Whatever he ordains is best, and complaining would not only be unreasonable, but would imply a disbelief in the divine intelligence. Hence the fatalistic tendency of their religion: "What Allah ordains must be, and is, good"; and "Kismet" (what is decreed, *i. e.*, fate) is their sole comment when calamity overtakes them.

The ritual of prayer provides few petitions, and is almost entirely a religion of adoration, and the desire to praise (not pray) is so general that no village or hamlet is without its mosque, while at frequent intervals along the canal-banks or high-ways praying-places are provided for the wayfarer. Notwithstanding its powerful hold upon the popular mind, the Moslem religion is accommodating to circumstances. I have seen it stated that the only valid excuse for the neglect of religious duty when the call to prayer is heard is the possibility of the devotee being then engaged in eating, food, as the sustainer of life, being considered worthy of this reverence. But in Egypt, at any rate, any work which implies

a duty to another is an equally sufficient reason for abstention.

I remember asking a former servant of mine if he was keeping Ramadan (the big fast of the Moslem), and his reply was:

"No, my master; if I kept Ramadan I would not be able to do my work, and my God would be angry if I did not do the work for which I am paid."

The observances of religion are binding only upon those who are able to attend to them without causing detriment to another.

Considered almost soulless, and forbidden even to enter the mosque at the hours of public prayer, the moral sense of the Moham-medan woman is dwarfed and corrupted. As the wife of a fellah the woman becomes, to all intents and purposes, a slave as soon as she assumes the marriage veil, while the facility for divorce, which may be pronounced by the husband by word of mouth in the presence of witnesses, robs the married state of that security and dignity with which it should be surrounded.

The result is that the married woman is simply a chattel of her lord, removable at pleasure, and whose duties consist solely in

ministering to the want of her husband or attending his children. One cannot hope, therefore, for much improvement in a new generation whose mothers, usually married far too young, are little removed from the beasts, and possess neither the ability nor inclination to educate or train their children.

Let me here refer to another question of religion usually misunderstood, namely, polygamy. As all of us know, from early Bible times a childless woman was a "reproach in Israel"; so now in the East the desire to perpetuate one's name and race is intense among Mohammedans.

Polygamy, therefore, is sanctioned by their religion; but I can state that so far as Egypt is concerned, neither polygamy nor bigamy is common, provided the first wife has offspring. Should she, however, prove barren, a second wife is taken, and the first is frequently divorced, or becomes a handmaid of her more happy successor.

As just stated, marriages in Egypt take place at a very early age, the girls marrying at from twelve to fourteen, and the young men at sixteen years of age or upward. The legal ceremony and following festivities occupy variously from three to ten days, according to the means and position of the contracting parties.

In Cairo such affairs are vulgar and ostentatious, but among the fellaheen they are much more simply conducted. Illuminations of a primitive character decorate the mud dwellings of the interested families, and mild feasting continues for a few days. The picturesque part of the proceedings, so far as strangers are concerned, occurs on the last night, when the wedding-party forms into a procession called *zefet-el-arroseh* (the procession of the bride), and conducts the bride to the home her husband has prepared for her. The bride is seated on a camel, beneath a canopy formed by a large drapery spread over a booth of palm-leaves, and preceded by whatever in the way of music the village affords. Following her are her kinsfolk and women friends on camels, bearing her Lares and Penates and the gifts usual on such occasions, while it is the custom for all the blind, halt, indigent, and lazy of the village to accompany her to the bridegroom's house, to participate in the feasting or largess there dispensed. Few of the native functions are, I think, as pretty and picturesque as this.

Unlike her European sisters, the young Egyptian belle by no means looks forward to the wedded state as the sum of all good. An old servant of mine some years ago asked



A BRIDAL PROCESSION.

for leave of absence so that he might marry his daughter to the son of a neighboring farmer. All the settlements were satisfactory, and old Ali was well content with his daughter's prospects. To my surprise, he returned to his duties two days later, saying that his daughter was ill and the wedding postponed. I ascertained subsequently that the girl, dreading the slavery of married life, had poisoned herself so as to escape what appeared to her to be an unhappy lot.

So far as my observation goes, the province of Sharkiyeh (almost corresponding to the land of Goshen) is not only the most picturesque but the most fertile in Egypt, with perhaps the single exception of the Fayum. Pastoral scenes of extreme richness are there to be found. Probably harvest-time presents the most picturesque of all, when the whole surface of the land is a golden carpet of ripened grain, flecked here and there with patches of vivid-green *bercime* (clover) or the almost blue-green of an onion-patch. Out of this golden splendor rise the groves of date-palms and the tamarisk-and camass-trees which line the canal-banks or give a necessary shade to the patient bullock toiling incessantly at the sakkia.

Harvesting operations are carried on largely by female labor, large numbers of women going from village to village until the whole harvest is gathered. These laborers are paid in grain, which can readily be exchanged for food and lodgings and such necessities as they require, leaving a substantial margin in cash, the result of much anxious bargaining with the local dealers. The corn is plucked up by the roots, not reaped, and when made into little sheaves is carried to a vacant spot in the vicinity of the town, where the threshing takes place. The moment the crop has been gathered, large flocks of sheep and goats are driven into the land to feed on such stubble or debris as may still remain, and immediately following them the plowman, with his yoke of oxen, prepares the ground for the next crop. These operations are simultaneous, and I have often seen in one field every operation from plowing to threshing in full progress. No time is to be lost if the maximum of three crops per annum is to be raised.

The Eastern threshing-floor must always be of interest from its biblical associations, and as found in Egypt it has a great pictorial value in addition. The sheaves of corn are spread in the threshing-place in a large circular pile, over which a yoke of oxen are made to trot round and round, drawing

after them a heavy wooden vehicle like a sledge, called the *nurag*. This sledge-like structure is ingenious, its runners aiding the oxen in treading out the corn, while between the runners are a number of circular revolving knives, which at the same time cut up the straw into the *tibbin*, which is the staple fodder for all stable animals.

Though strictly adhering to the ancient command not to "muzzle the ox which treadeth out the corn," the thrifty fellah, seated in the chair of the *nurag*, wields his ox-hide whip vigorously enough to insure the maximum of work for the minimum of refreshment from his team, calling to mind the ancient Egyptian couplet which Amelia B. Edwards paraphrases thus:

Hie along, oxen; tread the corn faster—
The straw for yourselves, the grain for your master.

While making the sketch which illustrates this operation, I was startled by a cry of alarm from my servant, and discovered a large cobra disappearing between my legs and under my sketching-stool. The reptile had suddenly darted out of the pile of straw, and had actually crossed my boy's bare feet in its flight. I was able, fortunately, to pin it to the ground with the spikes of my easel legs, when its happy despatch was the work of a moment.

Following the threshing comes the winnowing, an equally primitive operation. There is now left a mixture of grain, chaff, chopped straw, and dirt, which is swept into a huge mound. A man armed with a wooden shovel starts on the leeward side to throw shovelfuls of the mixture into the air. Most of the dust blows away in the breeze and disappears, while at the workman's feet gradually grows an ever-increasing pile of tolerably clean grain. The chaff and *tibbin*, being blown farther, forms a separate heap, so that each is easily collected and stored, and the harvesting operations are over.

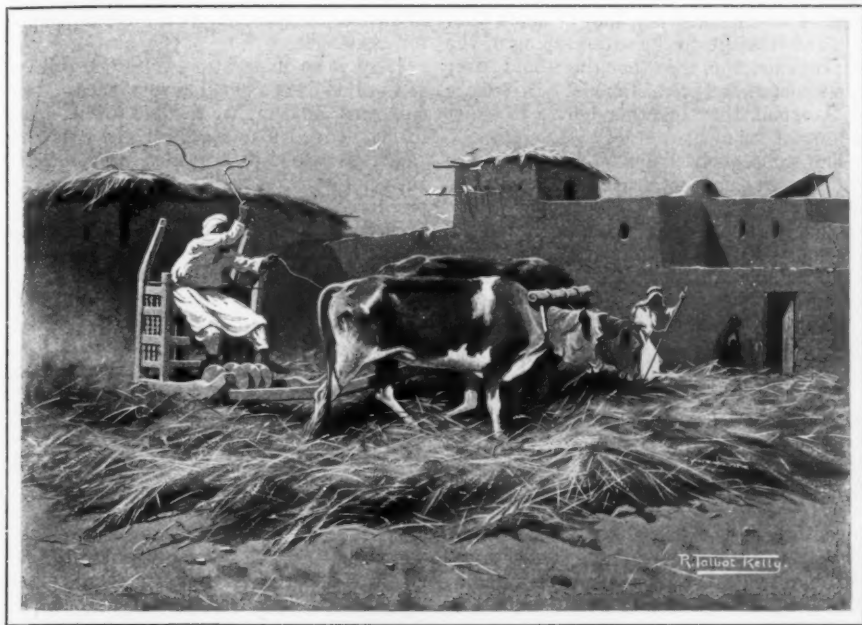
Though I believe that importers complain of the dirtiness of Egyptian wheat, the surprise is that with such primitive means so good a result is obtained, the grain being usually bright and in good condition, and the admixture of dirt by no means excessive.

In this, as in most field operations, the implements used are virtually those in vogue in the time of Moses, though I am sorry to see that in many districts modern machinery and appliances are slowly but surely becoming general. This, with the rapid modifica-

tion of costume, threatens before very long to rob agricultural life in Egypt of much of its picturesqueness and Old-World glamour.

As a whole, the fellaheen are a very hard-working and industrious people. Given an

to say that to-day even the remote districts have a plentiful supply, payment for which is included in the annual tax, which seldom exceeds one pound per *feddan* (almost an acre) for the best-cultivated land. The



A THRESHING-FLOOR.

adequate water-supply, their prosperity depends upon their own exertions—a fact they fully realize, and in the pursuits of agriculture they are not only assiduous, but have little to learn from Western races.

Their primitive implements and rule-of-thumb methods would appear to be those best suited to the soil and climate, and it is a singular fact that most of the farming syndicates I have met with in the Delta have sooner or later come to hopeless grief, in spite of improved and labor-saving appliances and supposed greater intelligence.

So far as water-raising is concerned, steam-pumps, turbines, and barrages are undoubtedly a benefit, though steam-plows and other agricultural improvements have hitherto spelled "ruin."

An interesting article might be written upon irrigation and the great development of the system lately achieved, but I cannot at the present time enter into this subject in detail, embodying, as it does, many problems open to debate. Sufficient at present

great increase of arterial canals has also brought under cultivation large tracts of land hitherto waste, but now eagerly bought up by the farmers, whom the government encourages to invest by easy terms of payment and taxation, as the land proves profitable or otherwise. The sales take place on the spot, and are by auction, though the preference is always wisely given to the small holder rather than to the increase of estates already large, thrift thereby being encouraged and enormous sums of hoarded money restored to circulation. Some of these land sales afford humorous situations, and one case strikes me as worth relating.

The district was a particularly poor one, and I was amazed at the amount of ready money forthcoming from people who, to all appearances, were absolutely poverty-stricken. My inquiries elicited the following story, which may or may not be completely true, though it was vouched for at the time. The place referred to lies on the direct caravan route to El-Arish, in Syria, where gov-

ernment camels are annually bought, and whither small periodical convoys of bullion are despatched.

As it was bivouacking one night close to the hamlet in question, the convoy was successfully raided by one or two men, who succeeded in abstracting a chest containing gold. Fearing discovery, they confided their tale and treasure to the safe-keeping of the local omdeh, who, they thought, would never be suspected, and promising him a half-share of the spoil, they together buried it under the mud floor of his house.

The subsequent inquiry, in which the omdeh was most active, of course elicited nothing, and the trouble blew over. Then our heroes approached the omdeh and demanded their half of the money.

"What money?" exclaimed the omdeh. "I have none."

"Yes, my father; it is the money we spoiled from the convoy and helped you to bury in your house."

"Oh ho!" said the old rogue, "so *you* are the thieves we have been looking for! Get out of my house, you dogs, or I will give you to the *kourbash*¹ and have you put in prison."

So, rending their clothes, and with loud lamentations, the discomfited thieves were forced to depart, their tongues tied by fear for their own safety, and hardly consoled by the thought that their enterprise and his own wit had given the omdeh the where-withal to become a landed proprietor.

The foregoing may seem to imply that criminal aptitude is not foreign to the unsophisticated fellah, and it is a somewhat common opinion that crime in Egypt is rather on the increase. If one judges by law-court statistics, this would appear to be so; but this evidence is, I think, fallacious, and simply proves the greater confidence

the common people have in the administration of justice, and their consequent readiness to invite the arbitration of judges of known honesty. Going back a few years to the "glorious" times of Ismail, suspicion of legal procedure was well founded, and the accuser was often, however good his cause, ill advised in appealing to the blind goddess for assistance.

Here is an illustration. Near the village of Coraine lived a small farmer whose fatted calf was one night spirited away. The farmer lodged his complaint with the local *mafetish-es-shewaish*, or police inspector, and the thief was eventually caught and the calf recovered. So far well; but the nearest court being held at Mansurah, and its date of sitting somewhat remote, our intelligent police officer incarcerated not only the thief, but the farmer, his family, and the fatted calf, so as to have them ready to hand as witnesses when the case came on for hearing; then he promptly forgot all about them. These wretched people, I was informed, spent some fifteen years in prison before a chance inquiry secured their release. What became of the calf I never heard, but probably the policeman ate it.

When occurrences of this kind were possible, it is little wonder that petty offenses were condoned and law-court statistics show small returns. Without doubt a certain amount of crime exists in Egypt, but I believe that the most serious cases occur in the larger towns, where a considerable proportion of low-class Europeans dwell, introducing into a simple-minded community vices and crimes foreign to the country. To my belief, the rural districts of Egypt are singularly free from serious offenses against the law, and the fellah is a docile, hard-working, and good-humored creature, whose disputes are usually capable of settlement by the local sheik or the occasionally visiting finance inspector.

¹ Rhinoceros-hide whip, which is a common form of punishment.







IN THE MATTER OF ONE COMPASS

BY RUDYARD KIPLING (1892)

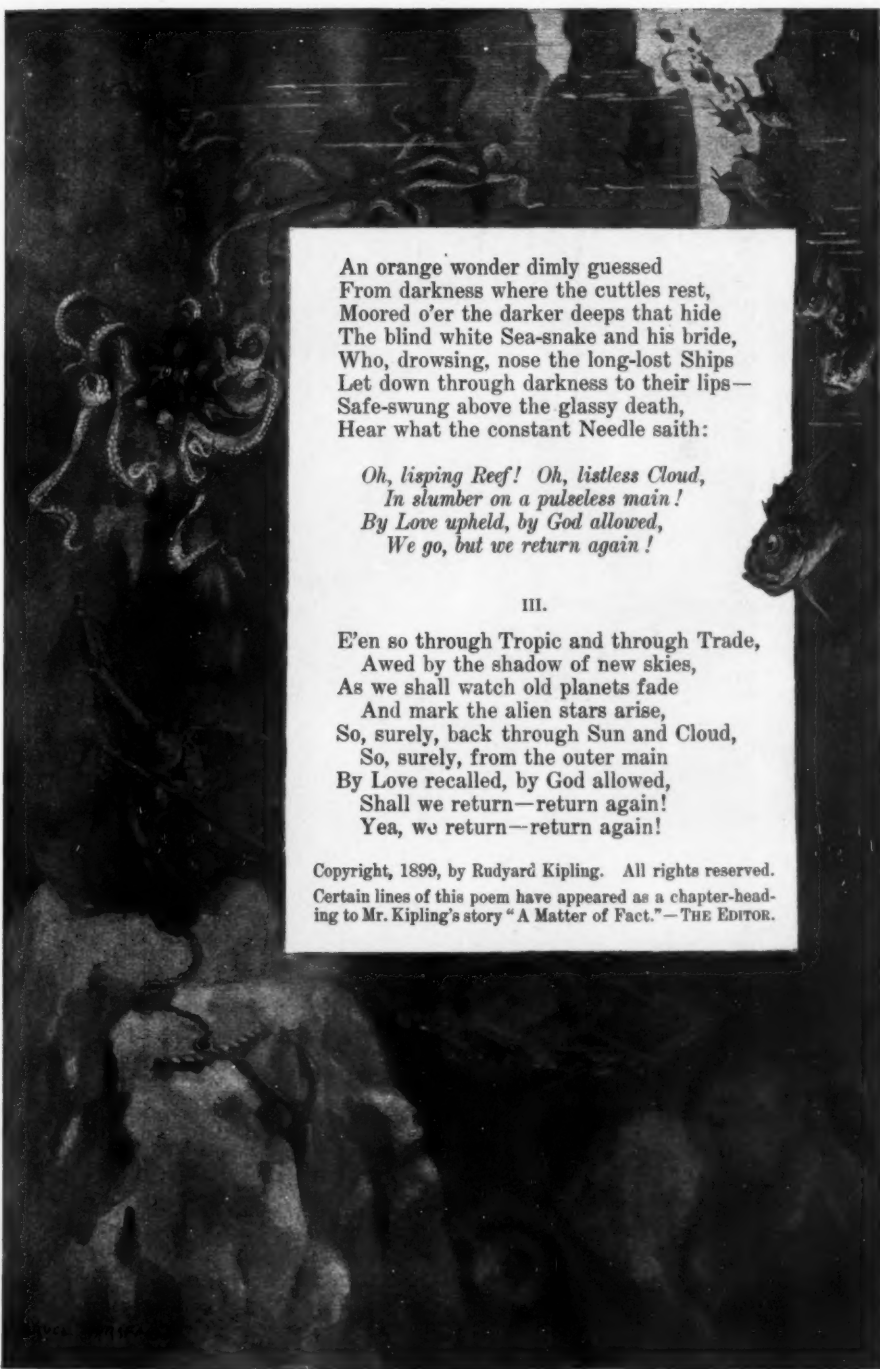
I.

WHEN, foot to wheel and back to wind,
The helmsman dare not look behind,
But hears, beyond his compass-light,
The blind bow thunder through the night,
And, as a harpstring ere it snaps,
The rigging sing beneath the caps;
Above the shriek of storm in sail
Or rattle of the blocks blown free,
Set for the peace beyond the gale,
This song the Needle sings the Sea:

*Oh, drunken Wave! Oh, driving Cloud!
Rage of the Deep and sterile Rain!
By Love upheld, by God allowed,
We go, but we return again!*

II.

When leagued about the 'wilder'd boat
The Rainbow Jellies fill and float,
And, lilt'ing where the Laver lingers,
The Starfish trips on all her fingers,
Where 'neath his myriad spines ashock
The Sea-egg ripples down the rock,



An orange wonder dimly guessed
From darkness where the cuttles rest,
Moored o'er the darker deeps that hide
The blind white Sea-snake and his bride,
Who, drowsing, nose the long-lost Ships
Let down through darkness to their lips—
Safe-swung above the glassy death,
Hear what the constant Needle saith:

*Oh, lipping Reef! Oh, listless Cloud,
In slumber on a pulseless main!
By Love upheld, by God allowed,
We go, but we return again!*

III.

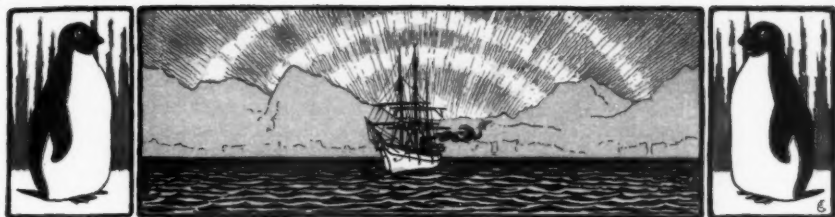
E'en so through Tropic and through Trade,
Awed by the shadow of new skies,
As we shall watch old planets fade
And mark the alien stars arise,
So, surely, back through Sun and Cloud,
So, surely, from the outer main
By Love recalled, by God allowed,
Shall we return—return again!
Yea, we return—return again!

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Certain lines of this poem have appeared as a chapter-heading to Mr. Kipling's story "A Matter of Fact."—THE EDITOR.



HALFTONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. M. NORTHGATE.

NO. 3 ON THE MAP, PAGE 423: SUNRISE AND SUNSET, TOGETHER, OVER THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT.



DRAWN BY F. C. GORDON.

THE NEW ANTARCTIC DISCOVERIES

BY DR. FREDERICK A. COOK

AMONG the records of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition the geographical discoveries must stand out as the most important material results. It is the first time that specialists have been afforded the opportunity of landing upon the mysterious south polar lands, it is the first venture of an expedition into the southern ice for fifty years, and it is the first opportunity ever offered man to pass through the experience of an antarctic night with its unearthly winter. The purpose of this article, however, is to deal with the geographical results and the incidents of the early part of the voyage, during which time the only important geographical discoveries were made.

The expedition owes its origin to the persistent efforts of Lieutenant Adrien de Gerlache. The expenses were met primarily by liberal Belgian citizens, and finally by grants from the Belgian government. The personnel of the crew was taken from many lands, but mostly from Belgium and Norway. The officers and scientific staff were as follows: Adrien de Gerlache of Belgium, commandant; George Lecointe of Belgium, navigating officer, astronomer, and magnetician; Roald Amundsen of Norway, mate; Émile Danco of Belgium (deceased), magnetician; Émile Racovitza of Rumania, zoölogist and botanist; Henryk Arctowski of Russia, geologist, meteorologist, and oceanographer; Antek Dobrowski of Russia, laboratory assistant; Frederick A. Cook of the United States, surgeon, anthropologist, and photographer. We intrusted our lives and hopes and fortunes to a little Norwegian sealer of two hundred and fifty tons, the *Patria*, which was somewhat remodeled, and also rechristened *Belgica*.

My acquaintance with the ship and with my fellow-explorers dates from our meeting

at Rio de Janeiro on October 23, 1897. Previous to this I had not known one of my future companions, nor had I written a line to or received a letter from one of them. Two days before the *Belgica* left Europe I received this cable: "Could you join us at Montevideo? (Signed) GERLACHE." To this I answered yes, and it was followed by, "Meet us at Rio, end of September." I had only a few days to prepare myself and my outfit for a journey which might take one year, or ten, or a lifetime. But I was determined to go, and so it came about that in September I found myself on the way to meet my companions on the unfriendly bosom of the Atlantic, seasick and miserable from rough weather and tropical heat. I should have had a longer time to afford better means to prepare for a journey of this kind. To consent by cable to cast my lot in a battle against the supposed unsurmountable icy barriers of the south with total strangers, men from another continent, speaking a language strange to me, does now seem rash. But I never had cause to regret it. The Antarctic has always been the dream of my life, and to be on the way to it was then my ideal of happiness. To be on the way from it was an ambition quite as strong two years later.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM SHIPWRECK.

AT Rio I took my bunk in the little *Belgica*, and my position among the men, whom I was curious to see. They were not bad fellows, but their language—French—was to me impossible. It took me months to know my room-mates, and their tongue I have not yet mastered. Most of them had been seasick, as I myself had been, and were somewhat the worse for their equatorial

voyage down the Atlantic, and we continued to get worse until we reached the colder region off Patagonia. On our voyage south we halted at Montevideo and at Punta Arenas, in the Strait of Magellan. From here we steamed through the Fuegian channels to the most southern settlement, Ushuaia, where we coaled and provisioned for the last time, and then started eastward through Beagle Channel, intending to push southward at once; but an accident happened which changed our program and also disturbed our ease of mind. This accident proved to be the *Belgica's* first geographical discovery.

We were steaming eastward through Beagle Channel late at night. Before us there was the dim outline of a long panorama of islands behind the ice-covered mountains of the tail of the Cordilleras. On each side were the black forest-covered steepes of the wild and melancholy Fuegian Islands. At eleven o'clock the twilight was still pouring over the white glacial sheets of the west; the tops of the islands were aglow with a curious pearly light. The water was as smooth as that of the Hudson, but deep down rested the feeble reflections of the mountain heights. The coastal outline was indeterminate. We pushed along slowly, searching bay after bay for some signs of human life. On a neck of land an object was reported which might be a house, but we could not decide the question even with our best telescopes. We aimed for it. In a few minutes we discovered that our progress through the water was arrested. This was a mystery to us. The engines were forced to their limits, but we remained stationary. Soundings indicated that we were aground on a reef of rocks, but we had gone on so easily that no one had felt a jar. We hoped the tide would rise and lift us off, but it fell and left us stranded. At four o'clock in the morning the *Belgica* began to careen, and at six o'clock she had a list making it impossible to stand on the floor. We tried to brace her up with spars, but they broke like pipe-stems. We now made

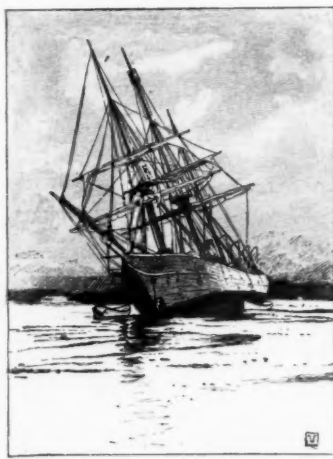
out the object on shore to be a house, and saw also some signs of life about it. Presently a group of men came from it to us. They were Indians, under the direction of Mr. Lucas Bridges, a sheep-farmer. Mr. Bridges volunteered to help us in our efforts to save the ship. I went ashore with him to get the service of as many Indians as possible. The sailors and the Indians, working side by side, began at once to lighten the ship by removing cargo to the shores. Only two or three boat-loads were landed when a sudden storm rolled down the gullies from the high mountains northwestward, piling up a sea which made further communication with the ship impossible.

From the shore we could see the *Belgica* rock and roll in response to every gust of wind which passed over us. On the shore and on the ship there was little hope of saving the vessel. Following a tremendous squall we saw the Belgian colors go up, and then felt relieved of fear. She drifted with the wind, and in an hour disappeared behind a black head of land. The next day she returned and reported no serious injury.

From Harborton we steamed eastward to the storm-washed shores of Staten Island, where we took our last water-supply and bade our friends and the known world a final adieu. From the time we left Staten Island, on January 13, 1898, until our return to Punta Arenas, on March 28, 1899, we were in another world—a new world, where communication with home regions was impossible. We had troubles of our own, and a little warfare, too, but we were totally ignorant of the Spanish-American war, the Dreyfus case, and the other great international troubles which had made history in our absence.

SEA-DEPTHS SOUTH OF CAPE HORN.

OUR first large task was the seemingly impossible work of making a map of the sea-bottom and a study of the water south of Cape Horn. This is the belt of ocean famous as the most unruly and terrible on the globe.



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.
THE "BELGICA" AGROUND ON A REEF.

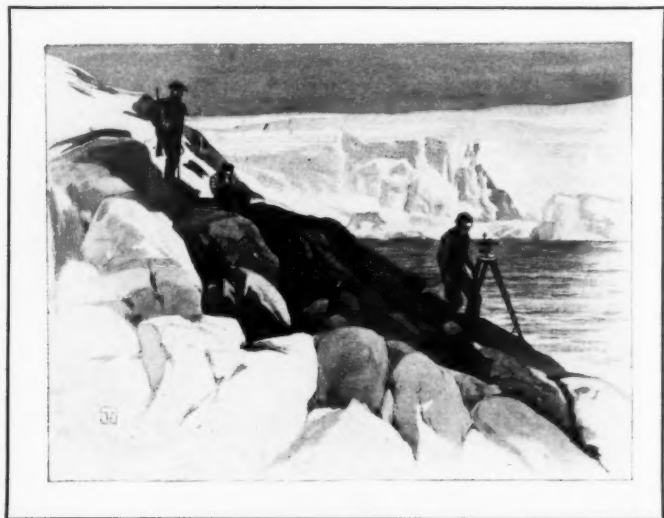


MAL-TOBE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. M. HORTON.
TABULAR ICEBERG IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

It is difficult enough for ordinary navigation, but to attempt to remain stationary for three or four hours daily, and sink a wire two miles with delicate instruments attached, is a venture which did not appeal to us with much promise of success. We were favored, however, with good weather until we got a glimpse of the South Shetland Islands, and were thus able to make a line of surroundings across the previously unfathomed sea. The general depth here was considerable. After passing over a narrow

a cloud of vapor, which rose and fell, now offering a peep at the strange block of ice, and again veiling it from view. Half sorry to leave it without further observation, we steamed onward until it sank into the stormy sea over our port quarter.

The night which followed was dark. The sea rolled under our stern in huge inky mountains, while the wind scraped the deck with an icy edge. We kept a sharp lookout for icebergs, which might come suddenly in our path out of the impenetrable darkness



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. M. NORTHCOTE. DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

NO. 4 ON THE MAP: MAKING OBSERVATIONS.

submarine shelf south of Staten Island, the lead dropped suddenly to thirteen thousand one hundred feet. The bed then rose gradually in an easy slope to the South Shetland Islands, thus proving a rather sharp disconnection between the mountain-ranges of southern South America and those of the imperfectly known antarctic lands.

THE FIRST ICEBERG.

THE first iceberg was met the day before we saw the snowy outline of the South Shetland Islands. It appeared a long way off, over our port bow, at about eight o'clock on the evening of January 19. We all came on deck to get a glimpse of our first antarctic berg, but we made no efforts to get nearer. The sky was sooty and the air so heavy that the coming twilight was lost in its gloomy mist. About the dull white mass there was

ahead. The sudden fall of the temperature, and the stinging, penetrating character of the wind, seemed to warn us that ice was near; but we encountered none. Life was plentiful, but melancholy. Curious albatrosses and petrels hovered about us, uttering strange cries, and in the water there was an occasional spout from a whale. It was a night of uncertainty, of anticipation, of discomfort—an experience which only those who have gone through the wilderness of an unknown sea can understand.

The morning dawned, as it usually does over Cape Horn seas, without the sun, and with a smoky, low, lead-streaked sky. At noon the icy mist overhead was melted, and occasional sunbursts gave life and color to the scene. Our surroundings indicated a proximity to land, which caused us to skim the horizon constantly through our glasses

NO. 2 ON THE MAP: PART OF THE PALMER ARCHIPELAGO—WESTERN SHORES OF THE NEW STRAIT.

MAL-TOBE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. CLEMENT.



with keen interest. A small white speck here and there indicated distant icebergs. At about three o'clock in the afternoon a series of low pyramidal masses appeared under the southern sky. It was like a bank of blue fog fringed with snowy bands. The whole length of our seaboard formed an ill-defined, cloud-like aggregation resting on the black water and extending the entire length from northeast to southwest. As we steamed on, the center groups became more distinct, and the whole line rose above the horizon, where we recognized it as the northern exposure of the South Shetland Islands. During the afternoon a gentle but piercing wind came from the land, bringing with it a glassy air and an easy, silvery sea, over which the new land stood out in bold relief. We could distinguish Livingston Island over our port bow, and northeastward, melting into the blue airy distance, were numerous similar islands. Over our starboard bow was Smith Island, its base still under the water sixty miles away.

ISLANDS WORTH PICKING UP.

We hoped that the night would not again be darkened by the ever-present black mist, and pushed rapidly landward to get a good view before midnight. But this was not to be, for as the sun sank in the southwest the wind came out of the northeast with a sooty smoke which blocked out our horizon. The distance was too great to make a good study of the land. In a general way this coast-line resembles parts of the Greenland landscape. About the largest islands there are many small, ice-free isles, or rocks, which are the resting-places of seals, penguins, cormorants, and gulls. On the larger islands, and especially on Livingston Island, there are high peaks and rounded, dome-like hills, which are tipped with snow, but their sides are bare. The valleys are filled with large glaciers, which send tongues out into the sea. We saw no glaciers, however, which came out for any distance into the water. The limit of the ice was generally at high-water mark, where it wasted away in small fragments. There was no snow on the coastal lowlands, but there was also nothing to indicate vegetation. From what we later learned of the lands farther south, it is extremely possible that mosses and lichens are here abundant, but there is no hope for grass or trees.

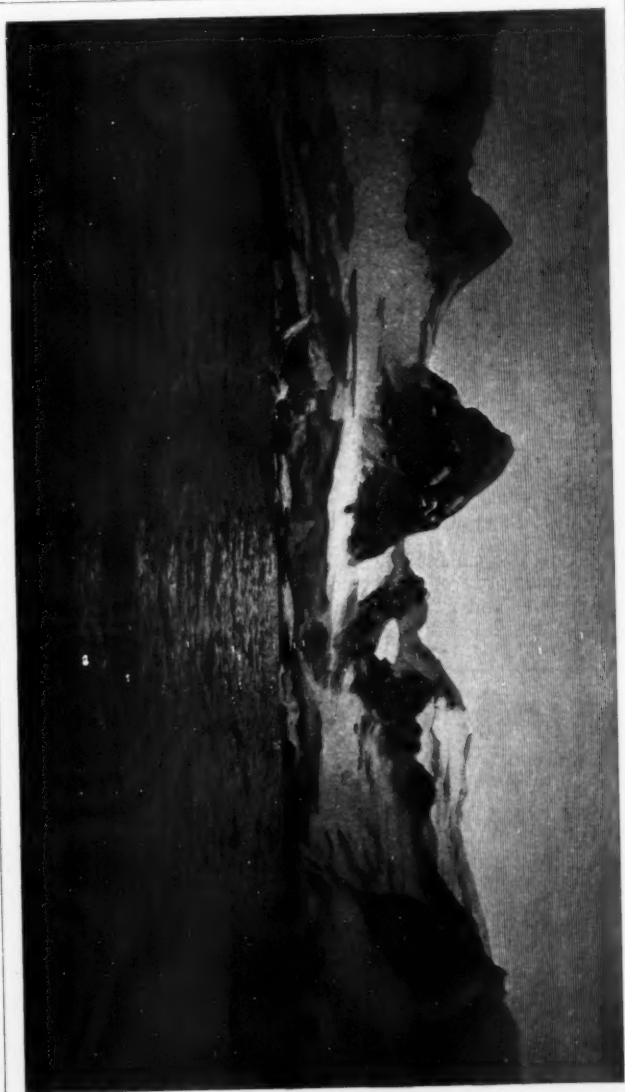
It is very curious that this group of islands, about one hundred in number, with a thousand miles of accessible coast-line and sev-

eral good harbors, free of ice for much of the year, should remain unclaimed by any government and unsettled by human efforts. It would be a humane mission if our government would take possession of this group of islands and place there a lighthouse, with a supply-station for the preservation of shipwrecked sailors. Vessels are lost in this vicinity almost every year, and we do not know but that some poor seamen are not now stranded on one of the many desolate islands, awaiting the relief which never comes.

During the night of the 20th the ship was kept moving slowly southward. It was another night of anxiety, though there were few icebergs about, and no pack-ice; yet the proximity to an unknown coast and the uncertainty of our position, with unsettled weather, made us all but comfortable. In the morning it was misty. Numerous small icebergs were about us, and while trying to dodge these we made another discovery. We struck a rock, and this time we did not go on to it as easily as we did in Beagle Channel. We struck with a force that made the ship tremble and crack from stem to stern. We needed no call to come on deck, but after we reached it we could not see what had happened. "We struck an iceberg," some one said. "Yes; a black one," said Knutzen. A few moments later the fog lifted, and we saw white crests and black rocks about us on every side. The good old ship was turned; she rolled off, and struck two or three other rocks, and then steamed away, none the worse for it. As we withdrew we watched the small icebergs being dashed to pieces on the same rocks, and wondered if that would not be our fate with the next encounter.

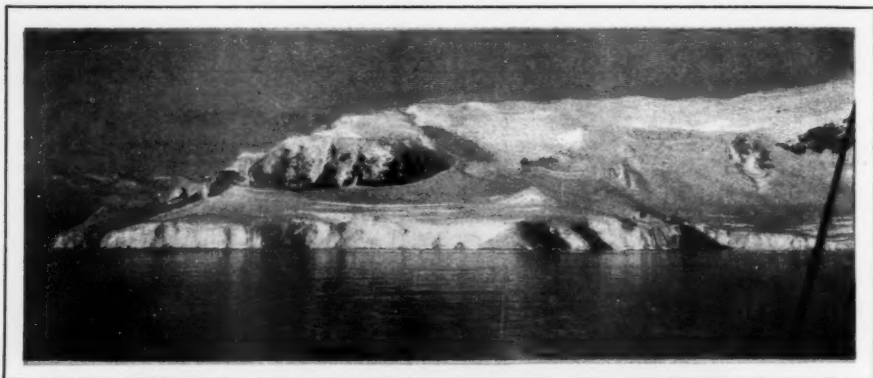
A WONDERFUL ROCK.

ABOUT noon on the 21st the horizon cleared a little, giving us an opportunity to pass safely from the rocks and bergs about us. Sail Rock was visible on our port, but nothing else except the dim outline of Deception Island and some rocks eastward. Sail Rock is remarkable from a distance; it has the appearance of a ship under sail: but at closer range it is more like a house with a gable-roof. It is a solid rock about four hundred feet high, a thousand feet long, and five hundred feet wide. The sides for three or four hundred feet are perpendicular, offering no beach, and no ledge as a resting-place for birds, except at the peak. As we had Sail Rock over our quarter, the weather



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY W. G. WATT.

NO. 6 ON THE MAP: DANCO LAND—A MIDNIGHT AND MIDDAY VIEW OF THE NEW ANTARCTIC LANDS.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

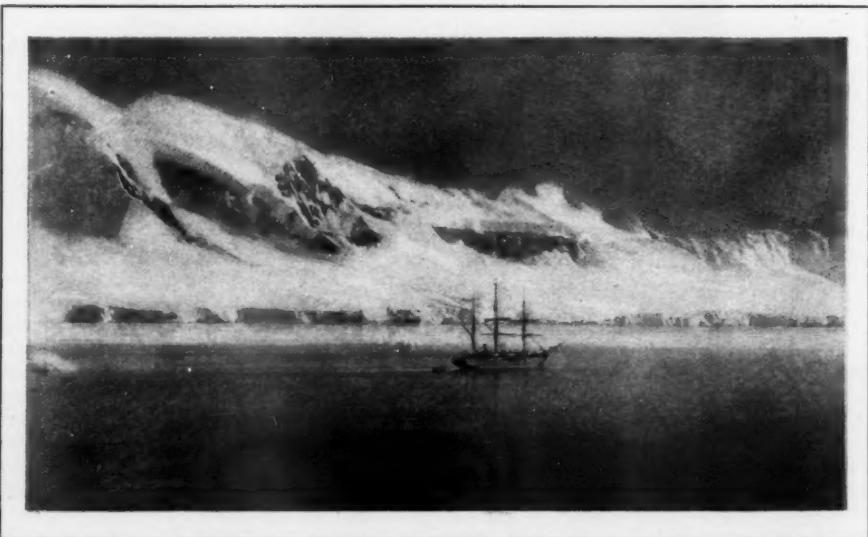
NO. 6 ON THE MAP: BROOKLYN ISLAND.

changed: the bright gray of the water became black, the sky grew lead-colored, and penguins jumped out of the water and rushed through it landward with electric swiftness, as if to warn us of a coming storm. The storm, however, did not come until the morning of the 22d.

THE DROWNING OF WENCKE.

THIS storm proved to us a melancholy affair. The wind at first was not strong or steady, but the sea which rolled under our starboard quarter tossed us about upon its bosom as a

child does a toy. Occasionally it broke over us amidships, flooding the laboratory and the galley. There was much coal on the decks, and some of this was carried by the swash into the scuppers, making escape of the water impossible. To free the scuppers one of our youngest sailors—Wencke—was at work periodically during much of his watch. In the afternoon the storm gathered force hour after hour. Great seas broke over us with increasing violence, and the wind came and went with a cannon-like roar. Everything movable on the decks was swept overboard. At about three o'clock in the



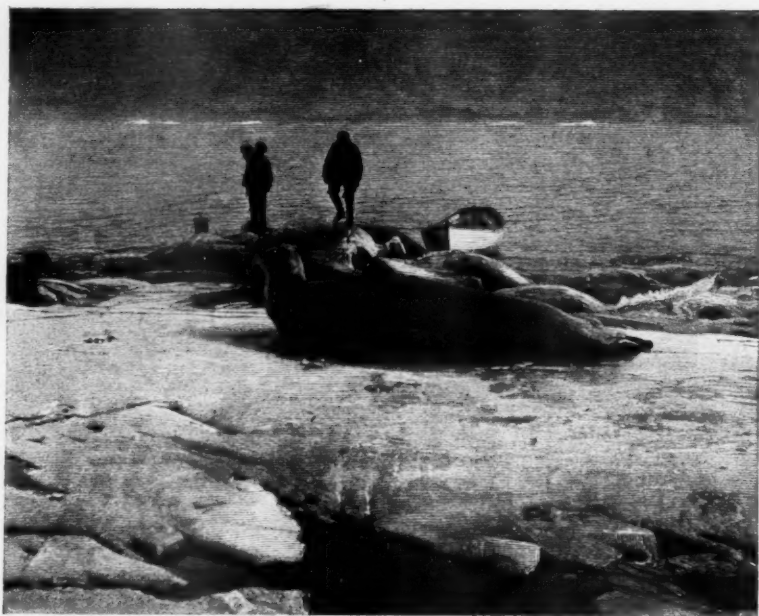
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINNEY.

NO. 8 ON THE MAP: THE "BELGICA" AT THE SOUTHERN OPENING OF THE NEW STRAIT.



NO. 7 ON THE MAP: VIEW EASTWARD FROM NEUMEYER CHANNEL.—PART OF WENCKE ISLAND.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. KIRK.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

NO. 9 ON THE MAP: A WEDDELL SEA-LEOPARD.

afternoon Amundsen and I were on the bridge, straining our eyes and leveling our glasses on a mysterious black object ahead, directly in our course, and while thus engaged we heard an unearthly cry—a cry which made me shiver because of its force and painful tone. We turned about quickly, but saw nothing to indicate the direction of the noise. Amundsen, thinking that there had been an accident in the engine-room, rushed in that direction. I went aft to the quarter-deck, and looking astern, saw a man struggling among the white crests. It was Wencke. In trying to free the scuppers he had lost his balance, and in falling he uttered the awful cry. With a quick presence of mind he sought the log-line and grasped it. I took it also, and began slowly to draw it in; but he slipped until his hand was stopped by the log. Upon this he held with a death-like grasp. Before I had pulled in the full length of the line everybody was on deck; but there was little to be done. With the sea tossing the ship about like a chip, and the wind blowing a gale, it was impossible to lower a boat. As I brought Wencke close to the stern, Lecointe, with a bravery impossible to appreci-

ate, volunteered to be lowered into the icy sea to pass a rope around Wencke. He followed his offer with demands for a rope, which was securely fastened around his waist. With two men at the rope, Lecointe was lowered into the churning waters; but he sank at once with the counter-eddies, and nearly lost his own life, without being able to keep near Wencke. Lecointe was raised, and without delay or undue excitement we managed to tow Wencke to the side of the ship, where we expected to lower another man. But while we were doing this, Wencke gave up his grip on the log, and sank. We waited there for an hour, but saw no more of our unfortunate shipmate. Wencke was a boy with many friends, and his absence was deeply felt in our little party.

Before night the fog lifted, and exposed under it a continuous wall of ice about one hundred and fifty feet high, extending as far eastward and westward as we could see. At first we thought it an iceberg. It had every resemblance to one. But its enormous size led us into doubts. We steamed eastward, keeping from it a distance of about four miles, and presently were able to make

out a black line above the water, which later we determined to be rocks. Near the eastern termination were a number of small peaks of volcanic rocks, and from them came first the odor of guano-beds, and then the deafening squawk, *gha-a-ah, gha-a-ah*, of countless millions of penguins. This was Low Island. We rested here in the lee of its icy wall for the night, but owing to the fog we never got a glimpse of the interior.

On the morning of the 23d the sea was easier, but choppy, and the weather offered promises of clearing. We took advantage of the conditions to cross Bransfield Strait, which separates the South Shetlands from the mainlands of the true Antarctic. The promise of a clear horizon was not realized, for it remained misty all day. Icebergs were frequently passed. Most of them were table-topped and square-cut, with great blue lines and cavities. The mist destroyed the delicate outlines and fascinating colors of the ice. The sharp, knife-like corners of the crowns were ill defined, and the usual ex-

quisite blues and greens were covered by the gloomy gray of the sky. There was about these bergs, even with their subdued colors, something wildly picturesque, but there was also a real danger in our proximity to them in hazy weather.

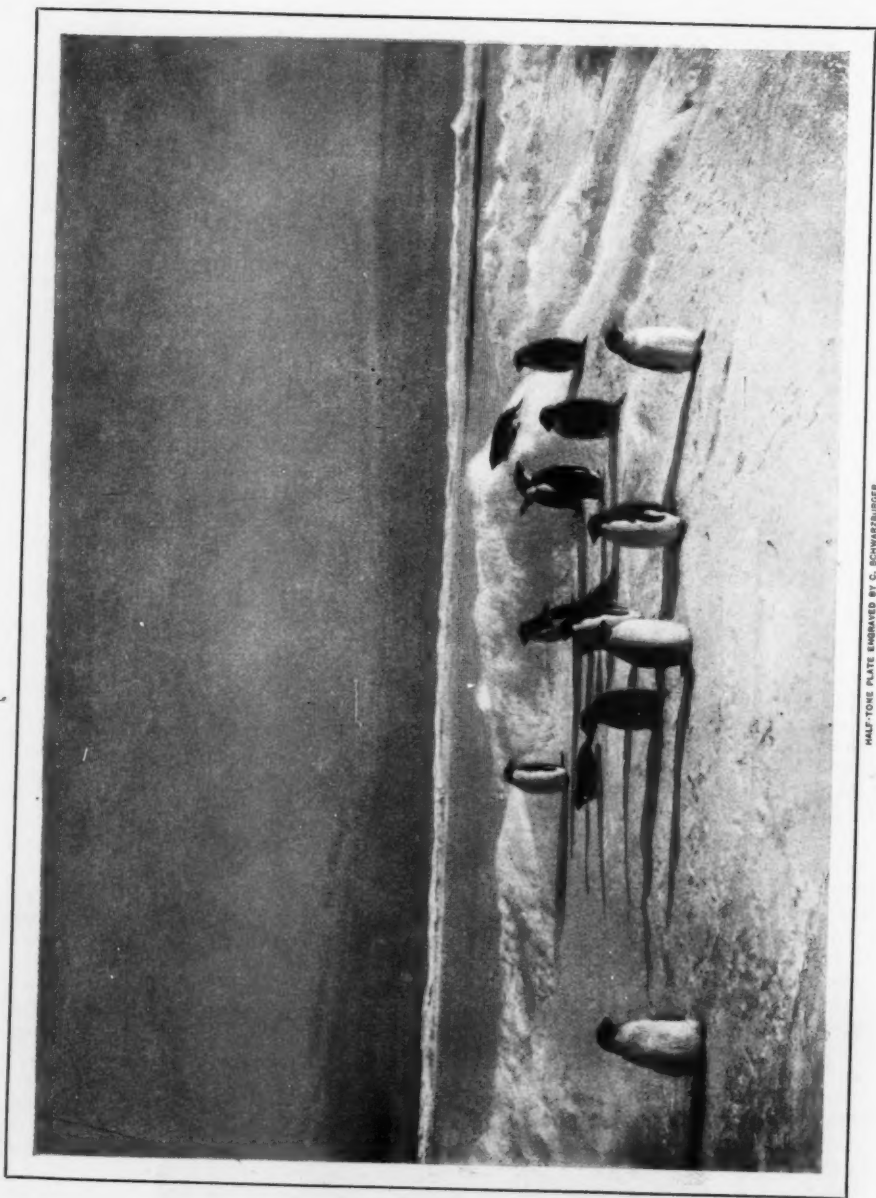
ADVENTUROUS SEALERS.

HISTORICALLY the record of our predecessors in the region which we were about to enter is short. Early in the twenties the islands about Cape Horn and the South Shetlands were besieged by American fur-sealers. They did their work of execution so thoroughly that in the short period of five years the entire race of fur-seals was exterminated. One of these sealers, Captain Nathaniel Palmer, in a little shallop of forty tons, while seeking new sealing-grounds southward, found an extensive country covered with ice and inhabited by penguins and seals. Some years later Captain Biscoe, a British sea-elephant hunter, saw a part of



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY W. G. WATT.

NO. 10 ON THE MAP: ONE OF THE NEWLY DISCOVERED ISLANDS.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARTZBURGER.
PENGUINS. A FAMILY GATHERING ON THE PACK-ICE.

the same country somewhat farther to the southwest, and still later a German sealer, Dallman, saw a part of the same northern coast. To Palmer belongs the honor of the discovery of this vast tract of land. It is a disappointment that his records are so imperfect, but the record of everything antarctic is of a similar nature. Palmer has been forgotten by his own countrymen and ignored by foreign cartographers. In the rearrangement of the new chart the *Belgica* expedition will place his name where it belongs—on the land which he saw first of all men.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 23d a curious white haze appeared upon our southern sky. A little later an imperfect outline of land rose into this haze. It extended as far as we could see to the east and to the west. The top was everywhere veiled by a high mist, and this mist had within it a mysterious light, which is one of the most startling of all the south polar effects. As we drew nearer we noticed that the land was not, as it first appeared, an endless wall of ice, but rough, irregular, and disconnected, though it was buried under a mantle of glacial ice extending to the water's edge. Here and there were large bays, and one directly over our bowsprit was so wide that it offered us a tempting path southward. Now the maps were carefully studied, that we might be able to fix our position on paper; but in this we failed.

Over the starboard bow rose a beautiful headland, a mountain of moderate height, perhaps two thousand feet high, having around it a circular cloak extending from a black crown of rocks at the summit to the sea-line, where it terminated in a perpendicular wall of ice about one hundred and twenty feet in height. To the west of this remarkable headland there was a bay, and beyond it a long series of mountains clothed in the same sheet of perennial ice. To the eastward there were a number of small islands, mostly free of ice, and beyond, under the southeastern sky, was a dim outline of an extensive white country. We set our course somewhat east of south to examine the interruption between the high mountainous land before us and the more even country eastward.

A NIGHT LANDING-PARTY.

WE were headed for a small island, steaming slowly; for with the ordinary lead we found no bottom to the sea, and being in absolutely unknown water, we might at any moment

strike a reef, as we had done twice before. It was ten o'clock at night before we were near enough to make a landing. A boat was lowered, and into it we crowded to seize the first opportunity of our mission to study the antarctic lands and life. It was a curious night. Everything about us had another-world appearance. The scenery, the clouds, the atmosphere, and the water, had an air of mystery. There was nothing in our surroundings which resembled the part of the antipodes with which I was familiar. Greenland and antarctic landscapes are apparently as widely different as the distance between them.

Though the sun was sliding eastward just under the high mountains to the southwest, it seemed quite dark. Nevertheless, on the water, as we paddled over it, there was a curious luminous gray light, in which it was possible to read coarse print even at midnight. This light rested on the new lands to the east and west, and brought out the outline so perfectly that it was possible to take photographs throughout the night. The sky, however, continued black from the sooty clouds, which rose ceaselessly out of the Pacific, to drop their white cargoes of snow on the neighboring lands. There was at this time no wind. The water was smooth and glassy, the land far off and restful; but the life was otherwise. Awe-inspiring and strangely interesting were the curious noises of the cormorants, the penetrating voices of the gulls, the coarse *gha-a-ah*, *gha-a-ah* of the penguins, the sudden and unexpected spouts of whales, the splash of seals and penguins, and the babyish cries of the young on the rocks near us.

STRANGE SIGHTS ASHORE.

THERE was nothing remarkable in the appearance of the island before us upon which we were about to land. It was a heap of hard rocks, mostly granite and gneiss. The northern exposure was bare, the ravines were still leveled with the winter ice-cap. We afterward saw a hundred others of a similar nature, and all will pass under the same description. We landed in a small bight upon a ledge of rocks. I think Arc-towski, with his hammer and geological bag, was the first to step ashore, and he was followed by Racovitza, with his paraphernalia, to capture natural-history specimens. Gerlache and I next stumbled over fragments of ice and stones, and also impertinent penguins who disputed our landing.

We wished to get a general view of the new land, but the force of the swell was such that we were compelled to return to the boat and push away from the rocks to save it from being smashed.

Resting on the oars while Racovitza and Arctowski did the honors of the expedition, we tried to follow them with our glasses as we rocked about in the boat, but we soon lost sight of their movements in the darkness. We were able to locate Arctowski by the dull echo of his hammer, and we were able to trace Racovitza by the chorus of penguins which greeted him from rock to rock. The alternate interchange of the noises of the hammer and the war-song of the penguins was an entertainment which to Gerlache and me was a long and weird remembrance. At about midnight we returned to the rocky ledge to pick up our companions, with their loads of rocks and bags of game. The inhabitants did not like their visitors. The penguins assembled about us, picking at our feet; the gulls hovered about our heads threateningly; and even the harmless cormorants dashed to and fro over our heads, stretching their long necks to ask our mission. Worst of all, the sea-leopards clambered over the rocks near us, snorting defiantly, showing their teeth, and rolling their large glassy eyes. As we left it was too dark to see the movement of an animal one hundred yards from shore, but the peculiar whiteness which rested on the scene made it possible to make a photograph of the island with good details.

During the few hours of midnight twilight we rested under easy steam, steering southward, and in the morning we found ourselves well into the bight which we had entered. The land before us retreated, and offered even greater hopes of a passage poleward. At five o'clock the sun had already risen over the snowy heights of the east, and was under the banks of black clouds which sailed out of the west. There was a certain restfulness about this sunburst and the new world of ice under it which is difficult to describe. Our position at this time was in the center of a wide waste of water, about twelve miles away from the nearest land. We were too far from the rocks to see birds, and, except for an occasional spout of a whale, there was nothing to mar the dead silence. A strange pang of loneliness came over us as we paced the deck. There were indications of channels to the south and west, but from the distance at which we reviewed the lands every projection seemed a continuous mass

of impenetrable crystal solitude. Could there be a place more desperately silent or more hopelessly deserted?

BLOCKED BY WALLS OF ICE.

BEFORE going to the south it was determined to examine a large bay to the eastward for a possible opening into Weddell Sea. The morning was foggy; by noon the mist lifted a little, and we found ourselves off a bold, black cliff with an altitude of about fifteen hundred feet, on a projecting point of land, with a few islands to the north and one to the south of it. This bluff forms the eastern headland to the entrance of what we later discovered was a strait opening into the Pacific. Passing within a few miles of the shore, we examined carefully the glacial wall which everywhere offered a check to our passage eastward. The interior of the land was covered with a cloud, which did not rise during the day; but the coastal edge was distinctly visible, and offered us excellent opportunities for surveying.

During the night of the 24th we steamed leisurely across the channel, and in the morning we found ourselves under a clear sky, before a series of icy walls from sixty to one hundred and fifty feet in height. From the sloping snow over these cliffs there was showered upon us a light which was perfectly dazzling to the eye. We selected here two points where the ice had been partly melted, offering a footing and a place for making observations. The boat which took us ashore was loaded with men and instruments: Danco with his magnetic outfit; Racovitza with guns and knives and what not to take specimens of life; Arctowski with his big hammer and a dozen bags for stones; Amundsen and me with snow-shoes and camera; and the sailors with boats, hooks, and guns to keep off and capture seals. If we had started out to make a month's siege on the new lands and the life, we could not have been better supplied. The cove in which we landed was a slope of rounded, ice-worn granitic rocks, upon which Lecointe and Danco fixed their tripods. Racovitza turned up the stones alongshore, where he found several mysterious crawling things, which he hailed with as much delight as if he had found nuggets of gold; Amundsen remained in the boat, and sought to secure a few sea-leopards that were asleep on the ice near by; while Arctowski and I mounted the inland ice to study its character.

The view which we obtained from the



THE ARABIC NUMERALS IN THE STRAIT ACCOMPANY DOTS TO MARK THE POSITION OF THE STEAMER WHEN A PARTICULAR PHOTOGRAPH (MARKED BY A CORRESPONDING FIGURE) WAS TAKEN; THE ARROWS INDICATE THE DIRECTION IN WHICH THE CAMERA WAS POINTED. IN HER PASSAGE SOUTH-WEST THROUGH THE STRAIT THE COURSE OF THE "BELGICA" WAS FROM ONE SHORE TO THE OTHER, OFTEN IN CRIBSCROSS FASHION.

upper slopes of the land-ice was superb. To the east was an island with two bare hills about twenty-five hundred feet high, and from these, expanding in every direction, was a bed of ice and snow. Beyond this, just barely visible, about fifty miles from our position, was the feeble snowy outline of the great mainland, which offered us no hope for a passage eastward. Scattered about in the channel were numerous icebergs, with petrels on their crests as tenants. Near one of these rested the *Belgica*, as easily and as stationary as if at anchor. We were on an island which, except at the sea-line, presented not the slightest indication of land. Everything was under a weight

of snow and ice about five hundred feet in thickness. There were dome-like elevations and some irregularities, but all was cold, white, and lifeless. To the west of this island there was a canal with several arms offering excellent harbor facilities; and beyond, apparently within a stone's throw, though five miles off, was a land which, in its combination of white and black, made up the most glorious landscape I ever saw.

Later in the day we followed this land on the western side of the channel northward to our first landfall. It was a clear, silvery day, with only an occasional cloud rising out of the black waters of the north. The temperature was close to the freezing-point, but

the air was calm and dry. We were dressed in ordinary clothing, without overcoats, and when engaged in rowing or climbing our jackets were removed. Even lightly dressed, we perspired while trying to scale the cliffs of ice. The water was a joy to behold. It was like a mill-pond. Easy ripples reflected the sunbeams on the mirrored surface, and everywhere on the sea and under it could be seen the soft whiteness of the land-ice and the savage blackness of the nunataks. We kept the coast within five miles on our port side. At this distance it presented a scene such as one sees nowhere else in the world. There were in the foreground a few rocks too steep for snow to rest upon them—black, except the northeastern face, where a little moss added a flush of red and green. In the background everything was loaded down with continental ice. The inland ice, unlike that of Greenland, was irregular, and took the general outline of the mountain-ridge under it. There was in view for a distance of twenty miles, extending northeast and southwest, an unbroken series of mountains and ice-walls.

IN CONTACT WITH THE MAINLAND.

WE spent the afternoon surveying this coast, and at five o'clock we were off the rounded peak which we first saw on the 23d. We then steamed again for the little island upon which we made our first debarkment. Here we rested under steam for the few hours of twilight during the midnight, and on the 26th a number of sights were made for triangulation. The morning of the 27th was spent in a similar way. In the afternoon we steamed southward to a number of small islands, which we thought might be the islands laid down by Captain Larsen on the east coast, in the Weddell Sea. Larsen claimed to have looked northward from certain islands without seeing land, but we found here a continuous mainland. The day was hazy, and though the ice-wall of the coast was constantly visible, the interior of both the archipelago to the west and the continental mass to the east of us was obscured under clouds. A debarkment was made on one of the supposed Larsen Islands. They were three in number, of irregular shape, and in size the largest was not more than a mile in its longest diameter. The largest two islands had in the center conical peaks of bare rocks, from which an ice mantle spread out to the shore-line, as it does on all the antarctic islands. The smallest

one upon which we landed was not more than half a mile wide and three quarters of a mile long. There was about it nothing to indicate land except a shelf of volcanic rocks, upon which we placed the geologist with his hammer, while the boat withdrew to keep from being dashed to pieces on the rocks. The tide was low, and if Arctowski had been left there, or if our boat had been lost, we should have been forced to climb a vertical cliff of ice one hundred feet high, or take to the rising sea of ice-water, as did the seals and penguins. Neither prospect seemed agreeable to us, and the danger of falling ice from the cliff was such that we soon returned to the ship. The haze of the morning thickened to a dense fog in the afternoon, which wholly blocked out our view of the main shore on both sides. We steamed westerly in a line over which the channel seemed to open into a large body of water. Our query now was, Is this the Pacific or the Atlantic?

SEEKING A WATER-SUPPLY.

THE weather continuing foggy, we took advantage of the time to augment our water-supply. Up to this time we had made eight debarkments, but found no place where fresh water could be taken. There were about us a large number of icebergs. One of these offered an even side as a dock, and to this we attempted to anchor the *Belgica*, that we might secure from it ice, which could be melted and put into our tanks. The ship was taken to the side, while men with ice-anchors and axes mounted the berg. The men succeeded in placing the anchors, and also chopped a supply of ice; but the motion of the berg was such that it nearly stove in the ribs of the vessel in the effort to load. We were compelled to cast off and leave the unruly berg. A few days later, however, we found a small glacial stream, from which we secured a good supply of water, which served us for several months.

AN ANTARCTIC OASIS.

BEING still unwilling to advance into the unknown region before us while enshrouded in mist, we drew near a prominent mountain-peak to make a debarkment. This peak was a perpendicular cliff, free of snow to the sea-shore. It was one of a number extending far into the southeast, as we learned on the following day. We made a debarkment at its base. Here was life in profusion, as in-

deed there was on every rock where life could gain a footing. The noise from the birds, which reëchoed from cliff to cliff, was deafening. The lower rocks were lined with snoring and grunting sea-leopards. Columns of vapor rose above the water, followed by a hiss like that of a steam-engine, and a second later the blue back of a whale, with its long fin and ponderous tail, lashed the water into a foamy whirlpool. The great wall of land-ice rose to each side of the black cliff, which gave us a shelf as a landing-place. From this wall came frequent sounds like the explosion of a cannon, which were followed by a splash and a commotion in the water. With such reports parts of the wall would constantly break away and fall into a million pieces, strewing the water with small fragments of ice, but not with icebergs. Above us rose a cliff to an altitude of about two thousand feet; out from this were projecting mantel-like rocks, which served as resting-places for cormorants and sea-gulls. Here the young ones, dressed in gray down, coaxed their mothers for food. We expected to see the little things drop from the narrow resting-places, to be destroyed on our heads or on the rocks below, but such an accident rarely happened. Our greatest surprise here was the discovery of large quantities of moss and lichens, which gave the spot an unexpected appearance of vegetable life and color. After seeing nothing but ice and black rocks for so many days, this sight of green and brown and red amid an endless expanse of icy desert was a great relief. It was an oasis in a snowy wilderness.

AN INLAND EXCURSION.

FROM this point we were able to see in a splendid manner almost the entire length of the channel explored up to this time; but we had not yet been able to make a running survey of the region in our immediate vicinity. To get a better view it was decided to ascend to the interior of the land and then scale one of the nunataks. A bay to the westward offered an easy slope, and to it we steamed on the following day. In our preparation for this ascent, we made arrangements to camp on the inland ice of one of the islands of the archipelago to the west. A tent was taken, sleeping-bags and fur clothing were bundled, and bags of provisions were packed, all of which were loaded on two small sledges. Volunteers were called for, and those who responded were Aretowski, Danco, Amundsen, and the writer. Led by

Gerlache, we landed late in the afternoon of the 31st on a little point of land with a sunny northern face. We climbed the steep slopes for five hundred feet, and there camped for the night. The first night was one of stormy discomfort. A wind came out of the bed of a glacier above us, against which we could hardly stand. It took two men to hold up the tent, and the combined efforts of all hands were required to keep our effects from being torn and scattered over the cliffs only a few yards away. On the 1st of February we made another effort, resulting in an ascent a few miles farther into the interior; but fog and wind and crevasses made frequent halts necessary. The sledges were loaded heavily, and were difficult to drag, and altogether the work of traveling and the discomfort of camping were such that we were generally miserable. We succeeded, however, in mounting to the peak of a nunatak with an altitude of about fifteen hundred feet, and from here we were able to get the observations necessary for the rough survey of our surroundings.

The view before us was even more beautiful, if possible, than anything we had seen since our first entrance into this new white world. To the southwest there was an opening through a new land and into a new sea, which remained for us to explore later. To the northeast, descending into the white, airy distance, were the two high banks of the new highway. Before us was a small island shaped like a biscuit, and, like everything antarctic, it was covered with ice to the water's edge. Around this berg-like island were a number of icebergs stranded on submerged rocks, and these, by occasional mysterious explosions, sent up the noise and the commotion of a thousand cannons. The opposite shore here retreated, making two large bays. In these bays were a number of islands, beyond which we could clearly see a narrow canal. The land which spread out under the southern and eastern skies offered no promise of a passage eastward. It had a series of black cliffs parallel to the coast about five miles beyond the edge of the sea, and beyond this the white outline of the land rose into the clouds.

After a stay of seven days, which was our first camping experience in the Antarctic, and the first on record, we gladly betook ourselves to the good old ship, which had returned from a cruise southward. During our absence Lecointe reported the discovery of an opening southwestward, and also the existence of many large islands in that direc-

tion. To examine these and the extension of the new canal was our next mission. On the way we again examined the opposite shores which we had seen from the mountain. We found the coast a continuous unbroken wall of ice from sixty to two hundred feet in altitude, but it was guarded by numerous islands, which were not clearly visible from the great distance of our point of observation.

A scene which I photographed at midnight on February 7 pictures this land in a faithful manner. The sun was just under the land-ice, painting the sky in orange and the land in gold, gliding northward behind a great crested peak four thousand feet in height. To each side of this black peak were rugged edges of stratified rocks which had once been under the sea, but were now raised to an elevation of two thousand feet and buried under a sheet of ice of more than a thousand feet in thickness.

A NEW ANTARCTIC STRAIT.

ON the 8th of February we steamed beyond the projecting points of land which for a week had barred our view of the region southwestward. The day was a delight. The sun showered its full wealth of rays on the sloping snows with such force that the reflected beams made the air and the water perfectly dazzling. It was a photographic day. As the ship steamed rapidly along, spreading out one panorama after another of a new world, the noise of the camera was as regular and successive as the tap of a stock ticker. Not less than three hundred photographs were taken on this day. Surely in the hundred miles of land which we discovered on this memorable day there were no landmarks which were not on our plates. Everybody was on deck with pencil and paper, some making nautical and geographical notes, others geological and topographical notes, and all recording the strange other-world scenic effects. Even the sailors, the cabin-boy, and the cooks were out with paper and note-books, taking long looks and then bending over their paper.

The landscape was not materially different from what it had been along the scores of miles which we had discovered during the days previous, but the clearness of the atmosphere made it possible to see to the limit of every point of the horizon. There were on this day so many notable sights that I can mention only two. Early in the afternoon we saw on the northern side of the channel a great red cliff of granite. Its bare

face was about one thousand feet high, but, with its snow-covered base and its icy crest, it stood up boldly to an altitude of three thousand feet against the clouds, which now came from the southwest. A little farther south the channel was divided into two arms by an island, with a bold round rock as a headland. We took the western arm. This passage was not more than from two to five miles in width, and its length was about forty miles. We entered it at four o'clock, and steamed for six hours in a silvery fiord, whose walls of ice and rock rose over us to a height of from three to four thousand feet. At ten o'clock we saw the black sky of the Pacific and the terminating banks of the newly discovered strait.

Here within sight of the Pacific was a large bay, which offered us shelter for the night. The morning of the 9th was as beautiful as the day previous, and under the warm rays of the sun we made two debarkments to fix the position of the landmarks of the southern opening of the new strait, and to make the usual scientific collections and observations. The time from the 9th to the 12th was spent in exploring this region. The country was somewhat higher than any we had seen farther northward. Glacial discharge had a greater tendency to be sent out by tongues into the sea. The northern cape has a long tongue of ice rising with an easy slope to a single mountain of moderate height. This agrees well in position with the Mount William of Biscoe. The southern cape is made prominent by a number of remarkable needle-like peaks, which are too steep to offer a resting-place for snow. Between these two prominent capes is a large island, which has running through its center a ridge of high peaks, mostly free of snow. A large number of small islands shield the southern outlet of our strait.

GEOGRAPHICAL RESULTS OF THE EXPEDITION.

THE work of the first two weeks when assembled proved the discovery of a highway perfectly free for navigation during the summer months from Bransfield Strait, two hundred miles southwesterly, through an unknown land to the Pacific. This highway has received the name of our ship, Belgica Strait. To the east of Belgica Strait we discovered a high, continuous country, which connects with the land charted as Graham Land. This has been christened Danco Land, in honor of our companion, Lieuten-

ant Danco, who died on the ship during the long drift in the pack-ice which followed. The land to the west of the strait is cut up into islands by several channels, and was named Palmer Archipelago, in honor of Captain Nathaniel Palmer, the American sealer who first of all men saw the outer fringe of this land. Scattered about in the waters of Belgica Strait are about one hundred islands and some groups of islands. About fifty of these are of considerable size. The islands, the capes, the bays, the headlands, and the mountains will mostly receive the names of Belgian friends of the expedition; but prominent outside workers have not been forgotten, as is evidenced by Nansen and Andrée islands and Neumeyer Channel. Each officer was given the privilege of bestowing some names. Hence two islands which fell to my lot are named after the city of my home and the first mayor of Greater New York—Brooklyn and Van Wyck islands.

After passing out of the strait into the open Pacific, we strove to follow the mainland southward, but the pack-ice forced us away. Late in February we entered the main body of the sea-ice, intending to push southward and westward. After penetrating ninety miles we found ourselves firmly beset. Unable to extricate the ship, we drifted with the ice to and fro, but generally west, for thirteen

long months. During the early part of the long polar night Lieutenant Danco died from the effects of a cardiac affection previously contracted. Except for the depression of this melancholy bereavement, the health of the members of the expedition was fairly good; but the seventy days of continued darkness weighed heavily upon us. The scientific work was prosecuted throughout the year of the drift. Each department has reason to feel proud of its records. But all were happy when, on March 14, 1899, we were released from the icy fetters which had held us so long. It was a moment of joy and elation when we sank the white line of the pack-ice into the black sea behind us. It was a delight to see the ever-present iceblink, in which we had lived for a year, fade over our stern. Now our minds and hearts were set on home-going, but the feeling of isolation came over us stronger than ever before. Even the birds that had kept us faithful company in the ice, the giant, the white, and the spotted petrels, deserted us as if they knew we were wearied of their noiseless flight and of their stormy white world. Though anticipation was raised to a fever-heat, yet we one and all felt that it was worth our expenditure of time and money to live for a while in this chamber of mystery and quietude of the far south.

TO MUSIC.

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

THOU more than love, that lingers but to die;
 Thou more than life, that swift is born again!
 Thou poppy witch, whose brew releaseth pain,
 Whose breath is sweeter than the lotus sigh!
 Thou queen of Gipsy hearts and fancies shy,
 Of loves untried, and undreamed seas long lain
 At flood of ecstasy, where thou dost reign
 A moon of passion in supremacy!
 Thou Circe of men's buried souls, who leap
 To break their cerements cold at voice of thee,
 Bolder than spells of old magician Sleep
 The glad illusion of thy wizardry!
 Vestal or temptress, all thy slaves to keep,
 Angel or criminal thou makest me!

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

THIRD PAPER.

XI. OPENING OF THE WAR.

IT is not within my scope to follow in detail the military operations of the civil war. For many months they were little more than a series of confused marches, random skirmishes, and casual leaguers of indecisive places. Of generalship, of strategic system, of ingenuity in scientific tactics, in the early stages there was little or none. Soldiers appeared on both sides who had served abroad, and as the armed struggle developed, the great changes in tactics made by Gustavus Adolphus slowly found their way into the operations of the English war. He suppressed all caracoling and parade manœuvres. Cavalry; that had formed itself in as many as five or even eight ranks deep, was henceforth never marshaled deeper than three ranks, while in the intervening spaces were platoons of foot and light field-pieces. All this, the soldiers tell us, gave prodigious mobility, and made the Swedish period the most remarkable in the Thirty Years' War. But for some time training on the continent of Europe seems to have been of little use in the conflicts of two great bands of military, mainly rustic, among the hills and downs, the lanes and hedges, the rivers and strong places, of England. Modern soldiers have noticed as one of the most curious features of the civil war how ignorant each side usually was of the doings, position, and designs of its opponents. Essex stumbled upon the king, Hopton stumbled upon Waller, the king stumbled upon Sir Thomas Fairfax. The two sides drew up in front of one another, foot in the center, horse on the wings; and then they fell to, and hammered one another as hard as they could, and they who hammered hardest and stood to it longest won the day.

Armor had fallen into disuse, partly owing to the introduction of firearms, partly perhaps for the reason that pleased King James I. He caustically praised armor, because,

besides protecting the wearer, it also hindered him from hurting other people. In the civil war the men wore only a piece on breast and back, and a steel cap upon the head; and on occasion some seem to have preferred to do their work in their shirt-sleeves. The archer had only just disappeared, and arrows were shot by the English as late as at the Isle of Ré in 1627. Indeed, at the outbreak of the war Essex issued a precept for raising a company of archers, and in Montrose's campaign in Scotland bowmen are often mentioned. It is curious to modern ears to learn that some of the strongest laws enjoining practice with bow and arrow should have been passed after the invention of gunpowder, and for long there were many who persisted in liking the bow better than the musket, for the whizz of the arrow over their heads kept the horses in terror, and a few horses wounded by arrows sticking in them were made unruly enough to disorder a whole squadron. A flight of arrows, again, apart from those whom they killed or wounded, demoralized the men as they watched them in the air and strove to evade them. Extreme conservatives made a judicious mixture between the old time and the new by firing arrows out of muskets. The gunpowder of those days was so weak that one homely piece of advice to the pistoleer was that he should not discharge his weapon until he could press the barrel close upon the body of his enemy, under the cuirass if possible; then he would be sure not to waste his charge. The old-fashioned musket-rest disappeared during the Protectorate. The shotmen, the musketeers and harquebusiers, seem usually to have been to the pikemen in the proportion of two to three. It was to the pike and the sword that the main work fell. The pike was a steel head well fastened upon a strong, straight, yet nimble stock of ash, the whole not less than seventeen or eighteen feet long. It was not until the end of the century that, alike in England and France, the pike was laid aside and the bayonet used in its place. The



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY PETER AITKEN. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING AT CHEQUERS COURT. SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ABTLEY.

ELIZABETH CROMWELL, DAUGHTER OF SIR THOMAS STEWARD OF ELY, WIFE OF ROBERT CROMWELL, AND MOTHER OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

snaphance, or flintlock, was little used, at least in the early stages of the war, and the provision of the slow match was one of the difficulties of the armament. Clarendon mentions that in one of the leaguers the besieged were driven to use all the cord of all the beds of the town, steep it in saltpeter, and serve it to the soldiers for match. Cartridges, though not unknown, were not used in the civil war, and the musketeer went into action with his match slowly burning and a couple of bullets in his mouth. Artillery, partly from the weakness of the powder, partly from the primitive construction of the mortars and cannon, was a comparatively ineffective arm upon the field, though it was causing a gradual change in fortifications

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from walls to earthworks. At Naseby the king had only two demi-culverins, as many demi-cannon, and eight sakers. The first two weighed something over four thousand pounds, shot twenty-four pounds, with a charge of twelve pounds of powder. The saker was a brass gun weighing fifteen hundred pounds, with a shot of six or seven pounds.

It was not, however, upon guns, any more than upon muskets, that the English commander of that age relied for bearing the brunt whether of attack or of defense in battle. It was upon his horsemen that he depended, either cuirassier or the newly introduced species, the dragoons, whom it puzzled the military writer of that century

whether to describe as horse-footmen or foot-horsemen. Gustavus Adolphus had discovered or created the value of cavalry, and in the English civil war the campaigns were

few in which the shock of horse was not the deciding element. Cromwell, with his quick sagacity, perceived this in anticipation of the lessons of experience. He got a Dutch officer to teach him drill, and his first military proceeding was to raise a troop of horse in his own countryside and diligently fit them for action. As if to illustrate the eternal lesson that there is nothing new under the sun, some have drawn a parallel between

the cavalry of the small republics of Greece in the fourth century before Christ and the same arm at Edgehill; and they find the same distinction between the Attic cavalry and the days of Alexander that may be traced between the primitive tactics of Oliver or Rupert and those of Frederick the Great or Napoleon.

We are then to imagine Oliver teaching his men straight turns to left and right, closing and opening their files, going through all the four-and-twenty postures for charging, ramming, and firing their pistols, petronels, and dragons, and learning the various sounds and commands of the trumpet. "Infinite great," says an enthusiastic horseman of that time, "are the considerations which dependeth on a man to teach and govern a troop of horse. To bring ignorant men and more ignorant horse, wild man and mad horse, to those rules of obedience which may crown every motion and action with comely, orderly, and profitable proceedings—*hic labor, hoc opus est.*"

Cromwell's troop was gradually to grow

into a regiment of a thousand men, and in every other direction he was conspicuous for briskness and activity. He advanced considerable sums from his modest private

means for the public service. He sent down arms into Cambridgeshire for its defense. He boldly seized the magazine in Cambridge Castle, and with armed hand stayed the university from sending twenty thousand pounds' worth of its gold and silver plate for the royal use. He was present at the head of his troop in the first serious trial of strength between the Parliamentary forces under the Earl of Essex and the forces of the king.

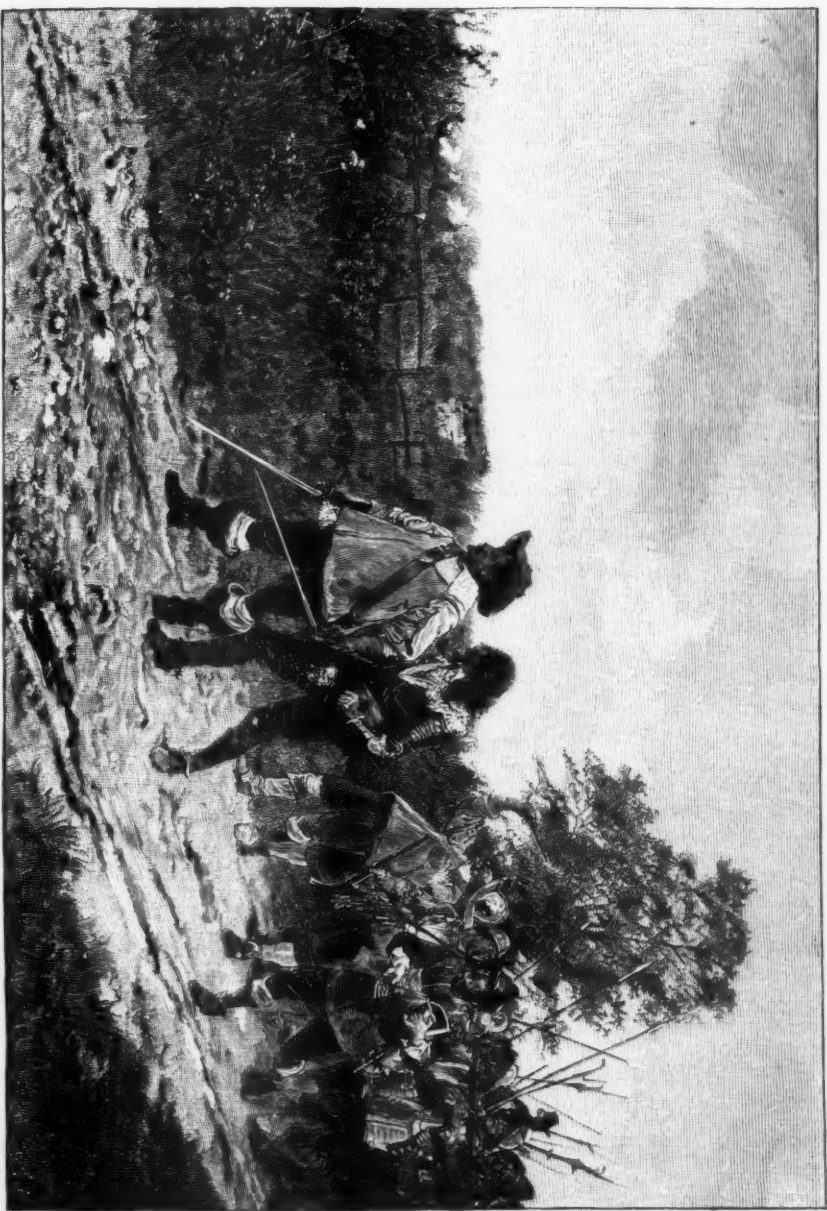


FROM A MINIATURE BY COOPER AT WINDSOR CASTLE, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX.

The battle of Edgehill (October 23, 1642) is one of the most confused transactions in the history of the war, and its result was indecisive.¹ The Royalists were fourteen thousand against ten thousand for the Parliament, and confiding even less in superior numbers than in their birth and quality, they had little doubt of making short work of the rebellious and canting clowns at the foot of the hill. There was no great display of tactics on either side. Neither side appeared to know when it was gaining and when it was losing. Foes were mistaken for friends, and friends were killed for foes. In some parts of the field the Parliament men ran away, while in other parts the king's men were more zealous for plunder than for fight. When night fell, the conflict by tacit agreement came to an end, the Royalists suspecting that they had lost the day, and Essex not sure that he had

¹ It is hardly possible to take more pains than Mr. Sanford took ("Studies and Illustrations," pp. 521-528) to extract a correct and coherent story out of irreconcilable authorities.



PAINTED BY HERMON LOCKE.

AN AMBUSCADE AT EDGEHILL.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY PETER ALLEN.

A troop of infantry advancing through a lane surprised by the enemy in a corn-field. An old general checking the ardor of a young officer in armor.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

EDGEHILL, FROM THE BROW OF THE HILL LOOKING OVER THE BATTLE-FIELD.

won it. What is certain is that Essex's regiment of horse was unbroken. "These persons underwritten," says one eye-witness, "never stirred from their troops, but they and their troops fought till the last minute," and among the names of the valiant and tenacious so underwritten is that of Cromwell.

Whether before or after Edgehill, it was about this time that Cromwell had that famous conversation with Hampden which stands to this day among the noble and classic commonplaces of

English-speaking democracy all over the globe. "I was a person," he told his second

Parliament the year before he died, "who from my first employment was suddenly preferred and lifted up from lesser trusts

to greater, from my first being a captain of a troop of horse, and did labor as well as I could to discharge my trust, and God blessed me as it pleased him. And I did plainly and truly, and in a way of foolish simplicity as it was judged by very great and wise men, and good men too, desire to make my instruments help me in that work. I had a very worthy friend

then, and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory is very grateful to all



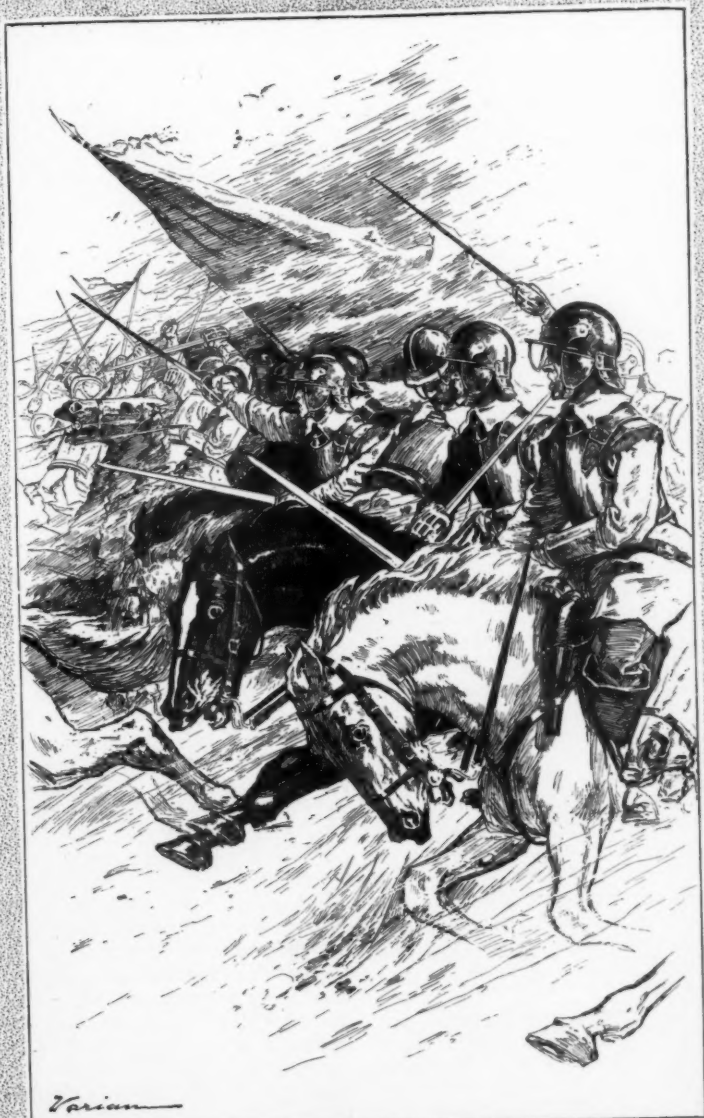
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

VIEW OF EDGEHILL FROM NEAR BATTLE FARM. IN THE FIELD IN THE FOREGROUND MANY OF THE DEAD WERE BURIED.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

EDGEHILL, LOOKING TOWARD BANBURY.



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

CROMWELL'S CHARGE AT WINNEBAGO.

—Mr. John Hampden. At my first going out into this engagement, I saw our men were beaten at every hand, and desired him that he would make some additions to my Lord Essex's army, of some new regiments. And I told him I would be serviceable to him in bringing such men in as I thought had a spirit that would do something in the work. 'Your troops,' said I, 'are most of them old decayed serving-men, and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and,' said I, 'their troops are gentlemen's sons and persons of quality. Do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen, that have honor and courage and resolution in them? You must get men of spirit, and of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else you will be beaten still.' He was a wise and worthy person, and he did think that I talked a good notion, but an impracticable one. Truly I told him I could do somewhat in it. I did this somewhat, impute it to what you please: *I raised such men as had the fear of God before them*, as made some conscience of what they did, and from that day forward, I must say to you, they were never beaten, and wherever they were engaged against the enemy they beat continually. And truly this is matter of praise to God, and it hath some instruction in it, to own men who are religious and godly. And so many of them as are peaceably and honestly and quietly disposed to live within rules of government, and will be subject to those gospel rules of obeying magistrates and living under authority—I reckon no godliness without that circle!"

Read in the light of the ideas of to-day, the words are simple and tranquil enough, yet under their reasonable surface lie problems of church and state that still divide and perturb our modern world. In Cromwell's time such words were heavily charged with elements of violent explosion, though in 1642 he hardly knew it.

As the months went on, Cromwell's perception of the same political truth became still clearer and more definite. Events enlarged his vision, and the sharp demands of practical necessity drew him to adopt a new general theory. In his talk with Hampden he does not actually say that if men are quietly disposed to live within the rules of government that should suffice. But he rapidly came to this. The Earl of Manchester had raised to be his major-general Lawrence Crawford, afterward to be one of

Cromwell's bitter gainsayers. Crawford had cashiered or suspended one of his captains for the sore offense of holding wrong opinions in religion. Cromwell's rebuke (March, 1643) is of the sharpest. "Surely you are not well advised thus to turn off one so faithful in the cause, and so able to serve you as this man is. Give me leave to tell you, I cannot be of your judgment; cannot understand, if a man notorious for wickedness, for oaths, for drinking, hath as great a share in your affection as one who fears an oath, who fears to sin. Aye, but the man is an Anabaptist. Are you sure of that? Admit that he be, shall that render him incapable to serve the public? *Sir, the State in choosing men to serve it takes no notice of their opinions; if they be willing faithfully to serve it, that satisfies.* I advised you formerly to bear with men of different minds from yourself; if you had done it when I advised you to do it, I think you would not have had so many stumbling-blocks in your way. *Take heed of being sharp, or too easily sharpened by others, against those to whom you can object little but that they square not with you in every opinion concerning matters of religion.*"

In laying down to the pragmatical Crawford what has become a fundamental of free governments, Cromwell probably did not foresee the schism that his maxims would presently create in the Revolutionary ranks. To save the cause was the cry of all of them, but the cause was not to all of them the same. Whatever inscription was to be emblazoned on the Parliamentary banners, success in the field was the one essential. Pym and Hampden had perceived it from the first appeal to arms and for long before, and they had bent all their energies to urging it upon the House and inspiring their commanders with their own conviction. Cromwell needed no pressure. He not only saw that without military success the cause was lost, but that the key to military success must be a force at once earnest and well disciplined; and he applied all the keen and energetic practical qualities of his genius to the creation of such a force within his own area. He was day and night preparing the force that was to show its quality on the day of Marston Moor. "I beseech you be careful what captains of horse you choose; a few honest men are better than numbers. If you choose godly, honest men to be captains of horse, honest men will follow them. It may be that it provokes some spirit to see such plain men made captains of horse.



PAINTED BY REMOND LUCAS. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. G. PITTAM.

CHARLES I. AT THE SIEGE OF GLOUCESTER RECEIVING THE ENVOYS, WHO IN THE NAME OF THE CORPORATION DECLINED TO GIVE UP THE CITY TO THE KING.

It had been well if men of honor and birth had entered into these employments; but why do they not appear? Who would have hindered them? But seeing it was necessary the work should go on, better plain men than none; but best to have men patient of wants, faithful and conscientious in their employments." Then, in famous words that are full of life, because they point with emphasis and color to a social truth that always needs refreshing: "I had

rather have a plain russet-coated captain that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than that which you call a gentleman and is nothing else. I honor a gentleman that is so indeed."

When Manchester's troops joined him, Cromwell found them very bad, mutinous, and untrustworthy, though they were paid almost to the week, while his own men were left to depend on what the sequestrations of the property of malignants in Huntingdonshire brought in. Yet, paid or unpaid, his troops increased. "A lovely company," he calls them; they are no "Anabaptists"; they are honest, sober Christians; they expect to be used like men."

He had good right to say that he had minded the public service even to forgetfulness of his own and his men's necessities. His estate was small, yet already he had



FROM A MINIATURE IN WINDSOR CASTLE, BY PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

LORD GORING.

bear altogether your choir service, so unedifying and offensive." Mr. Hitch, to his honor, sticks to his service. Thereupon Cromwell stamps up the aisle with his hat on, and says in hoarse barrack tones to Mr. Hitch, "Leave off your fooling, and come down, sir." Laud would have said just the same to a Puritan prayer-meeting. Many more things are unedifying and offensive than Cromwell had thought of, whether in Puritan or Anglican.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE OBTVERSE AND REVERSE OF A MEDAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

FERDINAND, LORD FAIRFAX.

THE time came when the weapon so carefully forged and tempered was to be tried. The Royalist stronghold on the Lincolnshire border was Newark, and it stood

out through the whole course of the war. It is in one of the incessant skirmishes in the neighborhood of Newark, or on the Newark roads, that we have our first vision of Cromwell and his cavalry in actual engagement.

The enemy were one-and-twenty colors of horse-troops and three or four of dragoons. It was late in the evening, and the scene a couple of miles from Grantham (May 13, 1643). "So soon as we had the alarm, we drew out our forces, consisting of about twelve troops, whereof some of them so poor and broken that you seldom see worse; with this handful it pleased God to cast the scale. After we had stood a little above musket-shot, the one body from the other, and the dragoons had fired on both sides for the space of half an hour or more, they not advancing toward us, we agreed to charge them. And advancing the body after many shots on both sides, we came on with our troops a pretty round trot, they standing firm to receive us; and our men charging fiercely upon them, by God's providence they were immediately routed, and ran all away, and we had the execution of them two or three miles."

Ten weeks later, a more important encounter happened at Gainsborough, and Cromwell described it with a terseness and force that is in strange contrast to the turgid and uncouth confusion of his speeches. Within a mile and a half of the town they met a body of a hundred of the enemy's horse. Cromwell's dragoons labored to beat them back, but before they could dismount, the enemy charged and repulsed them. "Then our horse charged and broke them. The enemy being at the top of a very steep hill over our heads, some of our men attempted to march up that hill; the enemy opposed; our men drove them up and forced their passage." By the time they came up they saw the enemy well set in two bodies, the horse facing Cromwell in front, less than a musket-shot away, and a reserve of a full regiment of horse behind. "We endeavored to put our men into as good order as we

could. The enemy in the meanwhile advanced toward us, to take us at disadvantage; but in such order as we were, we charged their great body, I having the right wing. We came up horse to horse, where we disputed it with our swords and pistols a pretty time, all keeping close order, so that one could not break the other. At last, they a little shrinking, our men, perceiving it, pressed in upon them and immediately routed their whole body." The reserve meanwhile stood unbroken. Cromwell rapidly formed up three

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Gentlemen

The army is now at North Hampton minding survey day near to you: if you defend not we may be a mutuall succour each to other but if you defende you make your selves & y^e country a pray. you shall hear daily so

Northampton Octob. 31

y^r servant
J. Hampden

ORIGINAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

LETTER WRITTEN AFTER EDGEHILL BY JOHN HAMPDEN TO COLONEL BULSTRODE.

of his own troops whom he kept back from the chase, along with four troops of the Lincoln men. Cavendish, the Royalist general, charged and routed the Lincolners. "Immediately I fell on his rear with my three troops, which did so astonish him that he gave over the chase and would fain have delivered himself from me. But I, pressing on, forced them down a hill, having good execution of them; and below the hill, drove the general with some of his soldiers into a quagmire, where my captain slew him with a thrust under his short ribs." Whether this thrust under the short ribs was well done or not, by chivalrous rules, has been a topic of controversy. But the battle was not over.



PAINTED BY VAN DYCK. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING AT HINCHINBROOK HOUSE, BY PERMISSION OF THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

PRINCE RUPERT.

After an interval the Parliamentarians unexpectedly found themselves within a quarter of a mile of a body of horse and foot, which was in fact Lord Newcastle's army. Retreat was inevitable. Lord Willoughby ordered Cromwell to bring off both horse and foot. "I went to bring them off; but before I returned, divers foot were engaged, the enemy advancing with his whole body. Our foot retreated in some disorder. Our horse

also came off with some trouble, being wearied with the long fight and their horses tired." "But such was the goodness of God," says another narrator in completion, "giving courage and valor to our men and officers, that while Major Whalley and Captain Ayscough, sometimes the one with four troops faced the enemy, sometimes the other, to the exceeding glory of God be it spoken, and the great honor of those two gentlemen,

they with this handful forced the enemy so, and dared them to their teeth in at the least eight or nine several removes, the enemy following at their heels; and they, though their horses were exceedingly tired, retreating in order near carbine-shot of the enemy, who then followed them, firing upon them; Colonel Cromwell gathering up the main body, and facing them behind those two lesser bodies—that in despite of the enemy we brought off our horse in this order, without the loss of two men.”

The military critic of our own day marks great improvement between Grantham and Gainsborough: he notes how in the second of the two days there is no delay in forming up; how the deployment is rapidly carried out over difficult ground, bespeaking well-drilled and flexible troops; how the charge is prompt and decisive, with a reserve kept well in hand, and then launched triumphantly at the right moment; how skillfully the infantry in an unequal fight is protected in the eight or nine moves of its retreat.

At Winceby or Horncastle fight, things were still better (October 11, 1643). As soon as the men had knowledge of the enemy's coming, they were very full of joy and resolution, thinking it a great mercy that they should now fight with him; and on they went, singing their psalms, Cromwell in the van. The Royalist dragoons gave him a first volley, as he fell with brave resolution upon them, and then at half pistol-shot a second, and his horse was killed under him. But he took a soldier's horse, and promptly mounting again, rejoined the charge, which “was so home-given, and performed with so much admirable courage and resolution, that the enemy stood not another, but were driven back on their own body.”

It was clear that a new cavalry leader had arisen in England, as daring as the dreaded Rupert, but with a coolness in the red blaze of battle, a piercing eye for the shifts and changes in the fortunes of the day, above all with a power of wielding his phalanx with a combined steadiness and mobility, such as the fiery prince never had. Whether Rupert or Oliver was first to change cavalry tactics is, among experts, matter of dispute. The older way had been to fire a volley before the charge. The front rank discharged its pistols, then opened right and left, and the second rank took its place, and so down to the fifth. Then came the onset with swords and butt-ends of their firearms. The new plan was to substitute the tactics of the shock; for the horse to keep close together,

knee to knee, to face the enemy front to front, and either to receive the hostile charge in steady strong cohesion, or else in the same cohesion to bear down on the foe, sword in hand, and not to fire either pistol or carbine until they had broken through.

After the war had lasted a year and a half, things looked critical for the Parliament. Lincoln stood firm, and the eastern counties stood firm; but the king had the best of it both in popular favor and military position in the north, including York, and in the west, including Exeter, and in the midlands, including Bedford and Northampton. There seemed also to be a chance of forces being released in Ireland, and of relief coming to the king from France. The genius of Pym, which had discerned the vital importance of the Scots to the English struggle at its beginning, now turned to the same quarter at the second decisive hour of peril. He contrived an alliance with the Scots, raised money for them, made all ready for their immediate advance across the border, and so opened a new and critical chapter in the conflict.

There were many varying combinations between English and Scotch parties from 1639 down to Cromwell's crowning victory at Worcester in 1651. In none of them did the alliance rest upon real community of aim, sentiment, or policy, and the result was that Scotch and English allies were always on the verge of open enmity. The two nations were not one in temperament, or spiritual experience, or political requirements; and even at the few moments when they approached a kind of cordiality, their relations were uneasy. In Cromwell this uneasiness was from the first very near to active resentment. Whether Pym was aware how artificial was the combination, or foresaw any of the difficulties that would arise from divergent aims in the parties to it, we cannot tell. The military situation, in any case, left him no choice, and he was compelled to pay the price, just as Charles II was when he made his bargain with the Scots seven years later. That price was the Solemn League and Covenant (September, 1643). This famous engagement was forced upon the English. They desired a merely civil alliance. The Scots, on the other hand, convinced from their own experience that Presbytery was the only sure barrier of defense against the return of the Pope and his legions, insisted that the alliance should be a religious compact, by which English, Scots, and Irish were to bind themselves to bring

the churches in the three kingdoms to uniformity in doctrine, church government, and form of worship, so that the Lord and the name of the Lord should be one throughout the realm. For three years from Pym's bargain the Scots remained on English

passed away. In a few months he was followed by his master, Louis XIII, brother of the English queen. Louis XIV, then a child five years old, began his famous reign of seventy-two many-colored years, and Mazarin succeeded to the ascendancy and



PAINTED BY VAN DYCK.

WILLIAM CAVENDISH, DUKE (PREVIOUSLY EARL) OF NEWCASTLE.

ground. The Scots fought for Protestant uniformity, and the English leaders bowed to the demand, with doubtful sincerity and with no enthusiasm. Many troubles followed, but statesmanship deals with troubles as they arise, and Pym's action was a master-stroke.

XII. MARSTON MOOR.

In 1643 notable actors vanished from the scene. In the closing days of 1642, Richelieu, the dictator of Europe, had

the policy of which Richelieu had given him the key. So on our own more dimly lighted stage conspicuous characters had gone.

Lord Brooke, author of one of the earliest and strongest attacks upon Episcopacy, and standing almost as high as any in the confidence of the party, was shot from an open window, while sitting in his chamber, by the besieged soldiers in Lichfield Close. On the other side, the virtuous Falkland, harshly awakened from fair dreams of truth and peace by the rude clamor and furious blows



PAINTED BY ANTHONY COOPER. FROM THE ORIGINAL, PAINTING AT CHEQUERS COURT, BY PERMISSION OF HIS, FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ARTLEY.
THE BATTLE OF MARSTON MOOR.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.
VIEW OF MARSTON MOOR FROM CROMWELL'S CLUMP.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.
HILL ON MARSTON MOOR CALLED CROMWELL'S CLUMP.

of exasperated combatants, sought death in the front rank of the royal forces at the first battle of Newbury (September). "Thus," as Clarendon closes a passage that is one of the most beautiful in English prose, "thus fell that incomparable young man in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the business of life that the oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence; and whosoever leads such a life need not care upon how short warning it be taken from him." Falkland, indeed, remains, when arguments are at an end, one of that rare band of the

sons of time, soldiers in lost causes, who find this world too vexed and rough a scene for them, but to whom history will never grudge her tenderest memories.

Two figures more important than either of these had also disappeared. John Hampden had been mortally wounded in a skirmish at Chalgrove Field. A few hours before his death he received the sacrament, "declaring that though he could not away with the governance of the church by bishops,

he thought its doctrine in the greater part primitive and conformable to God's Word, as in Holy Scripture revealed." He was attended in his last hours by the rector of the



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.
HOUSE AT MARSTON WHERE CROMWELL SLEPT THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE.



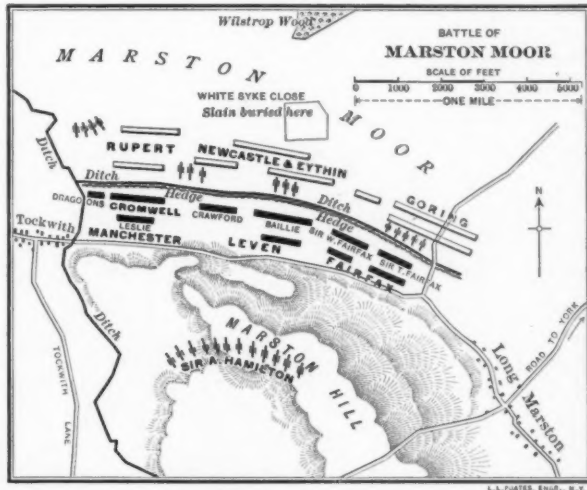
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.
LITTLE STREAM ON MARSTON MOOR, SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE SCENE OF HARD FIGHTING.

parish and an Independent minister, who was the chaplain of his regiment. When the end was near, he turned himself to die in prayer; he besought that those who would rob the people of their liberty and lawful prerogative might be confounded and leveled in the dust, that the king might see his errors, and that the hearts of his wicked counselors might be turned from the malice of their designs. Then in December the long strain of heavy anxieties burdening so many years had brought to an end the priceless life of John Pym, the greatest leader of them all. With these two the giants of the first generation had fallen. The crisis had undergone once more a change of phase. The clouds hung heavier, the storm was darker, the ship labored in the trough.

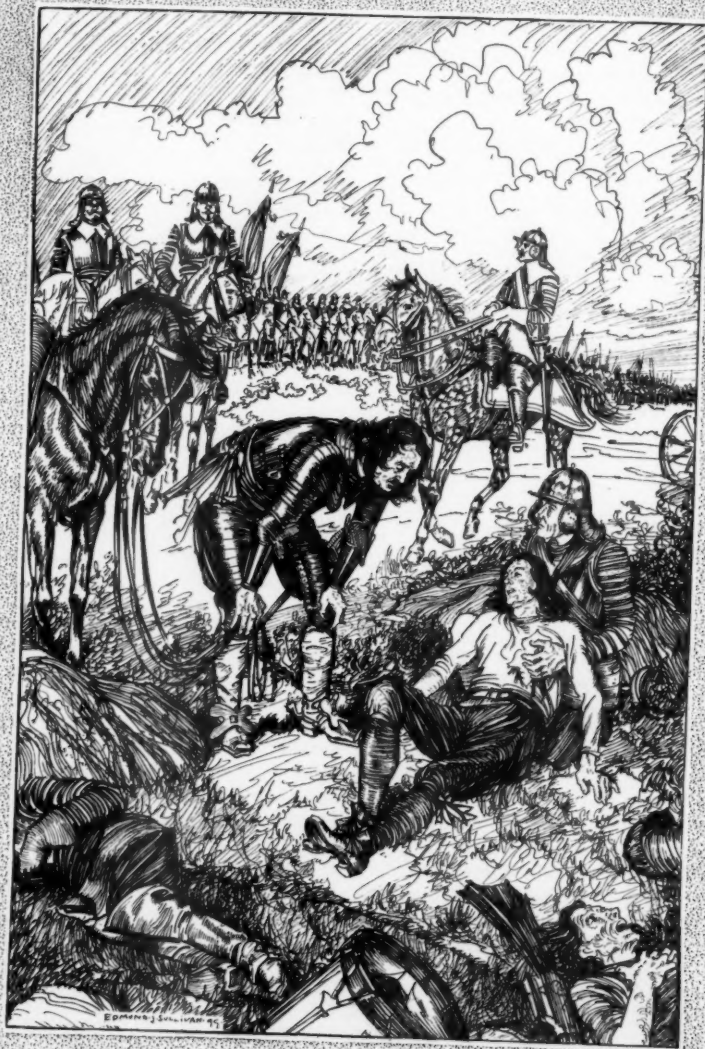
"Since Pym died," says Baillie, "not a state head amongst them; many very good and able spirits, but not any of so great and comprehensive a brain as to manage the multitude of so weighty affairs as lies upon them." A little group of men next stood in the front line, honorable in character and patriotic in intention, but mediocre in their capacity for war, and guided rather by amiable hopes than by a strong-handed grasp of shifting and dangerous positions. For them, too, the hour had struck. Essex, Manchester, Warwick, were slow in motion, without being firm in conclusion; just and candid, but without the faculty of clenching; unwilling to see that Thorough must be met by Thorough; and of that Fabian type whom a quick call for action, instead of inspiring, irritates. Benevolent history may mourn that men so good were no longer able to serve the time. Their misfortune was that misgivings about future solutions dulled their sense of instant needs. Cromwell had truer impressions and better nerve. The one essential was that Charles should not come out master in the military struggle. Cromwell saw that at this stage nothing else mattered; he saw that the parliamentary liberties of the country could have no safety until the king's weapon had been finally struck from his hand. At least one other actor in that scene was as keenly alive to this as Cromwell, and that was

Charles himself. This issue, so transparently clear, is what defines the first long stage of military struggle from the melancholy unfurling of the royal standard on the castle hill at Nottingham to the day of Naseby.

It is a mistake to suppose that Cromwell and his comrades had now at their back a



nation at red heat. The flame kindled by the attempted arrest of the five members, or by the tyranny of the Star Chamber or the bishops, had a little sunk. Divisions had arisen, and that fatal and familiar stage had come when men on the same side hate one another more bitterly than they hate the common foe. New circumstances evolved new motives. Some who had been most forward against the king at first had early fainted by the way, and were now thinking of pardon and royal favor. Others were men of a neutral spirit, willing to have a peace on any terms. Others had got estates by serving the Parliament, and now wished to secure them by serving the king; while those who had got no estates bore a grudge against the party that had overlooked them. Cromwell, in his place, warned the House of the discouragement that was stealing upon the public mind. Unless, he said, we have a more vigorous prosecution of the war, we shall make the kingdom weary of us and hate the name of a Parliament. Even many that had at the beginning been their friends were now saying that Lords and Commons had got great places and commands and the power of the sword into their hands, and would prolong the war in order to perpetu-



DRAWN BY EDMUND J. SULLIVAN.

DEATH OF CROMWELL'S NEPHEW AT MARSTON MOOR.

ate their own grandeur, just as soldiers of fortune across the seas spun out a war in order to keep their own employments. If the army were not put upon another footing, and the war more vigorously followed, the people could bear the war no longer, but would insist upon peace, even if it were a dishonorable peace.

Almost the same reproaches were brought on the other side. This is the moment when Clarendon says that it seemed as if the whole stock of affection, loyalty, and courage which had at first animated the friends of the king were now quite spent, and had been followed up by negligence, laziness, inadvertency, and dejection of spirit, very unlike the natural vivacity and constancy of the nation. Mere folly produced as much mischief to the king's cause as deliberate villainy could have done. Charles's own counsels, according to Clarendon, were as irresolute and unsteady as his advisers were ill-humored and factious. They were all blind to what ought to have been evident, and full of trepidation about things that were never likely to happen. One day they wasted time in deliberating without coming to a decision, another day they decided without deliberating. Worst of all, decision was never followed by vigorous execution.

At the end of 1642 the king accounted his business in Yorkshire as good as done. The Earl of Newcastle, by his vast territorial influence, popularity, and spirit, had raised in the great county of York, in Northumberland, Durham, and Westmoreland, a force of six or seven thousand men. Catholics were forbidden to bear arms, but this did not prevent Newcastle from recruiting as many of them as were willing to join. They are as much bound to serve the king, he said, as other subjects, and they are no more recusants than are the sectaries on the other side. This reasoning did not save his force, in those days of distracted prepossessions, from being called the popish army, nor increase either the popularity of his cause or the willingness of northern villagers to fight for it. He had seized the metropolitan city of northern England, and he had occupied the city on the Tyne from which he took his title. It was the only great port all the way from Plymouth to Berwick by which the king could bring arms and ammunition from the Continent into England. Lord Newcastle was confronted in Yorkshire by the two Fairfaxes, with many, though hardly a majority, of the gentry of the county on their

side, and it was in these operations that the younger Fairfax, the future lord general of the Parliament, first showed his gallantry, his dash, his stubborn perseverance, and his skill as a commander. Newcastle's superior numbers gave him an irresistible advantage. In May (1643) he had nearly six thousand foot and above sixty troops of horse, while Fairfax had no more than half as many foot and nine troops of horse. The Royalist commander won a stiff fight at Tadcaster before the end of the year; and after alternations of capture and recapture at Bradford, Wakefield, and Leeds, by the middle of the summer of 1643 he made himself master of all the towns in the interior of the county. The Fairfaxes were badly beaten (June 30) at Adwalton, a ridge above Bradford, and were driven by their thinned numbers, by some disaffection among the officers, and by occasional lack of bullet, match, and powder, to force their way over the waste and hilly moors, and to throw themselves into Hull, the only important place in the county of York now left in the hands of the Parliament.

The tide of victory flowed strong for the king all through the summer of 1643. Newcastle's successes in Yorkshire accompanied the successes of Hopton in the west. Lord Stamford, with his army of seven thousand men, had been beaten out of the field at Stratton (May, 1643), leaving the king master all over the southwest, with the important exception of Plymouth. The defeats at Lansdown and Roundway Down (July 13) had broken up Waller's army. Bristol had fallen (July 26). The movements of Essex against Oxford, like most of that unlucky general's operations, had ended in failure, and he protested to the Parliament that he could not go on without reinforcements in men and money. It seemed as if nothing could prevent the triumph of a great combined operation by which the king should lead his main army down the valley of the Thames, while Newcastle should bring his northern force through the eastern counties and unite with the king in overpowering London. But the moment was lost, and the tide turned. For good reasons or bad the king stopped to lay siege to Gloucester, and so gave time to Essex to recover. This was one of the critical events of the war. Charles was compelled to raise the siege,—Essex's one great success,—and his further advance was checked by his repulse at Newbury (September 20). The other branch of the combined movement by which Newcastle was to

march south was hardly so much as seriously attempted.

Newcastle's doings in Yorkshire, and their sequel, prepared the way for that important encounter a year later which brought Cromwell into the front rank of military captains. For most of that year, from the summer of 1643 to the summer of 1644, the power of the northern army and the fate of London and the Parliamentary cause turned upon Lincolnshire, the border-land between Yorkshire and the stubborn counties to the southeast. Cromwell's representations to the Eastern Association were urgent that should the force they had in Lincolnshire miscarry, a speedy march of the enemy to the south was certain. He besought them for reinforcements. "If I could speak words to pierce your hearts, I would. If something be not done in this, you will see Newcastle's army march up into your bowels." "It's no longer disputing," he cries to the commissioners, in the tone of a trumpet, "but out instantly all you can. Raise all your hands; get up what volunteers you can; hasten your horses. Send these letters to Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, without delay. I beseech you spare not, but be expeditious, industrious. There is nothing to interrupt an enemy but our horse, that is considerable. You must act lively; do it without distraction. Neglect no means."

It has been said that the two armies that stood face to face at Marston (July 2, 1644) were the largest masses of men that had met as foes on English ground since the wars of the Roses. The Royalist force counted seventeen or eighteen thousand men, the Parliamentarians and the Scotch allies twenty-six or twenty-seven thousand, or nearly half as many again. The whole were about twice as many as were engaged at Edgehill. In a generation that, like our own, is much given to worship of size, people may make light of battle: where armies of only a few thousand men were engaged. Yet we may as well remember that Napoleon entered Italy in 1796 with only thirty thousand men under arms. At Arcola and at Rivoli he had not over fifteen thousand in the field, and even at Marengo he had not twice as many. In the great campaign of 1631-32 in the Thirty Years' War, the Imperialists were twenty-four thousand foot and thirteen thousand horse, while the Swedes were twenty-eight thousand foot and nine thousand horse.

As the forces engaged at Marston were the most numerous, so the battle was the bloodiest in the civil war. It was also the

most singular, for the runaways were as many on one side as on the other, and the three victorious generals were all of them fugitives from the field. Important aspects of the fight became at once matters of party controversy and national jealousy, nor to our own time does the dispassionate student find it easy on the evidence nicely to apportion the share of Cromwell and the share of the Scots in that memorable day. But considering that the younger Fairfax afterward wrote of himself as having been on the left wing of the Parliamentary force, while nothing is more certain than that he was not on the left but on the right, sympathy may well go with our learned historian who apologizes for not being able to describe a battle as if he had been there. The general course of what happened at the battle of Marston Moor is, however, fairly intelligible, though in details all is open to a raking fire of historic doubts.¹

The two armies faced each other, as usual, in two parallel lines, the foot in the center and the horse on the wings. A wide ditch with a hedge on its southern side divided them. The Parliamentary forces were drawn up on a ridge sloping to the moor, the Scottish foot under Leven and Baillie stationed in the center, with the Yorkshire army under the two Fairfaxes on the right, and Manchester's army of the Eastern Association on the left. The younger Fairfax, on the right wing, was in command of a body of horse counted by some at four thousand, of whom nearly one third were Scots. On the left wing Cromwell had between two thousand and twenty-five hundred of the regular cavalry of the Eastern Association, supported by a reserve of about eight hundred ill-horsed Scots in the rear. Of this force of cavalry, on which, as it happened, the fortune of the day was to depend, David Leslie commanded the Scottish contingent under Cromwell, acting as chief. The whole line extended about a mile and a half from right to left, and the Royalist line was rather longer. On the king's side, Rupert faced Oliver, Newcastle and his main adviser Eythin faced Leven and Baillie, and Goring faced the two Fairfaxes. The hostile lines were so near to each other that, as Cromwell's scout-master says, "their foot was close to our noses."

So for some five hours the two hosts, with

¹ Mr. Firth has closely described the evidence and authorities in the "Transactions of the Royal Historical Society," vol. xii. See Colonel Hoenig's "Oliver Cromwell," II. Theil, p. 136, and a more important excursus, Bd. ii, pp. 441-453.

colors flying and match burning, looked each other in the face. It was a showery summer afternoon. Few of the common soldiers had eaten more than the quantity of a penny loaf from Tuesday to Saturday morning; nor had they any beer, nor more water than they could find in ditches and places trampled into puddle by the horses' feet. The Parliamentarians in the standing corn, hungry and wet, beguiled the time in singing hymns. "You cannot imagine," says an eye-witness, "the courage, spirit, and resolution that was taken up on both sides; for we looked, and no doubt they also, upon this fight as the losing or gaining the garland. And now, sir, consider the height of difference of spirits: in their army the cream of all the papists in England, and in ours a collection out of all the corners of England and Scotland, of such as had the greatest antipathy to popery and tyranny; these equally thinking the extirpation of each other. And now the sword must determine that which a hundred years' policy and dispute could not do." Five o'clock came, and a strange stillness fell upon them all. Rupert said to Newcastle that there would be no fight that day, and Newcastle rode to his great coach, standing not far off, called for a pipe of tobacco, and composed himself for the evening. He was soon disturbed. At seven o'clock the flame of battle leaped forth, the low hum of the two armed hosts in an instant charged into fierce uproar, and before many minutes the moor and the slope of the hill were covered with bloodshed and disorder. Who gave the sign for the general engagement we do not know, and it is even likely that no sign as the result of deliberate and concerted plan was ever given at all. "Surely," says the scout-master, "had two such armies, drawn up so close one to the other, being on both wings within musket-shot, departed without fighting, I think it would have been as great a wonder as hath been seen in England." The strain could not be controlled, and the hounds broke from the leash.

Horse and foot moved down the hill, "like so many thick clouds." Cromwell, on the Parliamentary left, charged Rupert with the greatest resolution that ever was seen. It was the first time that these two great leaders of horse had ever met in direct shock, and it was here that Rupert gave to Oliver the brave nickname of Ironside. As it happened, this was also one of the rare occasions when Oliver's cavalry suffered a check. He received a wound in the neck, and his force fell slowly back. David Leslie,

with his Scotch troopers, was luckily at hand, and charging forward together, they fell upon Rupert's right flank. This diversion enabled Oliver to order his retreating men to face about. Such a manœuvre, say the soldiers, is one of the nicest in the whole range of tactics, and bears witness to the discipline and flexibility of Cromwell's force, like a delicate-mouthed charger with a consummate rider. With Leslie's aid they put Rupert and his cavalry to rout. "Cromwell's own division," says the scout-master, "had a hard pull of it, for they were charged by Rupert's bravest men both in front and flank. They stood at the sword's point a pretty while, hacking one another; but at last he broke through them, scattering them like a little dust." This done, the foot of their own wing charging by their side, they scattered the Royalists as fast as they charged them, slashing them down as they went. The horse carried the whole field on the left before them, thinking that the victory was theirs, and that "nothing was to be done but to kill and take prisoners." It was admitted by Cromwell's keenest partizan that Leslie's chase of the broken forces of Rupert, making a rally impossible, was what left Cromwell free to hold his men compact and ready for another charge. The key to most of his victories was his care that his horse, when they had broken the enemy, should not scatter in pursuit. If Goring's force on the Royalist left had been kept as well in hand, the issue of the battle might have been different, as might the issue of the still more renowned fight at Naseby a year later, if Rupert had been of a temper to borrow Cromwell's secret. The secret, after all, was nothing more either of mystery or of accident than a masterful coolness and the flash of military perception in the leader, along with iron discipline in the men.

Unfortunately, all had gone wrong elsewhere. On the Parliamentary right the operation conducted by Cromwell on the left had been reversed. Sir Thomas Fairfax charged Goring, as Cromwell and Leslie charged Rupert, and he made a desperate fight for it. He cut his way through, chasing a body of Goring's force before him on the road south to York. When he turned back from his chase, after being unhorsed, severely wounded, and with difficulty rescued from the enemy, he found that Goring by a charge of furious vigor had completely broken the main body of the Parliamentary horse on the right, had driven them in upon their own foot, and had even thrown the

main body of the Scotch foot into disorder. This dangerous moment has been described by a Royalist eye-witness. The runaways on both sides were so many, so breathless, so speechless, so full of fears, that he would hardly have known them for men. Both armies were mixed up together, both horse and foot, no side keeping their own posts. Here he met a shoal of Scots, loud in lamentation as if the day of doom had overtaken them, and they knew not whither to fly. Elsewhere he saw a ragged troop reduced to four and a cornet, then an officer of foot, hatless, breathless, and with only so much tongue as to ask the way to the next garrison.

In the center the foot were meanwhile engaged in a fierce tug of battle in which the Royalists had gained the advantage. The Parliamentary center was completely broken, though the Scots infantry on the right continued stubbornly to hold their ground. This was the crisis of the fight, and the Parliamentary battle seemed to be irretrievably lost. It was saved in a second act, by the manful stoutness of a remnant of the Scots in the center, and still more by the genius and energy of Cromwell and the endurance of his troopers. Many of the Scottish foot and many of the English had taken to flight, and swept away Leven and the elder Fairfax along with them. Their braver comrades whom they left behind held firm against assault after assault from Newcastle and the Royalists. Cromwell, having disposed of Rupert on the left, swept round in the Royalist rear to the point on their left where Goring had been stationed before the battle began. "Here," says the scout-master, "the business of the day, nay, of the kingdom, came to be determined." Goring's men, seeing Cromwell's maneuver, dropped their pursuit and plunder, and perceived that they would have to fight for the victory which they thought to be already theirs. They marched down the hill, just as Fairfax had marched down it an hour before, and soon came to the same disaster.

Cromwell, keeping his whole force in hand, and concentrating it upon the immediate object of beating Goring, no sooner succeeded than he turned to the next object, and exerted his full strength upon that. This was ever the key to Cromwellian tactics. The next object now was the relief of the harassed foot in the center. Attacking in front and flank, he threw his whole force upon the Royalist infantry of Newcastle, still hard at work on what had been the center of the line, supported by a remnant of Gor-

ing's horse. This was the grand movement which military critics think worthy of comparison with that decisive charge of Seidlitz and his five thousand horse which gained for Frederick the Great the renowned victory at Zorndorf. "Our three brigades of foot of the Earl of Manchester being on our right hand, on we went, with great resolution, charging them home, one while their horse, and then again their foot, and our foot and horse seconding each other with such valor, with such sound charges, that away they fled, not being able to endure the sight of us, so that it was hard to say which did the better, our horse or foot. Major-General [David] Leslie, seeing us thus pluck a victory out of the enemy's hands, could not too much commend us, and professed Europe had no better soldiers!" Before ten o'clock all was over, and the Royalists, beaten from the field, were in full retreat.

Rumors of the early defeat of the Parliamentarians got wind, and bells rang and bonfires blazed for three or four days in half the Royalist quarters in England. At Exeter, where Essex was, he was so incensed at these baseless triumphs that he flew to the favorite English weapon of a wager, and passed his word of honor to the enemy to surrender Weymouth and Melcombe Regis if they would swear to give up Exeter in case their vaunted news from York proved false. In time the truth was known, and then, as Carlyle says of a similar mistake in the Seven Years' War, they had to sing *Te Deum non laudamus*.

In what is sometimes too lightly called the vulgar courage of the soldier, neither side was wanting. Cromwell's was the only maneuver of the day that showed the talent of the soldier's eye or the power of swift initiative. Manchester, about eleven that night, rode about among the wearied men and told them that he could not then make provision for them according to their deserts and necessities, but he would surely satisfy them when morning came. "The soldiers unanimously gave God the glory of their deliverance and victory, and told his lordship with much cheerfulness that though they had long fasted and were faint, yet they would willingly wait three days longer rather than give off the service or leave him."

More than four thousand brave men lay that night under the summer moon, gory and stark upon the field. More than three thousand of them a few hours before had gone into the fight shouting, "For God and the king!" met by the hoarse counter-shout from the Parliamentarians, "God with us!"

So confident were each that divine favor was on their side. At the battle of Rocroi, the year before, which transferred the laurels of military superiority from Spain to France, eight thousand Spaniards were destroyed and two thousand French, out of a total force on both sides of some forty-five thousand.

A story is told of Marston for which there is as good evidence as for many things that men believe. A Lancashire squire of ancient line was killed fighting for the king. His wife came upon the field the next morning to search for him. They were stripping and burying the slain. A general officer asked her what she was about, and she told him her melancholy tale. He listened with great tenderness, and earnestly besought her to leave the horrid scene. She complied, and calling for a trooper, he set her upon the horse. On her way she inquired the name of the officer, and learned that he was Lieutenant-General Cromwell.

Old Leven, the general in command, had been swept off in flight by his own men, and had the satisfaction or the mortification of learning, just as he was getting into bed, that he had won the day. It might have comforted him if he could have foreseen the great Frederick at Mollwitz, a hundred years later, receiving the news of his first victory, in the distant mill to which he had fled for refuge some hours before. Such is ever the strange thing called fortune of war. One of the worsted generals deepened the humiliation of defeat. Transported with chagrin at seeing the destruction of the force which he had taken such infinite pains to raise and maintain, and shrinking from the ill-natured laughter that would encounter him at court, Newcastle, with a body of his friends, hastened to take ship at Scarborough, and remained in exile until the Restoration. He was an accomplished man, the patron of good poets like Dryden, and of bad poets like Shadwell. He wrote comedies of his own, which, according to his wife, were inspired by the pleasant and laudable object of laughing at the follies of mankind; and there is a story, probably apocryphal, of his entertaining at a dinner in Paris no less immortal persons than Hobbes and Descartes. A

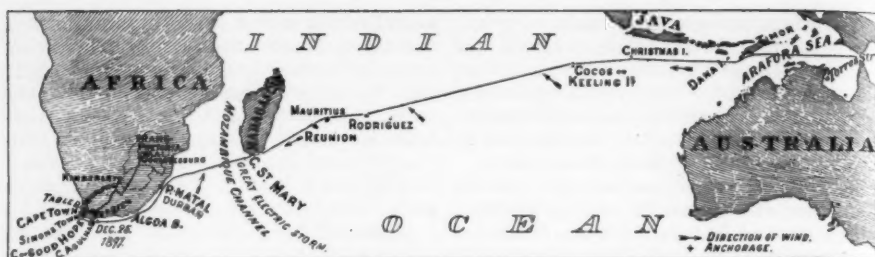
sage Italian, dead a hundred years before, warned statesmen that there is no worse thing in all the world than levity. "Light men are the very instruments for whatever is bad, dangerous, and hurtful; flee from them like fire." Of this evil tribe of Guicciardini's was Lord Newcastle, and too many of Charles's friends, and in a certain sense even Charles himself, were no better.

Cromwell's own references to the battle are comprised in three or four well-known sentences: "It had all the evidences of an absolute victory, obtained by the Lord's blessing on the godly party principally. We never charged but we routed the enemy. The left wing, which I commanded, being our own horse, saving a few Scots in our rear, beat all the Prince's horse, and God made them stubble to our swords. We charged their regiments of foot with our horse, and routed all we charged. I believe of twenty thousand the Prince hath not four thousand left. Give glory, all the glory, to God."

If the Scots are not to be included in the godly party, Cromwell's story cannot quite pass muster. Without dwelling on the question how much their stubborn valor under Baillie and Lumsden against the Royalist assaults of the center had to do with the triumphant result, to describe a force nearly one third as large as his own, and charging side by side with himself, as "a few Scots in our rear," must be set down as curiously loose. If one thing is more clear than another amid the obscurities of Marston, it is that Leslie's flank attack on Rupert while the Ironsides were falling back, was the key to the decisive events that followed. Strong even in great natures is the bias of political antagonism, and especially strong if that be backed, as it may have been here, by a very lively international antipathy. The only plea to be made is that Oliver was not writing an official despatch, but a hurried private letter in which fullness of detail was not to be looked for. When full justice has been done to the valor of the Scots, glory enough was left for Cromwell; and so, when the party dispute was over, the public opinion of the time pronounced.

(To be continued.)

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—By inadvertence an imperfect translation, made merely to identify the facsimile of the entry in Latin, in the Sidney Sussex College Register, of Oliver Cromwell's admission at Cambridge in 1616, was printed in the November CENTURY on page 6. Following is the correct translation: [Original entry]: "Mr. Cromwell. Oliver Cromwell, of Huntingdon, admitted as a fellow-commoner April 23, under the tutorship of Master Richard Howlet." [Comment under the original entry, in another hand, made after the Restoration]: "This was that great impostor, that infamous scoundrel, who, after the most pious King Charles I had nefariously been slain, usurped the throne itself, and for the space of almost five years, under the title of Protector, vexed the three Kingdoms by his unrestrained tyranny."



THE "SPRAY'S" COURSE FROM AUSTRALIA TO SOUTH AFRICA.

SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD.

BEING A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE EXPERIENCES OF THE SLOOP "SPRAY"
ON HER SINGLE-HANDED VOYAGE OF 46,000 MILES.

BY CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY AND GEORGE VARIAN.

PART V. FROM AUSTRALIA TO CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

FROM Home Island I made for Sunday Island, and bringing that abeam, shortened sail, not wishing to make Bird Island, farther along, before daylight, the wind being still fresh and the islands being low, with dangers about them. Wednesday, June 9, 1897, at daylight, Bird Island was dead ahead, distant two and a half miles, which I considered near enough. A strong current was pressing the sloop forward. I did not shorten sail too soon in the night! The first and only Australian canoe seen on the voyage was here standing from the mainland, with a rag of sail set, bound for this island.

A long, slim fish that leaped on board in the night was found on deck this morning. I had it for breakfast. The spry chap was no larger around than a herring, which it resembled in every respect, except that it was three times as long; but that was so much the better, for I am rather fond of fresh herring, anyway. A great number of fisher-birds were about this day, which was one of the pleasantest on God's earth. The *Spray*, dancing over the waves, entered Albany Pass as the sun drew low in the west over the hills of Australia.

At 7:30 P. M. the *Spray*, now through the pass, came to anchor in a cove in the mainland, near a pearl-fisherman, called the *Tarawa*, which was at anchor, her captain from the deck of his vessel directing me to

a berth. This done, he at once came on board to clasp hands. The *Tarawa* was a Californian, and Captain Jones, her master, was an American.

On the following morning Captain Jones brought on board two pairs of exquisite pearl shells, the most perfect ones I ever saw. They were probably the best he had, for Jones was the heart-yarn of a sailor. He assured me that if I would remain a few hours longer some friends from Somerset, near by, would pay us all a visit, and one of the crew, sorting shells on deck, "guessed" they would. The mate "guessed" so, too. The friends came as even the second mate and cook had "guessed" they would. They were Mr. Jardine, stockman, famous throughout the land, and his family. Mrs. Jardine was the niece of King Malietoa, and cousin to the beautiful Faamu-Sami ("To make the sea burn"), who visited the *Spray* at Apia. Mr. Jardine was himself a fine specimen of a Scotsman. With his little family about him, he was content to live in this remote place, accumulating the comforts of life.

The fact of the *Tarawa* having been built in America accounted for the crew, boy Jim and all, being such good guessers. Strangely enough, though, Captain Jones himself, the only American aboard, was never heard to guess at all.

After a pleasant chat and good-by to the

people of the *Tarawa*, and "Tofah" to Mr. and Mrs. Jardine, I weighed anchor and stood across for Thursday Island, now in plain view, mid-channel in Torres Strait, where I arrived shortly after noon. Here the *Spray* remained over until June 24. Being the only American representative in port, this tarry was imperative, for on the 22d was the Queen's diamond jubilee. The two days over were, as sailors say, for "coming up."

Meanwhile I spent pleasant days about the island. Mr. Douglas, resident magistrate, invited me on a cruise in his steamer one day among the islands in Torres Strait. This being a scientific expedition in charge of Professor Mason Bailey, botanist, we rambled over Friday and Saturday islands, where I got a glimpse of botany. Miss Bailey, the professor's daughter, accompanied her father, and told me the names of many indigenous plants too long to remember.

The 22d was the great day on Thursday Island, for then we had not only the jubilee, but a jubilee with a grand corroboree in it, Mr. Douglas having brought some four hundred native warriors and their wives and children across from the mainland to give the celebration the true native touch, for when they do a thing on Thursday Island they do it with a roar. The corroboree was, at any rate, a howling success. It took place at night, and the performers, painted in fantastic colors, danced or leaped about before a blazing fire. Some were rigged and painted like birds and beasts, in which the emu and kangaroo were well represented. One fellow leaped like a frog. Some had the human skeleton painted on their bodies, while they jumped about threateningly, spear in hand, ready to strike down some imaginary enemy. The kangaroo hopped and danced with natural ease and grace, making a fine figure. All kept time to music, vocal and instrumental, the instruments (save the mark!) being bits of wood, which they beat one against the other, and saucer-like bones, held in the palms of the hands, which they knocked together, making a dull sound. It was a show at once amusing, spectacular, and hideous.

The warrior aborigines that I saw in Queensland were for the most part lithe and fairly well built, but they were stamped always with repulsive features, and their women were, if possible, still more ill favored.

I observed that on the day of the jubilee no foreign flag was waving in the public grounds except the Stars and Stripes, which along with the Union Jack guarded the

gateway, and floated in many places, from the tiniest to the standard size. Speaking to Mr. Douglas, I ventured a remark on this compliment to my country. "Oh," said he, "this is a family affair, and we do not consider the Stars and Stripes a foreign flag." The *Spray* of course flew her best bunting, and hoisted the Jack as well as her own noble flag as high as she could.

On June 24 the *Spray*, well fitted in every way, sailed for the long voyage ahead, down the Indian Ocean. Mr. Douglas gave her a flag as she was leaving his island. The *Spray* had now passed nearly all the dangers of the Coral Sea and Torres Strait, which, indeed, were not a few, and all ahead from this point was plain sailing and a straight course. The trade-wind was still blowing fresh, and could be safely counted on now down to the coast of Madagascar, if not beyond that, for it was still early in the season.

I had no wish to arrive off the Cape of Good Hope before midsummer, and it was now early winter. I had been off that cape once in July, which was, of course, midwinter there. The stout ship I then commanded encountered only fierce hurricanes, and she bore them ill. I wished for no winter gales now. It was not that I feared them more, being in the *Spray* instead of a large ship, but that I preferred fine weather in any case. It is true that one may encounter heavy gales off the Cape of Good Hope at any season of the year, but in the summer they are less frequent and do not continue so long. And so with time enough before me to admit of a run ashore on the islands en route, I shaped the course now for Keeling Cocos, atoll islands, distant twenty-seven hundred miles. Taking a departure from Booby Island, which the sloop passed early in the day, I decided to sight Timor on the way, which is an island of high mountains.

Booby Island I had seen before, but only once, however, and that was when in the steamship *Soushay*, on which I was "hove-down" in a fever. When she steamed along this way I was well enough to crawl on deck to look at Booby Island. Had I died for it, I would have seen that island. In those days passing ships landed stores in a cave on the island for shipwrecked and distressed wayfarers. Captain Airy of the *Soushay*, a good man, sent a boat to the cave with his contribution to the general store. The stores were landed in safety, and the boat, returning, brought back from the improvised post-office there a dozen or more letters, most of them left by whalers, with the request that

the first homeward-bound ship would carry them along and see to their mailing, which had been the custom of this strange postal service for many years. Some of the letters brought back by our boat were directed to New Bedford, and some to Fairhaven, Massachusetts.

There is a light to-day on Booby Island, and regular packet communication with the

sailing on a smooth sea as steadily as before, but with speed somewhat slackened. I got out the flying-jib made at Juan Fernandez, and set it as a spinnaker from the stoutest bamboo that Mrs. Stevenson had given me at Samoa. The spinnaker pulled like a sodger, and the bamboo holding its own, the *Spray* mended her pace.

Several pigeons flying across to-day from

Australia toward the islands bent their course over the *Spray*. Smaller birds were seen flying in the opposite direction. In the part of the Arafura that I came to first, where it was shallow, sea-snakes writhed about on the surface and tumbled over and over in the waves. As the sloop sailed farther on, where the sea became deep, they disappeared. In the ocean, where the water is blue, not one was ever seen.

In the days of serene weather there was not much to do but to read and take rest on the *Spray*, to make up as much as possible for the rough time off Cape Horn, which was not yet forgotten, and to forestall the Cape of Good Hope by a store of ease. My sea journal was now much the same from day to day—something like this of June 26 and 27, for example:

June 26, in the morning, it is a bit squally; later in the day

blowing a steady breeze.

On the log at noon is . . .	130 miles
Subtract correction for slip . .	10 "
	120 "
Add for current	10 "
	130 "

Latitude by observation at noon, 10° 23' S
Longitude as per mark on the chart.

There was n't much brain-work in that log, I'm sure. June 27 makes a better showing, when all is told:

First of all, to-day, was a flying-fish on deck; fried it in butter.

133 miles on the log.

For slip, off, and for current, on, as per guess, about equal—let it go at that.

Latitude by observation at noon, 10° 25' S.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE "SPRAY" LEAVING SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, IN THE NEW SUIT OF SAILS GIVEN BY COMMODORE FOY OF AUSTRALIA.

rest of the world, and the beautiful uncertainty of the fate of letters left there is a thing of the past. I made no call at the little island, but standing close in, exchanged signals with the keeper of the light. Sailing on, the sloop was at once in the Arafura Sea, where for days she sailed in water milky white and green and purple. It was my good fortune to enter the sea on the last quarter of the moon, the advantage being that in the dark nights I witnessed the phosphorescent light effect at night in its greatest splendor. The sea, where the sloop disturbed it, seemed all ablaze, so that by its light I could see the smallest articles on deck, and her wake was a path of fire.

On the 25th of June the sloop was already clear of all the shoals and dangers, and was

For several days now the *Spray* sailed west on the parallel of $10^{\circ} 25' S.$, as true as a hair. If she deviated at all from that, through the day or night,—and this may have happened,—she was back, strangely enough, at noon, at the same latitude. But the greatest science was in reckoning the longitude. My tin clock and only timepiece had by this time lost its minute-hand, but after I boiled her she told the hours, and that was near enough on a long stretch.

On the 2d of July the great island of Timor was in view away to the north. On the following day I saw Dana Island, not so far off, and a breeze came up from the land at night, fragrant of the spices or what not of the coast.

On the 11th, with all sail set and with the spinnaker still abroad, about noon, Christmas Island came into view one point on the starboard bow. Before night it was abeam and distant two and a half miles. The surface of the island appeared evenly rounded from the sea to a considerable height in the center. In outline it was as smooth as a fish, and a long ocean swell, rolling up, broke against the sides, where it lay like a monster asleep, motionless on the sea. It seemed to have the proportions of a whale, and as the sloop sailed along its side to the part where the head would be, there was a nostril, even, which was a blow-hole through a ledge of rock where every wave that dashed threw up a shaft of water, lifelike and real.

It had been a long time since I last saw this island; but I remember my temporary admiration for the captain of the ship I was then in, the *Tanjore*, when he sang out one morning from the quarter-deck, well aft, "Go aloft there, one of ye, with a pair of eyes, and see Christmas Island." Sure enough, there the island was in sight from the royal-yard. Captain M—— had thus made a great hit, and he never got over it. The chief mate, terror of us ordinaries in the ship, walking never to windward of the captain, now took himself humbly to the lee side of the poop-deck. When we arrived at Hong-Kong there was a letter in the ship's mail for me. I was in the boat with the captain some hours while he had it. But do you suppose he could hand a letter to a seaman? No, indeed; not even to an ordinary seaman. When we got to the ship he gave it to the first mate; the first mate gave it to the second mate, and he laid it, michingly, on the capstan-head, where I could get it!

To the Keeling Cocos Islands was now only five hundred and fifty miles; but even

in this short run it was necessary to be extremely careful in keeping a true course to the atoll.

On the 12th, some hundred miles southwest of Christmas Island, I saw anti-trade clouds flying up from the southwest very high over the regular winds, which weakened now for a few days, while a swell heavier than usual set in also from the southwest. A winter gale was going on in the direction of the Cape of Good Hope. Accordingly, I steered higher to windward, allowing twenty miles a day, while this went on, for change of current; and it was not too much, for on that course I made the Keeling Islands right ahead. The first unmistakable sign of the land was a visit one morning from a white tern that fluttered very knowingly about the vessel, and then took itself off westward with a businesslike air in its wing. The tern is called by the islanders the "pilot of Keeling Cocos." A little farther on I came among a great number of birds fishing, and fighting over whatever they caught. Springing aloft, I saw from half-way up the mast cocoanut-trees standing out of the water ahead. I expected to see this, still it thrilled me as an electric shock might have done. I slid down the mast, trembling under the strangest sensations; and not able to resist the impulse, I sat on deck and gave way to my emotions. To folks in a parlor on shore this may seem weak indeed, but I am telling the story of a voyage alone.

I did n't touch the helm, for with the current and heave of the sea the sloop found herself at the end of the run absolutely in the channel. You could n't have beaten it in the navy! Then I trimmed her sails by the wind, took the helm, and flogged her up the couple of miles or so abreast the harbor landing, where I cast anchor at 3:30 P. M., July 17, 1897, twenty-three days from Thursday Island. The distance run was twenty-seven hundred miles as the crow flies. This would have been a fair Atlantic voyage. It was a delightful sail! During those twenty-three days I had not spent altogether more than three hours at the helm, including the time occupied in beating into Keeling harbor. I just lashed the helm and let her go; whether the wind was abeam or dead aft it was all the same: she always sailed on her course. No part of the voyage up to this point, taking it by and large, had been so finished as this.

The Keeling Cocos Islands, according to Admiral Fitzroy, R. N., lie between the latitudes of $11^{\circ} 50'$ and $12^{\circ} 12' S.$, and the longi-



THE "SPRAY" ASHORE FOR "BOOT-TOPPING" AT THE KEELING ISLANDS.

tudes of $96^{\circ} 51'$ and $96^{\circ} 58'$ E. They were discovered in 1608-9 by Captain William Keeling, then in the service of the East India Company. The southern group consists of seven or eight islands and islets on the atoll, which is the skeleton of what some day, according to the history of coral reefs, will be a continuous island. North Keeling has no harbor, is seldom visited, and is of no importance. The South Keelings are a strange little world, and with a romantic history all their own. They have been visited occasionally by the floating spar of some hurricane-swept ship, or by a tree that has drifted all the way from Australia, or by an ill-starred ship cast away, and finally by man. Even a rock once drifted to Keeling, held fast among the roots of a tree.

After the discovery of the islands by Captain Keeling, their first notable visitor was Captain John Clunis-Ross, who in 1814 touched in the ship *Borneo* on a voyage to India. Captain Ross returned two years later with his wife and family and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Dymoke, and eight sailor artisans, to take possession of the islands, but found there already one Alexander Hare, who meanwhile had marked the little atoll

as a sort of Eden for a seraglio of Malay women which he moved over from the coast of Africa. It was Ross's own brother, oddly enough, who freighted Hare and his crowd of women to the islands, not knowing of Captain John's plans to occupy the little world. And so Hare was there with his outfit, as if he had come to stay.

On his previous visit, however, Ross had nailed the English Jack to a mast on Horsburg Island, one of the group. After two years shreds of it still fluttered in the wind, and his sailors, nothing loath, began at once the invasion of the island to take possession of it, women and all. The force of forty women, with only one man to command them, was not equal to driving eight sturdy sailors back into the sea.¹

From this time on Hare had a hard time of it. He and Ross did not get on well as neighbors. The islands were too small and too near for characters so widely different. Hare had "oceans of money," and might have lived well in London; but he had been

¹ In the accounts given in Findlay's "Sailing Directory" of some of the events there is a chronological discrepancy. I follow the accounts gathered from the old captain's grandsons and from records on the spot.

governor of a wild colony in Borneo, and could not confine himself to the tame life that prosy civilization affords. And so he hung on to the atoll with his forty women, retreating little by little before Ross and his sturdy crew, till at last he found himself and his harem on the little island known to this day as Prison Island, where, like Bluebeard, he confined his wives in a castle. The channel between the islands was narrow, the water was not deep, and the eight Scotch sailors wore long boots. Hare was now dismayed. He tried the compromise of rum and other luxuries for the sailors, but these things only made matters worse. On the day following the first St. Andrew's celebration on the island, Hare, consumed with rage, and no longer on speaking terms with the captain, dashed off a note to him, saying: "DEAR ROSS: I thought when I sent rum and roast pig to your sailors that they would stay away from my flower-garden." In reply to which the captain, burning with indignation, shouted from the center of the island, where he stood, "Ahoy, there, on Prison Island! You Hare, don't you know that rum and roast pig are not a sailor's heaven?" Hare said afterward that one might have heard the captain's roar across to Java.

The lawless establishment was soon broken up by the women deserting Prison Island and putting themselves under Ross's protection. Hare then went to Batavia, where he met his death.

My first impression upon landing was that the crime of infanticide had not reached the islands of Keeling Cocos. "The children have all come to welcome you to the island," explained Mr. Ross, as they mustered at the jetty by hundreds, of all ages and sizes. The people of the country were all rather shy, but, young or old, they never passed one or saw one passing their door without a salutation. In their musical voices they would say, "Are you walking?" ("Jalan, jalan?") "Will you come along?" one would answer.

For a long time after I arrived the children regarded the "one-man ship" with suspicion and fear. A native man had been blown away to sea many years before, and they hinted to one another that he might have been changed from black to white, and returned in the sloop. For some time every movement I made was closely watched. They were particularly interested in what I ate. One day, after I had been "boot-topping" the sloop with a composition of coal-tar and other stuff, and while I was taking my dinner, with the luxury of blackberry jam, I

heard a commotion, and then a yell and a stampede, as the children ran away yelling: "The captain is eating coal-tar! The captain is eating coal-tar!" But they soon found out that this same "coal-tar" was very good to eat, and that I had brought a quantity of it. One day when I was spreading a sea-biscuit thick with it for a wide-awake youngster, I heard them whisper, "Chut-chut!" meaning that a shark had bitten my hand, which they observed was lame. Thenceforth they regarded me as a hero, and I had not fingers enough for the little bright-eyed tots that wanted to cling to them and follow me about the island. Before this, when I held out my hand and said, "Come!" they would shy off for the nearest house, and say, "Ding-in" ("It's cold"), or "Ujan" ("It's going to rain"). But it was now accepted that I was not the returned spirit of the lost black, and I had plenty of friends about the island, rain or shine.

One day after this, when I tried to haul the sloop and found her fast in the sand, the children all clapped their hands and cried that a *kpeting* (crab) was holding her by the keel; and little Ophelia, ten or twelve years of age, wrote in the *Spray's* log-book:

A hundred men with might and main
On the windlass hove, yeo-ho!
The cable only came in twain;
The ship she would not go;
For, child, to tell the strangest thing,
The keel was held by a great kpeting.

This being so or not, it was decided that the Mohammedan priest, Sama the Emim, for a pot of jam, should ask Mohammed to bless the voyage and make the crab let go the sloop's keel, which it did, if it had hold, and she floated on the very next tide.

On the 22d of July arrived H. M. S. *Iphegenia*, with Mr. Justice Andrew J. Leech and court officers on board, on a circuit of inspection among the Straits Settlements, of which Keeling Cocos was a dependency, to hear complaints and try cases by law, if any there were to try. They found the *Spray* hauled ashore and tied to a cocoanut-tree. But at the Keeling Islands there had not been a grievance to complain of since the day that Hare migrated, for the Rosses have always treated the islanders as their own family.

If there is a paradise on this earth it is Keeling. There was not a case for a lawyer, but something had to be done, for here were two ships in port, a great man-of-war and the *Spray*. Instead of a lawsuit a dance

was got up, and all the officers who could leave their ship came ashore. Everybody on the island came, old and young, and the governor's great hall was filled with people. All that could get on their feet danced, while the babies lay in heaps in the corners of the room, content to look on. My little friend Ophelia danced with the judge. For music two fiddles screeched over and over again the good old tune, "We won't go home till morning." And we did not.

The women at the Keelings do not do all the drudgery, as in many places visited on the voyage. It would cheer the heart of a Fuegian woman to see the Keeling lord of creation up a cocoanut-tree. Besides cleverly climbing the trees, the men of Keeling build exquisitely modeled canoes. By far the best workmanship in boat-building I saw on the voyage was here. Many finished mechanics dwelt under the palms at Keeling, and the hum of the band-saw and the ring of the anvil were heard from morning till night. The first

Scotch settlers left there the strength of Northern blood and the inheritance of steady habits. No benevolent society has ever done so much for any islanders as the noble Captain Ross and his sons, who have followed his example of industry and thrift.

Admiral Fitzroy of the *Beagle*, who visited here, where many things are reversed, spoke of "these singular though small islands, where crabs eat cocoanuts, fish eat coral, dogs catch fish, men ride on turtles, and shells are dangerous man-traps," adding that the greater part of the sea-fowl roost on branches, and many rats make their nests at the top of palm-trees.

My vessel being refitted, I decided to load her with the famous mammoth tridacna shell of Keeling, found in the bayou not far away.

And right here, within sight of the village, I came near losing "the crew of the *Spray*," not from putting my foot in a man-trap shell, however, but from carelessly neglecting to look after the details of a trip across the harbor in a boat. I had sailed over oceans; I have since completed a course over them all,

and sailed round the whole world without so nearly meeting a fatality as on that trip across a lagoon, where I trusted all to some one else, and he, weak mortal that he was, perhaps was trusting all to me. However that may be, I found myself with a thoughtless African negro in a rickety bateau that was fitted with a rotten sail, and this blew away in mid-channel in a squall, and left us drifting helplessly to sea, where we should have been incontinently lost. With the whole ocean before us to leeward, I was dismayed to see, while we drifted, that there was not a paddle or an oar in the boat! There was an anchor, to be sure, but not enough rope to tie a cat, and we were already in deep water. By great good fortune,

however, there was a pole. Plying this as a paddle with the utmost energy, and by the merest accidental flaw in the wind to favor us, the trap of a boat was worked into shoal water, where we could touch bottom and push her ashore. With Africa, the nearest coast to leeward, three thousand miles away, with not so much as a drop of water in the boat, and a lean and hungry negro—well, cast the lot as one might, the crew of the *Spray* in a little while would have been hard to find. It is needless to say that I took no more such chances. The tridacna were afterward procured in a safe boat, thirty of them taking the place of three tons of cement ballast, which I threw overboard to make room and give buoyancy.

On August 22, the kpeting, or whatever



THOMAS FRANKS

CAPTAIN SLOCUM DRIFTING OUT TO SEA.

else it was that held the sloop, let go its hold, and she swung out to sea under all sail, heading again for home. Mounting one or two heavy rollers on the fringe of the atoll, she cleared the little islands, the reefs and all, and long before dark Keeling Cocos, with its thousand souls, as sinless in their lives as perhaps it is possible for frail mortals to be, was left out of sight, astern. Out of sight, I say, except in my strongest affection.

The sea was rugged, and the *Spray* washed heavily when hauled on the wind, which course I took for the island of Rodriguez, and which brought the sea abeam. The true course for the island was west by south, one quarter south, and the distance was nineteen hundred miles; but I steered considerably to the windward of that to allow for the heave of the sea and other leeward effects. My sloop on this course ran under reefed sails for days together. I naturally tired of the never-ending motion of the sea, and, above all, of the wetting I got whenever I showed myself on deck. Under these heavy weather conditions the *Spray* seemed to lag behind on her course; at least, I attributed to these conditions a discrepancy in the log, which by the fifteenth day out from Keeling amounted to one hundred and fifty miles between the rotator and the mental calculations I had kept of what she should have gone, and so I kept an eye lifting for land. I could see about sundown this day a bunch of clouds that stood in one spot, right ahead, while the other clouds floated on; this was a sign of something. By midnight, as the sloop sailed on, a black object appeared where I had seen the resting clouds. It was still a long way off, but there could be no mistaking this: it was the high island of Rodriguez. I hauled in the patent log, which I was now towing more from habit than from necessity, for I had learned the *Spray* and her ways long before this. If one thing was clearer than another in her voyage, it was that she could be trusted to come out right and in safety, though at the same time I always stood ready to give her the benefit of even the least doubt. The officers who are over-sure, and "know it all like a book," are the ones, I have observed, who wreck the most ships and lose the most lives. The cause of the discrepancy in the log was one often met with, namely, coming in contact with some large fish; two out of the four blades of the rotator were crushed or bent, the work probably of a shark. Being sure of the sloop's position, I lay down to rest and to think, and I felt better for it. By daylight the island was abeam, about three miles

away. It wore a hard, weather-beaten appearance there, all alone, deep in the Indian Ocean, like land adrift. The windward side was uninviting, but there was a good port to leeward, and I hauled in now close on the wind for that. A pilot came out to take me into the inner harbor, which was reached through a narrow channel among coral reefs.

It was a curious thing that at all of the islands some reality was insisted on as unreal, while improbabilities were clothed as hard facts; and so it happened here that the good abbé, a few days before, had been telling his people about the coming of Antichrist, and when they saw the *Spray* sail into the harbor, all feather-white before a gale of wind, and run all standing upon the beach, and with only one man aboard, they cried, "May the Lord help us, it is he, and he has come in a boat!" which I say would have been the most improbable way of his coming. Nevertheless, the news went flying through the place. The governor of the island, Mr. Roberts, came down immediately to see what it was all about, for the little town was in a great commotion. One elderly woman, when she heard of the advent, made for her house and locked herself in. When she heard that I was actually coming up the street she barricaded her doors, and did not come out while I was on the island, a period of eight days. Governor Roberts and his family did not share the fears of their people, but came on board at the jetty, where the sloop was berthed, and their example induced others to come also. The governor's young boys took charge of the *Spray's* dinghy at once, and my visit cost his Excellency, besides great hospitality to me, the building of a boat for them like the one belonging to the *Spray*.

My first day at this Land of Promise was to me like a fairy-tale. For many days I had studied the charts and counted the time of my arrival at this spot, as one might his entrance to the Islands of the Blessed, looking upon it as the last of the long, hard runs, made more irksome from the want of many things with which, from this time on, I could keep well supplied. And behold, here was the sloop, arrived, and made securely fast to a pier in Rodriguez. On the first evening ashore, in the land of napkins and cut glass, I saw before me still the ghosts of hempen towels and of mugs with handles knocked off. Instead of tossing on the sea, however, as I might have been, here I was in a bright hall, surrounded by sparkling wit, and dining with the governor of the island! "Aladdin,"

I cried, "where is your lamp? My own fisherman's lantern, which I got at Gloucester, has shown me better things than your smoky old burner ever revealed."

The second day in port was spent in receiving visitors. Mrs. Roberts and her children came first to "shake hands," they said, "with the *Spray*." No one was now afraid to come on board except the poor old woman, who still maintained that the *Spray* had Antichrist in the hold, if, indeed, he had not already gone ashore. The governor entertained that evening, and kindly invited the "destroyer of the world" to speak for himself. This he did, elaborating most effusively on the dangers of the sea (which he would have had smooth had he made it); also by contrivances of light and darkness he exhibited on the wall pictures of the places and countries visited on the voyage (nothing like the countries, however, that he would have made), and of the people seen, savage and other, frequently groaning, "Wicked world! Wicked world!" When this was finished his Excellency the governor, speaking words of thankfulness, distributed pieces of gold.

On the following day I accompanied his Excellency and family on a visit to San Gabriel, which was up the country among the hills. The good abbé entertained us all royally at the convent, and we remained his guests until the following day. As I was leaving his place, the abbé said, "Captain, I embrace you, and of whatever religion you may be, my wish is that you succeed in making your voyage, and that our Saviour the Christ be always with you!" To this good man's words I could only say, "My dear abbé, had all religionists been so liberal there would have been less bloodshed in the world."

At Rodriguez one may now find every convenience for getting pure and wholesome water in any quantity, Governor Roberts having built a reservoir in the hills, above the village, and laid pipes to the jetty, where, at the time of my visit, there were five and a half feet at high tide. In former years well-water was used, and more or less sickness occurred from it. Beef may be had in any quantity on the island, and at a moderate price. Sweet potatoes were plentiful and cheap; the large sack of them that I bought there for about four shillings kept unusually well. I simply stored them in the sloop's dry hold. Of fruits, pomegranates were most plentiful; for two shillings I obtained a large sack of them, as many as a donkey could

pack from the orchard, which, by the way, was planted by nature herself.

On the 16th of September, after eight restful days at this mid-ocean land of plenty, I set sail, and on the 19th arrived at Mauritius, anchoring at quarantine about noon. The sloop was towed in later on the same day by the doctor's launch, after he was satisfied that I had mustered all the crew for inspection. Of this he seemed in doubt until he examined the papers, which called for a crew of one all told from port to port, throughout the voyage. Then finding that I had been well enough to come thus far alone, he gave me *pratique* without further ado. There was still another official visit for the *Spray* to pass farther in the harbor. The governor of Rodriguez, who had most kindly given me, besides a regular mail, private letters of introduction to friends, told me I should meet, first of all, Mr. Jenkins of the postal service, a good man. "How do you do, Mr. Jenkins?" cried I, as his boat swung alongside. "You don't know me," he asked. "Why not?" I replied. "From where is the sloop?" "From around the world," I again replied, very solemnly. "And alone?" "Yes; why not?" "And you know me?" "Three thousand years ago," cried I, "when you and I had a warmer job than we have now (even this was hot). You were then Jenkinson, but if you have changed your name I don't blame you for that." Mr. Jenkins, forbearing soul, entered into the spirit of the jest, which served the *Spray* a good turn, for on the strength of this tale it got out that if any one should go on board after dark the devil would get him at once. And so I could leave the *Spray* without the fear of her being robbed at night. The cabin, to be sure, was broken into, but it was done in daylight, and the thieves got no more than a box of smoked herrings before "Tom" Ledson, one of the port officials, caught them red-handed, as it were, and sent them to jail. This was discouraging to pilferers, for they feared Ledson more than they feared Satan himself. Even Mamode Hajee Ayooob, who was the day-watchman on board,—till an empty box fell over in the cabin and frightened him out of his wits,—could not be hired to watch nights, or even till the sun went down. "Sahib," he cried, "there is no need of it," and what he said was perfectly true.

At Mauritius, where I drew a long breath, the *Spray* rested her wings, it being the season of fine weather. The hardships of the voyage, if there had been any, were computed by officers of experience as nine tenths fin-

ished, and yet somehow I could not forget that the United States was a long way off.

The kind people of Mauritius, to make me richer and happier, rigged up the opera-house, which they had named the "*Ship Pantai*."¹ All decks and no bottom was this ship, but she was as stiff as a church. They gave me free use of it while I talked over the *Spray's* adventures. His Honor the mayor in-

I determined to see it out in milder Mauritius. So I first visited Rose Hill, Curipepe, and other places on the island. I spent a day with the elder Mr. Roberts, father of Governor Roberts of Rodriguez, and with his friends the Very Reverend Fathers O'Loughlin and McCarthy. Returning to the *Spray* by way of the great flower conservatory near Moka, the proprietor, having only that morn-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE "*SPRAY*" AT MAURITIUS.

roduced me to his Excellency the governor from the poop-deck of the *Pantai*. In this way I was also introduced again to our good consul, General John P. Campbell, who had already introduced me to his Excellency. I was becoming well acquainted, and was in for it now to sail the voyage over again. How I got through the story I hardly know. It was a hot night, and I could have choked the tailor who made the coat I wore for this occasion. The kind governor saw that I had done my part trying to rig like a man ashore, and he invited me to Government House at Reduit, where I found myself among friends.

It was winter still off stormy Cape of Good Hope, but the storms might whistle there.

¹ Guinea-ben.

ing discovered a new and hardy plant, to my great honor named it "*Slocum*," which he said Latinized it at once, saving him some trouble on the twist of a word; and the good botanist seemed pleased that I had come. How different things are in different countries! In Boston, Massachusetts, at that time, a gentleman, so I was told, paid thirty thousand dollars to have a flower named after his wife, and it was not a big flower either, while "*Slocum*," which came without the asking, was bigger than a mangel-wurzel!

I was royally entertained at Moka, as well as at Reduit and other places—once by seven young ladies, to whom I spoke of my inability to return their hospitality except in my own poor way of taking them on a sail in

the sloop. "The very thing! The very thing!" they all cried. "Then please name the time," I said, as meek as Moses. "To-morrow!" they all cried. "And, aunty, we may go, may n't we, and we'll be real good for a whole week afterward, aunty! Say yes, aunty dear!" All this after saying "To-morrow"; for girls in Mauritius are, after all, the same as our girls in America, and their dear aunt said "Me, too" about the same as any really good aunt might say in this country.

I was then in a quandary, having forgotten that on the very "to-morrow" I was to dine with the harbor-master, Captain Wilson. However, I said to myself, the *Spray* will run out quickly into rough seas; these young ladies will have *mal de mer* and a good time, and I'll get in early enough to be at the dinner, after all. But not a bit of it. We sailed almost out of sight of Mauritius, and they just stood up and laughed at seas tumbling aboard, while I was at the helm making the worst weather of it I could, and spinning yarns to the aunt about sea-serpents and whales. But she, dear lady, when I had finished, only hinted at a basket of provisions they had brought along, enough to last a week, for I had told them about my wretched steward.

The more the *Spray* tried to make these young ladies seasick, the more they all clapped their hands and said, "How lovely it is!" and "How beautifully she skims over the sea!" and "How beautiful our island appears from the distance!" and they still cried, "Go on!" We were fifteen miles or more at sea before they ceased the eager cry, "Go on!" Then the sloop swung round, I still hoping to be back at Port Louis in time to keep my appointment. The *Spray* reached the island quickly, and flew along the coast fast enough; but I made a mistake in steering along the coast on the way home, for as we came abreast of Tombo Bay it enchanted my crew. "Oh, let's anchor here!" they cried. To this no sailor in the world would have said nay. The sloop came to anchor, ten minutes later, as they wished, and a young man on the cliff abreast, waving his hat, cried, "*Vive la Spray!*" My passengers said, "Aunty, may n't we have a swim in the surf along the shore?" Just then the harbor-master's launch hove in sight, coming out to meet us; but it was too late to get the sloop into Port Louis that night. The launch was in time, however, to land my fair crew for a swim; but they were determined not to desert the ship. Meanwhile I prepared a roof for the night on deck with the sails, and a

Bengali man-servant arranged the evening meal. That night the *Spray* rode in Tombo Bay with her precious freight. Next morning bright and early, even before the stars were gone, I awoke to hear praying on deck.

The port officers' launch reappeared later in the morning, this time with Captain Wilson himself on board, to try his luck in getting the *Spray* into port, for he had heard of our predicament. It was worth something to hear a friend tell afterward how earnestly the good harbor-master of Mauritius said, "I'll find the *Spray* and I'll get her into port." A merry crew he discovered on her; they could hoist sails like old tars, and could trim them, too. They could tell all about the ship's "hoods," and one should have seen them clap a bonnet on the jib. Like the deepest of deep-water sailors, they could heave the lead, and—as I hope to see Mauritius again!—any of them could have put the sloop in stays. No ship ever had a fairer crew.

The voyage was the event of Port Louis; such a thing as young ladies sailing about the harbor, even, was almost unheard of before.

While at Mauritius the *Spray* was tendered the use of the military dock free of charge, and was thoroughly refitted by the port authorities. Many things needful for the voyage were put on board by friends, and bags of sugar came from some of the famous old plantations.

The favorable season now set in, and thus well equipped, on the 26th of October, the *Spray* put to sea. As I sailed before a light wind the island receded slowly, and on the following day I could still see the Puce Mountain near Moka. The *Spray* arrived next day off Galets, Réunion, and a pilot came out and spoke her. I handed him a Mauritius paper and continued on my voyage; for rollers were running heavily at the time, and it was not practicable to make a landing, being myself a stranger. From Réunion I shaped a course direct for Cape St. Mary, Madagascar.

The sloop was now drawing near the limits of the trade-wind, and the strong breeze that had carried her with free sheets the many thousands of miles from Sandy Cape, Australia, fell lighter each day until October 30, when it was altogether calm, and a motionless sea held her in a hushed world. I furled the sails at evening, sat down on deck, and enjoyed the stillness of the night.

October 31 a light east-northeast breeze sprang up, and the sloop passed Cape St.

Mary about noon. On the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th of November, in the Mozambique Channel, she experienced a hard gale of wind from the southwest. Here the *Spray* suffered as much as she did anywhere, except off Cape Horn. The thunder and lightning preceding this gale were very heavy. From this point until the sloop arrived off the coast of Africa, she encountered a succession of gales of wind, which drove her about in many directions, but on the 17th of November she arrived at Port Natal.

This delightful place is the commercial center of the "Garden Colony," Durban itself, the city, being the continuation of a garden. The signalman from the bluff station reported the *Spray* fifteen miles off when she was making the port. When she was within eight miles he said: "The *Spray* is shortening sail; the mainsail was reefed and set in ten minutes. One man is doing all the work." This was printed three minutes later in a Durban morning journal, which was handed, to me when I arrived in port. I could not verify the time it had taken to reef the sail, for, as I have already said, the minute-hand of my timepiece was gone. I only knew that I reefed as quickly as I could.

The same paper, commenting on the voyage, said: "Judging from the stormy weather which has prevailed off this coast during the past few weeks, the *Spray* must have had a very stormy voyage from Mauritius to Natal." Doubtless the weather would have been called stormy by sailors in any ship, but it caused the *Spray* no more inconvenience than the delay natural to head winds generally.

The question of how I sailed the sloop alone, often asked, is best answered, perhaps, by a Durban newspaper. I would shrink from repeating the editor's words but for the reason that undue estimates have been made of the amount of skill and energy required to sail a sloop of even the *Spray's* small tonnage. I heard a man who called himself a sailor say that "it would require three men to do what it was claimed" that I did alone, and what I found perfectly easy to do over and over again; and I have heard that others made similar nonsensical remarks, adding that I would work myself to death. But here is what the Durban paper said:

As briefly noted yesterday, the *Spray*, with a crew of one man, arrived at this port yesterday afternoon on her cruise round the world. The *Spray* made quite an auspicious entrance to Natal.

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Her commander sailed his craft right up the channel past the main wharf, and dropped his anchor near the old *Forerunner* in the creek, before any one had a chance to get on board. The *Spray* was naturally an object of great curiosity to the Point people, and her arrival was witnessed by a large crowd. The skilful manner in which Captain Slocum steered his craft about the vessels which were occupying the waterway was a treat to witness.

The *Spray* was not sailing in among greenhorns when she came to Natal. When she arrived off the port the pilot-ship, a fine, able steam-tug, came out to meet her, and led the way in across the bar, for it was blowing a smart gale and was too rough to tow with safety. The trick of going in I learned by watching the steamer; it was simply to keep on the windward side of the channel and take the combers end on.

I found that Durban supported two yacht clubs, both of them full of enterprise. I met all the members of both clubs and sailed in their yachts. I sailed one day in the crack yacht *Florence*, with Skipper Spradbrow. A better helmsman never turned spoke of wheel. While tearing over the bay in the *Florence* I learned a wrinkle in farming, if I am to accept the account of it given by the Right Honorable Harry Escombe, premier of Natal. The yacht's center-board plowed furrows through the mud-banks, and, according to Mr. Escombe, there were many of them which Spradbrow had planted with potatoes at low tide. The *Florence*, however, won races while she tilled the skipper's land. After our sail on the *Florence* Mr. Escombe offered to sail the *Spray* round the Cape of Good Hope for me, and hinted at his famous cribbage-board to while away the hours. Spradbrow, in retort, warned me of it. Said he, "You would be played out of the sloop before you could round the cape." By others it was not thought probable that the premier of Natal would play cribbage off the Cape of Good Hope to win even the *Spray*.

It was a matter of no small pride to me in South Africa to find that American humor was never at a discount, and one of the best American stories I ever heard was told by the premier. At Hotel Royal one day, dining with Colonel Saunderson, M. P., his son, and Lieutenant Tipping, I met Mr. Stanley. The great explorer was just from Pretoria, and had already as good as flayed President Krüger with his trenchant pen. But that did not signify, for everybody has a whack at Oom Paul, and no one in the world seems to stand the joke better than he, not even the Sultan

of Turkey himself. The colonel introduced me to the explorer, and I hauled close to the wind, to go slow, for Mr. Stanley was a nautical man once himself,—on the Nyanza, I think,—and of course my desire was to appear in the best light before a man of his experience. He looked me over carefully, and said, "What an example of patience!" "Patience is all that is required," I ventured to reply. He then asked if my vessel had watertight compartments. I explained that she was all water-tight and all compartment. "What if she should strike a rock?" he asked. "Compartments would not save her if she should hit the rocks lying along her course," said I; adding, "she must be kept away from the rocks." After a considerable pause Mr. Stanley asked, "What if a swordfish should pierce her hull with its sword?" Of course I had thought of that as one of the dangers of the sea, and also of the chance of being struck by lightning. In the case of the swordfish, I ventured to say that "the first thing would be to secure the sword." The colonel invited me to dine with the party on the following day, that we might go further into this matter, and so I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Stanley the second time.

It sounds odd to hear scholars and statesmen say the world is flat; but it is a fact that three Boers of considerable learned ability prepared a work to support that contention. While I was at Durban they came from Pretoria to obtain data from me, and they seemed annoyed when I told them that they could not prove it by my experience. With the advice to call up some ghost of the dark ages for research, I went ashore, and left these three wise men poring over the *Spray's* track on a chart of the world, which, however, proved nothing to them, for the chart was on Mercator's projection, and behold, it was "flat." The next morning I met one of the party in a clergyman's garb, carrying a large Bible, not different from the one I had read, and who tackled me, saying, "If you respect the Word of God you must admit that the world is flat." "If the Word of God stands on a flat world—" I began. "What!" cried he, losing himself in a furious passion, and making as if he would run me through with an assagai. "What!" he shouted in astonishment and rage, while I jumped aside to dodge the imaginary weapon. Had this good but misguided fanatic been armed with a real weapon, the crew of the *Spray* would have died a martyr there and then. The next day, seeing him across the street, I bowed and made curves with my

hands. He responded with a level, swimming movement of his hands. A pamphlet by these Transvaal geographers, made up of arguments from sources high and low to prove their theory, was mailed to me before I sailed from Africa on my last stretch round the globe.

While I feebly portray the ignorance of these learned men, I have great admiration for their physical manhood. Much that I saw first and last of the Transvaal and the Boers was admirable. It is well known that they are the hardest of fighters, and as generous to the fallen as they are brave before the foe. Real stubborn bigotry with them is only found among old fogies, and will die a natural death, and that, too, perhaps long before we ourselves are entirely free from bigotry. Education in the Transvaal is by no means neglected, English as well as Dutch being taught to all that can afford both; but the tariff duty on English school-books is heavy, and from necessity the poorer people stick to the Transvaal Dutch and their flat world, just as in Samoa and other islands a mistaken policy has kept the natives down to Kanaka.

I visited many public schools at Durban, and had the pleasure of meeting many bright children.

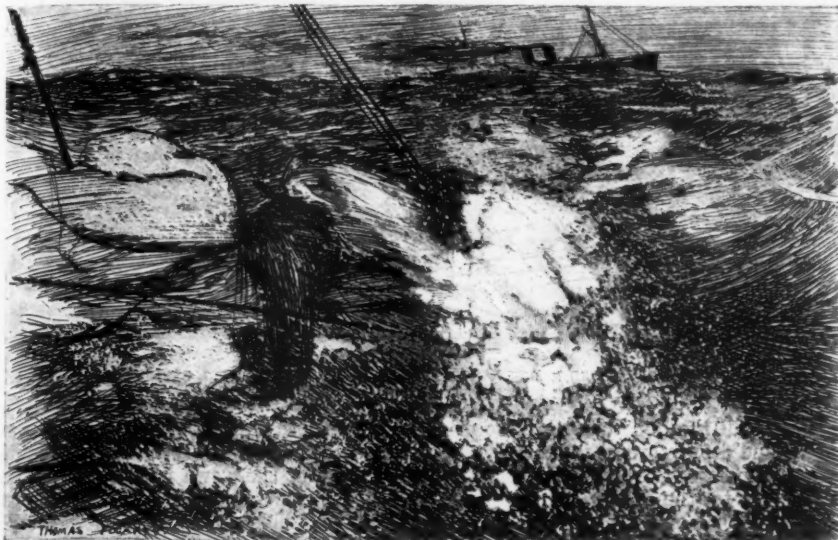
But all fine things must end, and December 14, 1897, the "crew" of the *Spray*, after having a fine time in Natal, swung the sloop's dinghy in on deck, and sailed with a morning land-wind, which carried her clear of the bar, and again she was "off on her alone," as they say in Australia.

The Cape of Good Hope was now the most prominent point to pass. From Table Bay I could count on the aid of brisk trades, and then the *Spray* would soon be home. On the first day out from Durban it fell calm, and I sat thinking about the end of the voyage. The distance to Table Bay, where I intended to call, was about eight hundred miles, over what might prove a rough sea. The early Portuguese navigators, endowed with patience, were sixty-nine years struggling to round this cape before they got as far as Algoa Bay, and there the crew mutinied. They landed on a small island, now called Santa Cruz, where they devoutly set up the cross, and swore they would cut the captain's throat if he attempted to sail farther. Beyond this was the edge of the world, which they also believed was flat; and fearing that their ship would sail over the brink of it, they compelled Captain Dias, their commander, to retrace his course,

all being only too glad to get home. A year later, we are told, Vasco da Gama at last sailed successfully round the "Cape of Storms," as the Cape of Good Hope was then called, and discovered Natal on Christmas or Natal day; hence the name. From this point the way to India was easy.

Gales of wind sweeping round the cape even now were frequent enough, one occurring, on an average, every thirty-six hours; but

ered the distance lost in the gale, passed Cape Agulhas in company with the steamship *Scotsman*, now with a fair wind. The keeper of the light on Agulhas exchanged signals with the *Spray* as she passed, and afterward wrote me at New York congratulations on the completion of the voyage. The master of the light seemed to think the incident of two ships of so widely different types passing his cape together worthy of a place on canvas,



"WISHING YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

one gale was much the same as another, with no more serious result than to blow the *Spray* along on her course when it was fair, or to blow her back somewhat when it was ahead. On Christmas, 1897, I came to the pitch of the cape. On this day the *Spray* was trying to stand on her head, and she gave me every reason to believe that she would accomplish the feat before night. She began very early in the morning to pitch and toss about in a most unusual manner, and I have to record that, while I was at the end of the bowsprit reefing the jib, she ducked me under water three times for a Christmas box. I got wet and did not like it a bit: never in any other sea was I put under more than once in the same short space of time, say three minutes. A large English steamer passing ran up the signal, "Wishing you a Merry Christmas." I think the captain was a humorist; his own ship was throwing her propeller out of water.

Two days later, the *Spray*, having recov-

ered the distance lost in the gale, passed Cape Agulhas in company with the steamship *Scotsman*, now with a fair wind. The keeper of the light on Agulhas exchanged signals with the *Spray* as she passed, and afterward wrote me at New York congratulations on the completion of the voyage. The master of the light seemed to think the incident of two ships of so widely different types passing his cape together worthy of a place on canvas,

and he went about having the picture made. So I gathered from his letter. At lonely stations like this hearts grow responsive and sympathetic, and even poetic. This feeling was shown toward the *Spray* along many a rugged coast, and reading many a kind signal thrown out to her gave me a grateful feeling for all the world.

One more gale of wind came down upon the *Spray* from the west after she passed Cape Agulhas, but that one she dodged by getting into Simons Bay. When it moderated she beat around the Cape of Good Hope, where they say the *Flying Dutchman* is still sailing. The voyage then seemed as good as finished; from this time on I knew that all, or nearly all, would be plain sailing. Here I crossed the dividing-line of weather. To the north it was clear and settled, while south it was humid and squally, with, often enough, as I have said, a treacherous gale. From the recent hard weather the *Spray* ran into a calm under Table Mountain, where she



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CAPTAIN SLOCUM, SIR ALFRED MILNER (WITH THE TALL HAT), AND COLONEL SAUNDERSON, M. P.,
ON THE BOW OF THE "SPRAY" AT CAPE TOWN.

lay quietly till the generous sun rose over the land and drew a breeze in from the sea.

The steam-tug *Alert*, then out looking for ships, came to the *Spray* off the Lion's Rump, and in lieu of a larger ship towed her into port. The sea being smooth, she came to anchor in the bay off the city of Cape Town, where she remained a day, simply to rest clear of the bustle of commerce. The good harbor-master sent his steam-launch to bring the sloop to a berth in dock at once, but I preferred to remain for one day alone, in the quiet of a smooth sea, enjoying the retrospect of the passage of the two great capes. On the following morning the *Spray* sailed into the Alfred Dry-docks, where she remained for about three months in the care of the port authorities, while I traveled the country over from Simons Town to Pretoria, being accorded by the colonial government a free railroad pass over all the land.

The trip to Kimberley, Johannesburg, and Pretoria was a pleasant one. At the last-named place I met Mr. Krüger, the Transvaal president. His Excellency received me cordially enough; but my friend Judge Beyers, the gentleman who presented me, by mentioning incidentally that I was on a voyage around the world, unwittingly gave great offense to the venerable statesman,

which we both regretted deeply. Mr. Krüger corrected the judge rather sharply, reminding him that the world is flat. "You don't mean *round* the world," said the president; "it is impossible! You mean *in* the world. Impossible!" he said, "impossible!" and not another word did he utter either to the judge or me. The judge looked at me, and I looked at the judge, who should have known his ground, so to speak, and Mr. Krüger glowered at us both. My friend the judge seemed embarrassed. I was delighted, for in those days I was fond of fun, and the incident pleased me more than anything else that could have happened. It was a nugget of information quarried out of Oom Paul, some of whose sayings are famous. Of the English he said, "They took first my coat and then my trousers." He also said, "Dynamite is the corner-stone of the South African Republic." Only unthinking people call President Krüger dull.

Soon after my arrival at the cape, Mr. Krüger's friend Colonel Saunderson, who had arrived from Durban some time before, invited me to Newlands Vineyard, where I met many agreeable people. His Excellency Sir Alfred Milner, the governor, found time to come aboard with a party. The governor found a seat on a box in my cabin; Lady Mu-

riel sat on a keg, and Lady Saunderson sat by the skipper at the wheel, while the colonel, with his kodak, away in the dinghy, took snap shots of the sloop and her distinguished visitors. Dr. David Gill, astronomer royal, who was of the party, invited me the next day to the famous Cape Observatory. An hour with Dr. Gill was an hour among the stars. His discoveries in stellar photography are well known. He showed me the great astronomical clock of the observatory, and I showed him the tin clock on the *Spray*, and we went over the subject of standard time at sea, and how it was found from the deck of the little sloop without the aid of a clock of any kind. Later it was advertised that Dr. Gill would preside at a talk about the voyage of the *Spray*: that alone secured for me a full house. The hall was packed, and many were not able to get in. This success brought me sufficient money for all my needs in port and for the homeward voyage.

After visiting Kimberley and Pretoria, and finding the *Spray* all right in the docks, I returned to Worcester and Wellington, famous for colleges and seminaries, traveling as the guest of the colony. The ladies of all these institutions of learning wished to know how one might sail round the world alone, which I thought augured of sailing-mistresses in the future instead of sailing-

masters. It will come to that yet if we men-folk do not look alive.

On the plains of Africa I passed through hundreds of miles of rich but still barren land, save for scrub-bushes, on which herds of sheep were browsing. The bushes grew about the length of a sheep apart, and they, I thought, were rather long of body; but there was still room for all. My longing for a foothold on land seized upon me here, where so much of it lay waste; but instead of remaining to plant forests and reclaim vegetation, I returned again to the *Spray* at the Alfred Docks, where I found her waiting for me, with everything in order, exactly as I had left her.

I have often been asked how it was that my vessel and all appurtenances were not stolen in the various ports where I left her for days together without a watchman in charge. This is just how it was: The *Spray* seldom fell among thieves. At the Keeling Islands, at Rodriguez, and many such places, a wisp of cocoanut fiber in the door-latch, to indicate that the owner was away, secured my goods against even a longing glance. But when I came to a great island nearer home, stout locks were needed; the first night in port things which I had always left uncovered on deck disappeared, as if the deck had been swept by a sea.

(To be continued.)



CARTOON PRINTED IN THE CAPE TOWN "OWL" OF MARCH 5, 1898, IN CONNECTION WITH AN ITEM ABOUT CAPTAIN SLOCUM'S TRIP TO PRETORIA.

FELLOW-FEELING AS A POLITICAL FACTOR.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



FELLOW-FEELING, sympathy in the broadest sense, is the most important factor in producing a healthy political and social life. Neither our national nor our local civic life can be what it should be unless it is marked by the fellow-feeling, the mutual kindness, the mutual respect, the sense of common duties and common interests, which arise when men take the trouble to understand one another, and to associate together for a common object. A very large share of the rancor of political and social strife arises either from sheer misunderstanding by one section, or by one class, of another, or else from the fact that the two sections, or two classes, are so cut off from each other that neither appreciates the other's passions, prejudices, and, indeed, point of view, while they are both entirely ignorant of their community of feeling as regards the essentials of manhood and humanity.

This is one reason why the public school is so admirable an institution. To it more than to any other among the many causes which, in our American life, tell for religious toleration is due the impossibility of persecution of a particular creed. When in their earliest and most impressionable years Protestants, Catholics, and Jews go to the same schools, learn the same lessons, play the same games, and are forced, in the rough-and-ready democracy of boy life, to take each at his true worth, it is impossible later to make the disciples of one creed persecute those of another. From the evils of religious persecution America is safe.

From the evils of sectional hostility we are, at any rate, far safer than we were. The war with Spain was the most absolutely righteous foreign war in which any nation has engaged during the nineteenth century, and not the least of its many good features was the unity it brought about between the sons of the men who wore the blue and of those who wore the gray. This necessarily meant the dying out of the old antipathy. Of course embers smolder here and there; but the country at large is growing more and more to take pride in the valor, the self-devotion, the loyalty to an ideal, displayed alike by the

soldiers of both sides in the Civil War. We are all united now. We are all glad that the Union was restored, and are one in our loyalty to it; and hand in hand with this general recognition of the all-importance of preserving the Union has gone the recognition of the fact that at the outbreak of the Civil War men could not cut loose from the ingrained habits and traditions of generations, and that the man from the North and the man from the South each was loyal to his highest ideal of duty when he drew sword or shouldered rifle to fight to the death for what he believed to be right.

Nor is it only the North and the South that have struck hands. The East and the West are fundamentally closer together than ever before. Using the word "West" in the old sense, as meaning the country west of the Alleghanies, it is of course perfectly obvious that it is the West which will shape the destinies of this nation. The great group of wealthy and powerful States about the upper Mississippi, the Ohio, the Missouri, and their tributaries, will have far more weight than any other section in deciding the fate of the republic in the centuries that are opening. This is not in the least to be regretted by the East, for the simple and excellent reason that the interests of the West and the East are one. The West will shape our destinies because she will have more people and a greater territory, and because the whole development of the Western country is such as to make it peculiarly the exponent of all that is most vigorously and characteristically American in our national life.

So it is with the Pacific slope, and the giant young States that are there growing by leaps and bounds. The greater the share they have in directing the national life, the better it will be for all of us.

I do not for a moment mean that mistakes will not be committed in every section of the country; they certainly will be, and in whatever section they are committed it will be our duty to protest against them, and to try to overthrow those who are responsible for them: but I do mean to say that in the long run each section is going to find that its welfare, instead of being antagonistic to, is indissolubly bound up in, the

welfare of other sections; and the growth of means of communication, the growth of education in its highest and finest sense, means the growth in the sense of solidarity throughout the country, in the feeling of patriotic pride of each American in the deeds of all other Americans—of pride in the past history and present and future greatness of the whole country.

Nobody is interested in the fact that Dewey comes from Vermont, Hobson from Alabama, or Funston from Kansas. If all three came from the same county it would make no difference to us. They are Americans, and every American has an equal right to challenge his share of glory in their deeds. As we read of the famous feats of our army in the Philippines, it matters nothing to us whether the regiments come from Oregon, Idaho, California, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, or Tennessee. What does matter is that these splendid soldiers are all Americans; that they are our heroes; that our blood runs in their veins; that the flag under which we live is the flag for which they have fought, for which some of them have died.

Danger from religious antipathy is dead, and from sectional antipathy dying; but there are at times very ugly manifestations of antipathy between class and class. It seems a pity to have to use the word "class," because there are really no classes in our American life in the sense in which the word "class" is used in Europe. Our social and political systems do not admit of them in theory, and in practice they exist only in a very fluid state. In most European countries classes are separated by rigid boundaries, which can be crossed but rarely, and with the utmost difficulty and peril. Here the boundaries cannot properly be said to exist, and are certainly so fluctuating and evasive, so indistinctly marked, that they cannot be appreciated when seen near by. Any American family which lasts a few generations will be apt to have representatives in all the different classes. The great business men, even the great professional men, and especially the great statesmen and sailors and soldiers, are very apt to spring from among the farmers or wage-workers, and their kinsfolk remain near the old home or at the old trade. If ever there existed in the world a community where the identity of interest, of habit, of principle, and of ideals should be felt as a living force, ours is the one. Speaking generally, it really is felt to a degree quite unknown in other countries of our size. There are, doubtless,

portions of Norway and Switzerland where the social and political ideals, and their nearness to realization, are not materially different from those of the most essentially American portions of our own land; but this is not true of any European country of considerable size. It is only in American communities that we see the farmer, the hired man, the lawyer, and the merchant, and possibly even the officer of the army or the navy, all kinsmen, and all accepting their relations as perfectly natural and simple. This is eminently healthy. This is just as it should be in our republic. It represents the ideal toward which it would be a good thing to approximate everywhere. In the great industrial centers, with their highly complex, highly specialized conditions, it is of course merely an ideal. There are parts even of our oldest States, as, for example, New York, where this ideal is actually realized; there are other parts, particularly the great cities, where the life is so wholly different that the attempt to live up precisely to the country conditions would be artificial and impossible. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the only true solution of our political and social problems lies in cultivating everywhere the spirit of brotherhood, of fellow-feeling and understanding between man and man, and the willingness to treat a man as a man, which are the essential factors in American democracy as we still see it in the country districts.

The chief factor in producing such sympathy is simply association on a plane of equality, and for a common object. Any healthy-minded American is bound to think well of his fellow-Americans if he only gets to know them. The trouble is that he does not know them. If the banker and the farmer never meet, or meet only in the most perfunctory business way, if the banking is not done by men whom the farmer knows as his friends and associates, a spirit of mistrust is almost sure to spring up. If the merchant or the manufacturer, the lawyer or the clerk, never meet the mechanic or the handicraftsman, save on rare occasions, when the meeting may be of a hostile kind, each side feels that the other is alien and naturally antagonistic. But if any one individual of any group were to be thrown into natural association with another group, the difficulties would be found to disappear so far as he was concerned. Very possibly he would become the ardent champion of the other group.

Perhaps I may be pardoned for quoting my own experience as an instance in point.

Outside of college boys and politicians my first intimate associates were ranchmen, cow-punchers, and game-hunters, and I speedily became convinced that there were no other men in the country who were their equals. Then I was thrown much with farmers, and I made up my mind that it was the farmer upon whom the foundations of the commonwealth really rested—that the farmer was the archetypical good American. Then I saw a good deal of railroad men, and after quite an intimate acquaintance with them I grew to feel that, especially in their higher ranks, they typified the very qualities of courage, self-reliance, self-command, hardihood, capacity for work, power of initiative, and power of obedience, which we like most to associate with the American name. Then I happened to have dealings with certain carpenters' unions, and grew to have a great respect for the carpenter, for the mechanic type. By this time it dawned upon me that they were all pretty good fellows, and that my championship of each set in succession above all other sets had sprung largely from the fact that I was very familiar with the set I championed, and less familiar with the remainder. In other words, I had grown into sympathy with, into understanding of, group after group, with the effect that I invariably found that they and I had common purposes and a common standpoint. We differed among ourselves, or agreed among ourselves, not because we had different occupations or the same occupation, but because of our ways of looking at life.

It is this capacity for sympathy, for fellow-feeling and mutual understanding, which must lie at the basis of all really successful movements for good government and the betterment of social and civic conditions. There is no patent device for bringing about good government. Still less is there any patent device for remedying social evils and doing away with social inequalities. Wise legislation can help in each case, and crude, vicious, or demagogic legislation can do an infinity of harm. But the betterment must come through the slow workings of the same forces which always have tended for righteousness, and always will.

The prime lesson to be taught is the lesson of treating each man on his worth as a man, and of remembering that while sometimes it is necessary, from both a legislative and social standpoint, to consider men as a class, yet in the long run our safety lies in recognizing the individual's worth or lack of worth as the chief basis of action, and in

shaping our whole conduct, and especially our political conduct, accordingly. It is impossible for a democracy to endure if the political lines are drawn to coincide with class lines. The resulting government, whether of the upper or the lower class, is not a government of the whole people, but a government of part of the people at the expense of the rest. Where the lines of political division are vertical, the men of each occupation and of every social standing separating according to their vocations and principles, the result is healthy and normal. Just so far, however, as the lines are drawn horizontally, the result is unhealthy, and in the long run disastrous, for such a division means that men are pitted against one another in accordance with the blind and selfish interests of the moment. Each is thus placed over against his neighbor in an attitude of greedy class hostility, which becomes the mainspring of his conduct, instead of each basing his political action upon his own convictions as to what is advisable and what inadvisable, and upon his own disinterested sense of devotion to the interests of the whole community as he sees them. Republics have fallen in the past primarily because the parties that controlled them divided along the lines of class, so that inevitably the triumph of one or the other implied the supremacy of a part over the whole. The result might be an oligarchy, or it might be mob rule; it mattered little which, as regards the ultimate effect, for in both cases tyranny and anarchy were sure to alternate. The failure of the Greek and Italian republics was fundamentally due to this cause. Switzerland has flourished because the divisions upon which her political issues have been fought have not been primarily those of mere caste or social class, and America will flourish and will become greater than any empire because, in the long run, in this country, any party which strives to found itself upon sectional or class jealousy and hostility must go down before the good sense of the people.

The only way to provide against the evils of a horizontal cleavage in politics is to encourage the growth of fellow-feeling, of a feeling based on the relations of man to man, and not of class to class. In the country districts this is not very difficult. In the neighborhood where I live, on the Fourth of July the four Protestant ministers and the Catholic priest speak from the same platform, the children of all of us go to the same district school, and the landowner and

the hired man take the same views, not merely of politics, but of duck-shooting and of international yacht races. Naturally in such a community there is small chance for class division. There is a slight feeling against the mere summer residents, precisely because there is not much sympathy with them, and because they do not share in our local interests; but otherwise there are enough objects in common to put all much on the same plane of interest in various important particulars, and each man has too much self-respect to feel particularly jealous of any other man. Moreover, as the community is small and consists for the most part of persons who have dwelt long in the land, while those of foreign ancestry, instead of keeping by themselves, have intermarried with the natives, there is still a realizing sense of kinship among the men who follow the different occupations. The characteristic family names are often borne by men of widely different fortunes, ranging from the local bayman through the captain of the oyster-sloop, the sail-maker, or the wheelwright, to the owner of what the countryside may know as the manor-house—which probably contains one of the innumerable rooms in which Washington is said to have slept. We have sharp rivalries, and our politics are by no means always what they should be, but at least we do not divide on class lines, for the very good reason that there has been no crystallization into classes.

This condition prevails in essentials throughout the country districts of New York, which are politically very much the healthiest districts. Any man who has served in the legislature realizes that the country members form, on the whole, a very sound and healthy body of legislators. Any man who has gone about much to the county fairs in New York—almost the only place where the farm folks gather in large numbers—cannot but have been struck by the high character of the average countryman. He is a fine fellow, rugged, hard-working, shrewd, and keenly alive to the fundamental virtues. He and his brethren of the smaller towns and villages, in ordinary circumstances, take very little account, indeed, of any caste difference; they greet each man strictly on his merits as a man, and therefore form a community in which there is singularly little caste spirit, and in which men associate on a thoroughly healthy and American ground of common ideals, common convictions, and common sympathies.

Unfortunately, this cannot be said of

the larger cities, where the conditions of life are so complicated that there has been an extreme differentiation and specialization in every species of occupation, whether of business or pleasure. The people of a certain degree of wealth and of a certain occupation may never come into any real contact with the people of another occupation, of another social standing. The tendency is for the relations always to be between class and class instead of between individual and individual. This produces the thoroughly unhealthy belief that it is for the interest of one class as against another to have its class representatives dominant in public life. The ills of any such system are obvious. As a matter of fact, the enormous mass of our legislation and administration ought to be concerned with matters that are strictly for the commonweal; and where special legislation or administration is needed, as it often must be, for a certain class, the need can be met primarily by mere honesty and common sense. But if men are elected solely from any caste, or on any caste theory, the voter gradually substitutes the theory of allegiance to the caste for the theory of allegiance to the commonwealth as a whole, and instead of demanding as fundamental the qualities of probity and broad intelligence—which are the indispensable qualities in securing the welfare of the whole—as the first consideration, he demands, as a substitute, zeal in the service, or apparent service, of the class, which is quite compatible with gross corruption outside. In short, we get back to the conditions which foredoomed democracy to failure in the ancient Greek and medieval republics, where party lines were horizontal and class warred against class, each in consequence necessarily substituting devotion to the interest of a class for devotion to the interest of the state and to the elementary ideas of morality.

The only way to avoid the growth of these evils is, so far as may be, to help in the creation of conditions which will permit mutual understanding and fellow-feeling between the members of different classes. To do this it is absolutely necessary that there should be natural association between the members for a common end or with a common purpose. As long as men are separated by their caste lines, each body having its own amusements, interests, and occupations, they are certain to regard one another with that instinctive distrust which they feel for foreigners. There are exceptions to the rule, but it is a rule. The average man, when he

has no means of being brought into contact with another, or of gaining any insight into that other's ideas and aspirations, either ignores these ideas and aspirations completely, or else feels toward them a more or less tepid dislike. The result is a complete and perhaps fatal misunderstanding, due primarily to the fact that the capacity for fellow-feeling is given no opportunity to flourish. On the other hand, if the men can be mixed together in some way that will loosen the class or caste bonds and put each on his merits as an individual man, there is certain to be a regrouping independent of caste lines. A tie may remain between the members of a caste, based merely upon the similarity of their habits of life; but this will be much less strong than the ties based on identity of passion, of principle, or of ways of looking at life. Any man who has ever, for his good fortune, been obliged to work with men in masses, in some place or under some condition or in some association where the dislocation of caste was complete, must recognize the truth of this as apparent. Every mining-camp, every successful volunteer regiment, proves it. In such cases there is always some object which must be attained, and the men interested in its attainment have to develop their own leaders and their own ties of association, while the would-be leader can succeed only by selecting for assistants the men whose peculiar capacities fit them to do the best work in the various emergencies that arise. Under such circumstances the men who work together for the achievement of a common result in which they are intensely interested are very soon certain to disregard, and, indeed, to forget, the creed or race origin or antecedent social standing or class occupation of the man who is either their friend or their foe. They get down to the naked bed-rock of character and capacity.

This is to a large extent true of the party organizations in a great city, and, indeed, of all serious political organizations. If they are to be successful they must necessarily be democratic, in the sense that each man is treated strictly on his merits as a man. No one can succeed who attempts to go in on any other basis; above all, no one can succeed if he goes in feeling that, instead of merely doing his duty, he is conferring a favor upon the community, and is therefore warranted in adopting an attitude of condescension toward his fellows. It is often quite as irritating to be patronized as to be plundered; as reformers have more than once

discovered when the mass of the voters stolidly voted against them, and in favor of a gang of familiar scoundrels, chiefly because they had no sense of fellow-feeling with their would-be benefactors.

The tendency to patronize is certain to be eradicated as soon as any man goes into politics in a practical and not in a dilettante fashion. He speedily finds that the quality of successful management, the power to handle men and secure results, may exist in seemingly unlikely persons. If he intends to carry a caucus or primary, or elect a given candidate, or secure a certain piece of legislation or administration, he will have to find out and work with innumerable allies, and make use of innumerable subordinates. Given that he and they have a common object, the one test that he must apply to them is as to their ability to help in achieving that object. The result is that in a very short time the men whose purposes are the same forget about all differences, save in capacity to carry out the purpose. The banker who is interested in seeing a certain nomination made or a certain election carried forgets everything but his community of interest with the retail butcher who is a leader along his section of the avenue, or the starter who can control a considerable number of the motormen; and in return the butcher and the starter accept the banker quite naturally as an ally whom they may follow or lead, as circumstances dictate. In other words, all three grow to feel in common on certain important subjects, and this fellow-feeling has results as far-reaching as they are healthy.

Good thus follows from mere ordinary political affiliation. A man who has taken an active part in the political life of a great city possesses an incalculable advantage over his fellow-citizens who have not so taken part, because normally he has more understanding than they can possibly have of the attitude of mind, the passions, prejudices, hopes, and animosities of his fellow-citizens, with whom he would not ordinarily be brought into business or social contact. Of course there are plenty of exceptions to this rule. A man who is drawn into politics from absolutely selfish reasons, and especially a rich man who merely desires to buy political promotion, may know absolutely nothing that is of value as to any but the basest side of the human nature with which his sphere of contact has been enlarged; and, on the other hand, a wise employer of labor, or a philanthropist in whom zeal and judgment balance each other, may know far

more than most politicians. But the fact remains that the effect of political life, and of the associations that it brings, is of very great benefit in producing a better understanding and a keener fellow-feeling among men who otherwise would know one another not at all, or else as members of alien bodies or classes.

This being the case, how much more is it true if the same habit of association for a common purpose can be applied where the purpose is really of the highest! Much is accomplished in this way by the university settlements and similar associations. Whenever these associations are entered into in a healthy and sane spirit, the good they do is incalculable, from the simple fact that they bring together in pursuit of a worthy common object men of excellent character, who would never otherwise meet. It is of just as much importance to the one as to the other that the man from Hester street or the Bowery or Avenue B, and the man from the Riverside Drive or Fifth Avenue, should have some meeting-ground where they can grow to understand one another as an incident of working for a common end. Of course if, on the one hand, the work is entered into in a patronizing spirit, no good will result; and, on the other hand, if the zealous enthusiast loses his sanity, only harm will follow. There is much dreadful misery in a great city, and a high-spirited, generous young man, when first brought into contact with it, has his sympathies so excited that he is very apt to become a socialist, or turn to the advocacy of any wild scheme, courting a plunge from bad to worse, exactly as do too many of the leaders of the discontent around him. His sanity and cool-headedness will be thoroughly tried, and if he loses them his power for good will vanish.

But this is merely to state one form of a general truth. If a man permits largeness of heart to degenerate into softness of head, he inevitably becomes a nuisance in any relation of life. If sympathy becomes distorted and morbid, it hampers instead of helping the effort toward social betterment. Yet without sympathy, without fellow-feeling, no permanent good can be accomplished. In any healthy community there must be a solidarity of sentiment and a knowledge of solidarity of interest among the different members. Where this solidarity ceases to exist, where there is no fellow-feeling, the community is ripe for disaster. Of course the fellow-feeling may be of value much in

proportion as it is unconscious. A sentiment that is easy and natural is far better than one which has to be artificially stimulated. But the artificial stimulus is better than none, and with fellow-feeling, as with all other emotions, what is started artificially may become quite natural in its continuance. With most men courage is largely an acquired habit, and on the first occasions when it is called for it necessitates the exercise of will-power and self-control; but by exercise it gradually becomes almost automatic.

So it is with fellow-feeling. A man who conscientiously endeavors to throw in his lot with those about him, to make his interests theirs, to put himself in a position where he and they have a common object, will at first feel a little self-conscious, will realize too plainly his own aims. But with exercise this will pass off. He will speedily find that the fellow-feeling which at first he had to simulate was really existent, though latent, and is capable of a very healthy growth. It can, of course, become normal only when the man himself becomes genuinely interested in the object which he and his fellows are striving to attain. It is therefore obviously desirable that this object should possess a real and vital interest for every one. Such is the case with a proper political association.

Much has been done, not merely by the ordinary political associations, but by the city clubs, civic federations, and the like, and very much more can be done. Of course there is danger of any such association being perverted either by knavery or folly. When a partizan political organization becomes merely an association for purposes of plunder and patronage, it may be a menace instead of a help to a community; and when a non-partizan political organization falls under the control of the fantastic extremists always attracted to such movements, in its turn it becomes either useless or noxious. But if these organizations, partizan or non-partizan, are conducted along the lines of sanity and honesty, they produce a good more far-reaching than their promoters suppose, and achieve results of greater importance than those immediately aimed at.

It is an excellent thing to win a triumph for good government at a given election; but it is a far better thing gradually to build up that spirit of fellow-feeling among American citizens, which, in the long run, is absolutely necessary if we are to see the principles of virile honesty and robust common sense triumph in our civic life.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS AMONG THE NEGROES.

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

IN addition to the problem of educating eight million negroes in our Southern States and ingrafting them into American citizenship, we now have the additional responsibility, either directly or indirectly, of educating and elevating about eight hundred thousand others of African descent in Cuba and Porto Rico, to say nothing of the white people of these islands, many of whom are in a condition about as deplorable as that of the negroes. We have, however, one advantage in approaching the question of the education of our new neighbors.

The experience that we have passed through in the Southern States during the last thirty years in the education of my race, whose history and needs are not very different from the history and needs of the Cubans and Porto Ricans, will prove most valuable in elevating the blacks of the West Indian Islands. To tell what has already been accomplished in the South under most difficult circumstances is to tell what may be done in Cuba and Porto Rico.

To this end let me tell a story.

In what is known as the black belt of the South—that is, where the negroes outnumber the whites—there lived before the Civil War a white man who owned some two hundred slaves, and was prosperous. At the close of the war he found his fortune gone, except that which was represented in land, of which he owned several thousand acres. Of the two hundred slaves a large proportion decided, after their freedom, to continue on the plantation of their former owner.

Some years after the war a young black boy, who seemed to have "rained down," was discovered on the plantation by Mr. S——, the owner. In daily rides through the plantation Mr. S—— saw this boy sitting by the roadside, and his condition awakened his pity, for, from want of care, he was covered from head to foot with sores, and Mr. S—— soon grew into the habit of tossing him a nickel or a dime as he rode by. In some way this boy heard of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute in Alabama,

and of the advantages which it offered poor but deserving colored men and women to secure an education through their own labor while taking the course of study. This boy, whose name was William, made known to the plantation hands his wish to go to the Tuskegee school. By each one "chipping in," and through the efforts of the boy himself, a few decent pieces of clothing were secured, and a little money, but not enough to pay his railroad fare, so the boy resolved to walk to Tuskegee, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles. Strange to say, he made the long distance with an expenditure of only twenty cents in cash. He frankly told every one with whom he came in contact where he was going and what he was seeking. Both white and colored people along the route gave him food and a place to sleep free of cost, and even the usually exacting ferrymen were so impressed with the young negro's desire for an education that, except in one case, he was given free ferriage across the creeks and rivers.

One can easily imagine his appearance when he first arrived at Tuskegee, with his blistered feet and small white bundle, which contained all the clothing he possessed.

On being shown into my office his first words were: "I's come. S'pose you been lookin' for me, but I did n't come on de railroad." Looking up the records, it was found that this young man had been given permission to come several months ago, but the correspondence had long since been forgotten.

After being sent to the bath-room and provided with a tooth-brush,—for the tooth-brush at Tuskegee is the emblem of civilization,—William was assigned to a room, and was given work on the school farm of fourteen hundred acres, seven hundred of which are cultivated by student labor. During his first year at Tuskegee William worked on the farm during the day, where he soon learned to take a deep interest in all that the school was doing to teach the students the best and most improved methods of farming, and studied for two hours at night

in the class-room after his hard day's work was over. At first he seemed drowsy and dull in the night-school, and would now and then fall asleep while trying to study; but he did not grow discouraged. The new machinery that he was compelled to use on the farm interested him because it taught him that the farm work could be stripped of much of the old-time drudgery and toil, and seemed to awaken his sleeping intellect. Soon he began asking the farm-instructors such questions as where the Jersey and Holstein cattle came from, and why they produced more milk and butter than the common long-tailed and long-horned cows that he had seen at home.

His night-school teachers found that he ceased to sleep in school, and began asking questions about his lessons, and was soon able to calculate the number of square yards in an acre and to tell the number of peach-trees required to plant an acre of land. After he had been at Tuskegee two or three months the farm-manager came into my office on a cold, rainy day, and said that William was virtually barefooted, the soles of his shoes having separated from the uppers, though William had fastened them together as best he could with bits of wire. In this condition the farm-instructor found him plowing without a word of complaint. A pair of second-hand shoes was secured for him, and he was soon very happy.

I will not take this part of the story further except to say that at the end of his first year at Tuskegee this young man, having made a start in his books, and having saved a small sum of money above the cost of his board, which was credited to his account, entered the next year our regular day-classes, though still dividing his time between the class-room and work on the farm.

Toward the end of the year he found himself in need of money with which to buy books, clothing, etc., and so wrote a carefully worded letter to Mr. S——, the white man on whose plantation he had lived, and who had been, in slavery, the owner of his mother.

In the letter he told Mr. S—— how he got to Tuskegee, what he was doing, and what his needs were, and asked Mr. S—— to lend him fifteen dollars. Before receiving this letter Mr. S—— had not thought once about the boy during his two years' absence; in fact, did not know that he had left the plantation.

Mr. S—— was a good deal shocked, as well as amused, over such a request from

such a source. The letter went to the waste-basket without being answered. A few weeks later William sent a second letter, in which he took it for granted that the first letter had not been received. The second letter shared the same fate as the first. A third letter reached Mr. S—— in a few weeks, making the same request. In answer to the third letter Mr. S—— told me that, moved by some impulse which he himself never understood, he sent William the fifteen dollars.

Two or three years passed, and Mr. S—— had about forgotten William and the fifteen dollars; but one morning while sitting upon his porch a bright young colored man walked up and introduced himself as William, the boy to whom he used to toss small pieces of money, and the one to whom he had sent fifteen dollars.

William paid Mr. S—— the fifteen dollars with interest, which he had earned while teaching school after leaving Tuskegee.

This simple experience with this young colored man made a new and different person of Mr. S——, so far as the negro was concerned.

He began to think. He thought of the long past, but he thought most of the future, and of his duty toward the hundreds of colored people on his plantation and in his community. After careful thought he asked William Edwards to open a school on his plantation in a vacant log cabin. That was seven years ago. On this same plantation at Snow Hill, Wilcox County, Alabama, a county where, according to the last census, there are twenty-four thousand colored people and about six thousand whites, there is now a school with two hundred pupils, five teachers from Tuskegee, and three school buildings. The school has forty acres of land. In addition to the text-book lessons, the boys are taught farming and carpentry, and the girls sewing and general house-keeping, and the school is now in the act of starting a blacksmith and wheelwright department. This school owes its existence almost wholly to Mr. S——, who gave to the trustees the forty acres of land, and has contributed liberally to the building fund, as well as to the pay of the teachers. Gifts from a few friends in the North have been received, and the colored people have given their labor and small sums in cash. When the people cannot find money to give, they have often given corn, chickens, and eggs. The school has grown so popular that almost every leading white man in the community is willing to make a small gift toward its maintenance.

In addition to the work done directly in the school for the children, the teachers in the Snow Hill school have organized a kind of university extension movement. The farmers are organized into conferences, which hold meetings each month. In these meetings they are taught better methods of agriculture, how to buy land, how to economize and keep out of debt, how to stop mortgaging, how to build school-houses and dwelling-houses with more than one room, how to bring about a higher moral and religious standing, and are warned against buying cheap jewelry, snuff, and whisky.

No one is a more interested visitor at these meetings than Mr. S—— himself. The matter does not end in mere talk and advice. The women teachers go right into the cabins of the people and show them how to keep them clean, how to dust, sweep, and cook.

When William Edwards left this community a few years ago for the Tuskegee school, he left the larger proportion in debt, mortgaging their crops every year for the food on which to live. Most of them were living on rented land in small one-room log cabins, and attempting to pay an enormous rate of interest on the value of their food advances. As one old colored man expressed it, "I ain't got but six feet of land, and I is got to die to git dat." The little school, taught in a cabin lasted only three or four months in the year. The religion was largely a matter of the emotions, with almost no practical ideas of morality. It was the white man for himself and the negro for himself, each in too many cases trying to take advantage of the other. The situation was pretty well described by a black man who said to me: "I tells you how we votes. We always watches de white man, and we keeps watchin' de white man. De nearer it gits to 'lection-time de more we watches de white man. We keeps watchin' de white man till we find out which way he gwine to vote; den we votes 'zactly de odder way. Den we knows we is right."

Now how changed is all at Snow Hill, and how it is gradually changing each year! Instead of the hopelessness and dejection that were there a few years ago, there are now light and buoyancy in the countenances and movements of the people. The negroes are getting out of debt and buying land, ceasing to mortgage their crops, building houses with two or three rooms, and a higher moral and religious standard has been established.

Last May, on the day that the school had

its closing exercises, there were present, besides the hundreds of colored people, about fifty of the leading white men and women of the county, and these white people seemed as much interested in the work of the school as the people of my own race.

Only a few years ago in the State of Alabama the law in reference to the education of the negro read as follows: "Any person or persons who shall attempt to teach any free person of color or slave to spell, read, or write shall, upon conviction thereof by indictment, be fined in a sum not less than two hundred and fifty dollars nor more than five hundred dollars."

Within half a dozen years I have heard Dr. J. L. M. Curry, a brave, honest ex-Confederate officer, in addressing both the Alabama and Georgia State legislatures, say to those bodies in the most emphatic manner that it was as much the duty of the State to educate the negro children as the white children, and in each case Dr. Curry's words were cheered.

Here at Snow Hill is the foundation for the solution of the legal and political difficulties that exist in the South, and the improvement of the industrial condition of the negro in Cuba and Porto Rico. This solution will not come all at once, but gradually. The foundation must exist in the commercial and industrial development of the people of my race in the South and in the West Indian Islands.

The most intelligent whites are beginning to realize that they cannot go much higher than they lift the negro at the same time. When a black man owns and cultivates the best farm to be found in his county he will have the confidence and respect of most of the white people in that county. When a black man is the largest taxpayer in his community his white neighbor will not object very long to his voting, and having that vote honestly counted. Even now a black man who has five hundred dollars to lend has no trouble in finding a white man who is willing to borrow his money. The negro who is a large stockholder in a railroad company will always be treated with justice on that railroad.

Many of the most intelligent colored people are learning that while there are many bad white men in the South, there are Southern whites who have the highest interests of the negro just as closely at heart as have any other people in any part of the country. Many of the negroes are learning that it is folly not to cultivate in every honorable

way the friendship of the white man who is their next-door neighbor.

To describe the work being done in connection with the public schools by graduates of Tuskegee and other institutions in the South, at such places as Mount Meigs, under Miss Cornelia Bowen; Denmark, South Carolina; Abbeville and Newville, Alabama; Christiansburg, Virginia, and numbers of other places in the Gulf States, would be only to repeat in a larger or smaller degree what I have said of Snow Hill.

Not very long after the last national election I visited a town in the South, to speak at a meeting which had for its object the raising of money to complete the school-house. The audience was about equally divided between white men and women and black men and women. When the time for the collection came it was intensely satisfactory to observe that the white side of the audience was just as eager to make its small contributions as were the members of my own race. But I was anxious to see how the late election had been conducted in that community. I soon found out that the Republican party, composed almost wholly of the black people, was represented by an election officer in the person of one of the best-educated colored men in the town, that both the Democratic and Populist parties were equally well represented, and that there was no suspicion of unfairness.

But I wished to go a little deeper, and I soon found that one of the leading stores in this community was owned by a colored man; that a cotton-gin was owned by a colored man; that the sawmill was owned by another colored man. Colored men had mortgages on white men's crops, and vice versa, and colored people not only owned land, but in several cases were renting land to white men. Black men were in debt to white men, and white men were in debt to black men. In a word, the industrial and commercial relations of the races were interwoven just as if all had been of one race.

An object-lesson in civilization is more potent in compelling people to act right than a law compelling them to do so. Some years ago a colored woman who had graduated at Tuskegee began her life-work in a Southern community where the force of white public sentiment was opposed to the starting of what was termed a "nigger school." At first this girl was tempted to abuse her white sister, but she remembered that perhaps the white woman had been taught from her earliest childhood, through

reading and conversation, that education was not good for the negro, that it would result only in trouble to the community, and that no amount of abuse could change this prejudice.

After a while this colored teacher was married to an educated colored man, and they built a little cottage, which, in connection with her husband's farm, was a model. One morning one of the white women who had been most intense in her feelings was passing this cottage, and her attention was attracted to the colored woman who was at work in her beautiful flower-garden. A conversation took place concerning the flowers. At another time this same white woman was so attracted by this flower-garden that she came inside the yard, and from the yard she went into the sitting-room and examined the books and papers.

This acquaintance has now ripened and broadened, so that to-day there are few people in that community more highly respected than this colored family. What did it all? This object-lesson. No one could explain that away. One such object-lesson in every community in the South is more powerful than all the laws Congress can pass in the direction of bringing about right relations between blacks and whites.

A few months ago an agricultural county fair, the first ever held in that county, was organized and held at Calhoun, Alabama, by the teachers in the Calhoun School, which is an offshoot of the Hampton Institute. Both the colored people and numbers of white visitors were astonished at the creditable exhibits made by the colored people. Most of these white people saw the school work at Calhoun for the first time. Perhaps no amount of abstract talk or advice could have brought them to this school, but the best hog, the largest pumpkin, or the most valuable bale of cotton possessed a common interest, and it has been a comparatively easy thing to extend their interest from the best hog to the work being done in the school-room. Further, this fair convinced these white people, as almost nothing else could have done, that education was making the negroes better citizens rather than worse; that the people were not being educated away from themselves, but with their elevation the conditions about them were being lifted in a manner that possessed an interest and value for both races.

It was after speaking, not long ago, to the colored people at such a county fair in North Carolina that I was asked the next morning to speak to the white students at their col-

lege, who gave me as hearty a greeting as I have ever received at Northern colleges.

But such forces as I have described—forces that are gradually regenerating the entire South and will regenerate Cuba and Porto Rico—are not started and kept in motion without a central plant—a powerhouse, where the power is generated. I cannot describe all these places of power. Perhaps the whole South and the whole country are most indebted to the Hampton Institute in Virginia. Then there is Fisk University at Nashville, Tennessee; Talladega College at Talladega, Alabama; Spelman Seminary, Atlanta University, and Atlanta Baptist College at Atlanta; Biddle University in North Carolina; Claflin University at Orangeburg, South Carolina; and Knoxville College at Knoxville, Tennessee. Some of these do a different grade of work, but one much needed.

At Tuskegee, Alabama, starting fifteen years ago in a little shanty with one teacher and thirty students, with no property, there has grown up an industrial and educational village where the ideas that I have referred to are put into the heads, hearts, and hands of an army of colored men and women, with the purpose of having them become centers of light and civilization in every part of the South. One visiting the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute to-day will find eight hundred and fifty students gathered from twenty-four States, with eighty-eight teachers and officers training these students in literary, religious, and industrial work.

Counting the students and the families of the instructors, the visitor will find a black village of about twelve hundred people. Instead of the old, worn-out plantation that was there fifteen years ago, there is a modern farm of seven hundred acres cultivated by student labor. There are Jersey and Holstein cows and Berkshire pigs, and the butter used is made by the most modern process.

Aside from the dozens of neat, comfortable cottages owned by individual teachers and other persons, who have settled in this village for the purpose of educating their children, he will find thirty-six buildings of various kinds and sizes, owned and built by the school, property valued at three hundred thousand dollars. Perhaps the most interesting thing in connection with these buildings is that, with the exception of three, they have been built by student labor. The friends of the school have furnished money to pay the teachers and for material.

When a building is to be erected, the

teacher in charge of the mechanical and architectural drawing department gives to the class in drawing a general description of the building desired, and then there is a competition to see whose plan will be accepted. These same students in most cases help do the practical work of putting up the building—some at the sawmill, the brickyard, or in the carpentry, brickmaking, plastering, painting, and tinsmithing departments. At the same time care is taken to see not only that the building goes up properly, but that the students, who are under intelligent instructors in their special branch, are taught at the same time the principles as well as the practical part of the trade.

The school has the building in the end, and the students have the knowledge of the trade. This same principle applies, whether in the laundry, where the washing for seven or eight hundred people is done, or in the sewing-room, where a large part of the clothing for this colony is made and repaired, or in the wheelwright and blacksmith departments, where all the wagons and buggies used by the school, besides a large number for the outside public, are manufactured, or in the printing-office, where a large part of the printing for the white and colored people in this region is done. Twenty-six different industries are here in constant operation.

When the student is through with his course of training he goes out feeling that it is just as honorable to labor with the hand as with the head, and instead of his having to look for a place, the place usually seeks him, because he has to give that which the South wants. One other thing should not be overlooked in our efforts to develop the black man. As bad as slavery was, almost every large plantation in the South during that time was, in a measure, an industrial school. It had its farming department, its blacksmith, wheelwright, brickmaking, carpentry, and sewing departments. Thus at the close of the war our people were in possession of all the common and skilled labor in the South. For nearly twenty years after the war we overlooked the value of the antebellum training, and no one was trained to replace these skilled men and women who were soon to pass away; and now, as skilled laborers from foreign countries, with not only educated hands but trained brains, begin to come into the South and take these positions once held by us, we are gradually waking up to the fact that we must compete with the white man in the industrial world if we would hold our own. No one under-

stands his value in the labor world better than the old colored man. Recently, when a convention was held in the South by the white people for the purpose of inducing white settlers from the North and West to settle in the South, one of these colored men said to the president of the convention: "'Fore de Lord, boss, we 's got as many white people down here now as we niggers can support."

The negro in the South has another advantage. While there is prejudice against him along certain lines,—in the matter of business in general, and the trades especially,—there is virtually no prejudice so far as the native Southern white man is concerned. White men and black men work at the same carpenter's bench and on the same brick wall. Sometimes the white man is the "boss," sometimes the black man is the boss.

Some one chaffed a colored man recently because, when he got through with a contract for building a house, he cleared just ten cents; but he said: "All right, boss; it was worth ten cents to be de boss of dem white men." If a Southern white man has a contract to let for the building of a house, he prefers the black contractor, because he has been used to doing business of this character with a negro rather than with a white man.

The negro will find his way up as a man just in proportion as he makes himself valuable, possesses something that a white man wants, can do something as well as, or better than, a white man.

I would not have my readers get the thought that the problem in the South is settled, that there is nothing else to be done; far from this. Long years of patient, hard work will be required for the betterment of the condition of the negro in the South, as well as for the betterment of the condition of the negro in the West Indies.

There are bright spots here and there that point the way. Perhaps the most that we have accomplished in the last thirty years is to show the North and the South how the fourteen slaves landed a few hundred years ago at Jamestown, Virginia,—now nearly eight millions of freemen in the South alone,—are to be made a safe and useful part of our democratic and Christian institutions.

The main thing that is now needed to bring about a solution of the difficulties in the South is money in large sums, to be used largely for Christian, technical, and industrial education.

For more than thirty years we have been

trying to solve one of the most serious problems in the history of the world largely by passing around a hat in the North. Out of their poverty the Southern States have done well in assisting; many more millions are needed, and these millions will have to come before the question as to the negro in the South is settled.

There never was a greater opportunity for men of wealth to place a few million dollars where they could be used in lifting up and regenerating a whole race; and let it always be borne in mind that every dollar given for the proper education of the negro in the South is almost as much help to the Southern white man as to the negro himself. So long as the whites in the South are surrounded by a race that is, in a large measure, in ignorance and poverty, so long will this ignorance and poverty of the negro in a score of ways prevent the highest development of the white man.

The problem of lifting up the negro in Cuba and Porto Rico is an easier one in one respect, even if it proves more difficult in others. It will be less difficult, because there is the absence of that higher degree of race feeling which exists in many parts of the United States. Both the white Cuban and the white Spaniard have treated the people of African descent, in civil, political, military, and business matters, very much as they have treated others of their own race. Oppression has not cowed and unmanned the Cuban negro in certain respects as it has the American negro.

In only a few instances is the color-line drawn. How Americans will treat the negro Cuban, and what will be the tendency of American influences in the matter of the relation of the races, remains an interesting and open question. Certainly it will place this country in an awkward position to have gone to war to free a people from Spanish cruelty, and then as soon as it gets them within its power to treat a large proportion of the population worse than did even Spain herself, simply on account of color.

While in the matter of the relation of the races the problem before us in the West Indies is easier, in respect to the industrial, moral, and religious sides it is more difficult. The negroes on these islands are largely an agricultural people, and for this reason, in addition to a higher degree of mental and religious training, they need the same agricultural, mechanical, and domestic training that is fast helping the negroes in our

Southern States. Industrial training will not only help them to the ownership of property, habits of thrift and economy, but the acquiring of these elements of strength will go further than anything else in improving the moral and religious condition of the masses, just as has been and is true of my people in the Southern States.

With the idea of getting the methods of industrial education pursued at Hampton and Tuskegee permanently and rightly started in Cuba and Porto Rico, a few of the most promising men and women from these islands have been brought to the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, and educated with the view of having them return and take the lead in affording indus-

trial training on these islands, where the training can best be given to the masses.

The emphasis that I have placed upon an industrial education does not mean that the negro is to be excluded from the higher interests of life, but it does mean that in proportion as the negro gets the foundation,—the useful before the ornamental,—in the same proportion will he accelerate his progress in acquiring those elements which do not pertain so directly to the utilitarian.

Phillips Brooks once said, "One generation gathers the material, and the next builds the palaces." Very largely this must be the material-gathering generation of black people, but in due time the palaces will come if we are patient.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Duel, and War.

NO man ever had a keener sense of honor than Sir Walter Scott. The martyrdom of his last years, when the great creature, wounded in heart and in body, worked like a galley-slave under the lash of his own conscience and pride to pay an "honourable debt," not of his own making—this heroic martyrdom, as recorded in the "Life" by Lockhart and in Scott's "Letters" and "Journal," will be an example to men as long as literature endures, and as long as manliness, courage, resolution, and a sense of honor are counted among human virtues.

How many eyes have moistened over the story as told in that "book of fate," the "Journal"—how he rejoiced in "the consciousness of discharging his duty" as a man of honor and honesty. "I see before me," he said, "a long, tedious, and dark path, but it leads to stainless reputation. If I die in the harrows, as is very likely, I shall die with honour; if I achieve my task, I shall have the thanks of all concerned, and the approbation of my own conscience."

We refer to this conspicuous trait of Sir Walter to show how one who had so fine and true a sense of honor, and of the demand that honor makes upon conduct, could entertain at the same moment, owing to the public opinion of the time in which he lived, what we of our day consider an utterly false sense of honor and its ethical requirements.

It was in 1827, after the publication of his "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," that there occurred the Gourgaud episode, which will be remembered with a smile by readers of the "Life" and of the

since fully printed "Journal." General Gourgaud was one of Napoleon's attendants at St. Helena, and he objected to the references made to himself in Scott's "Life of Napoleon"—references based upon documents examined by Scott in the Colonial Office. Hints were thrown out in the papers that the general was inclined to "fix a personal quarrel" on the historian. The famous chronicler of wars and ructions great and small smelled the battle afar off, and prepared himself for the fray by preëngaging the services of a second in his friend "Will Clerk" of Edinburgh. Scott was entirely willing to settle the matter off the field of honor. He would show the general his authorities; but if he should ask "any apology or explanation for having made use of his name," it was his "purpose to decline it and stand to consequences." He was aware he could "march off upon the privileges of literature," but he had no taste for that species of retreat; "if a gentleman says to me I have injured him, however capacious the quarrel may be, I certainly do not think, as a man of honour, I can avoid giving him satisfaction without doing intolerable injury to my own feelings, and giving rise to the most malignant animadversions."

In his "Journal" he acknowledged that at his years it was somewhat late for an affair of honor, and declared that as a reasonable man he would avoid such an arbitrament; but he was determined that the country should not be disgraced in his person. And so, though Scott knew and averred that he had "done Gourgaud no wrong," he felt the necessity of settling the affair with deadly weapons. Rather than do anything short of what his "honour demanded," he would "die the death of a poisoned

rat in a hole," out of mere sense of his own degradation.

Scott was particularly sensitive on the point of honor as a literary man. "It is clear to me," he said, "that what is least forgiven in a man of any mark or likelihood is want of that article blackguardly called *pluck*. All the fine qualities of genius cannot make amends for it." Above all, he did not wish to give color to the opinion that a poet was likely to be lacking in "this species of grenadier accomplishment." Fortunately, the career of the author of "Waverley" was never endangered by the bullet of an irate general from France.¹

Sir Walter, six years before the Gourgaud affair, had been terribly disturbed by a duel between a friend of his son-in-law, who had taken Lockhart's side in a literary controversy, and a writer who had assailed Lockhart, the duel ending in the fatal wounding of Lockhart's enemy. Though Sir Walter was shocked at this death, the moral he drew was not abstention from the field of honor, but the desirability of a less satirical style on the part of Lockhart, whom he begged to sever immediately all connection with the magazine that tempted him to indulge in his favorite vein.

So felt Sir Walter Scott in 1827. Let us now see how felt another British poet in 1846. Among the most interesting passages in "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett" are those giving their clashing views on the subject of dueling. From page 41 to page 61, in the second volume of the correspondence (American edition), the debate was indeed a duel of brain and soul with brain and soul, such as has rarely been put into words. Browning's favorable, or at least apologetic, attitude was attacked by Miss Barrett with passionate eloquence. The affirmative could not be more nobly put, nor could the negative be argued with an ingenuity and fire more convincing and contagious. Browning's argument struck deep into the structure of society; but Miss Barrett took account of humanity itself. Said the woman: "I do advisedly declare to you that I cannot conceive of any possible combination of circumstances which could, . . . I will not say justify, but even excuse, an honourable man's having recourse to the duellist's pistol, either on his own account or another's. Not only it seems to me horribly wrong, . . . but absurdly wrong." "His honour! who believes in such an honour . . . liable to such amends and capable of such recovery! You cannot, I think—in the secret of your mind. Or if you can, . . . you, who are a teacher of the world, . . . poor world—it is more desperately wrong than I thought."

At the end Browning made plea that their argument proved true what he had said at the beginning, namely, that he was not "worthy," that he was "infinitely lower," but in this thing he said he was now "set far on toward right."

¹ In the remarkable St. Helena records soon to be published in THE CENTURY this same General Gourgaud will reappear in the pages of history.

One sees in these two incidents the strength, and the gradual fading out, in the English-speaking world of the tradition of the duel. Probably no English or American author of great prominence and high character would now think it dignified, or in any sense necessary for the maintenance of his "honor," to repel insult by a resort to "the code." The same cannot be said with regard to the sentiment on this subject among the people of other countries. Yet there is said to be some change in public opinion on this subject on the Continent—a change, by the way, partly attributable, we were once told by a European officer, to Mark Twain's paper on a French duel, which was translated into various languages, and has somewhat impaired the solemnity of a custom which does not thrive beneath the smile.

The romance-writers of an earlier day would have considered their calling greatly hampered and outrageously imperiled if the duel had been suddenly forbidden to their fiction. And yet the chronicler of modern society, among what are called Anglo-Saxons, has virtually to do without it.

Personal virtue is always in advance of corporate and of national virtue; but the loss of prestige which has befallen the duel may in the distant but not impossible future happen to glorious war itself. Notwithstanding the strides that have been taken toward international arbitration, recent warlike events seem to belie the expectations of those who believe that human warfare is on the wane. But let not disheartenment fall upon lovers of righteousness and peace and a wiser and humaner mode of settling questions of honor between nations. That was a profound truth to which John Morley gave utterance long ago: "In social things we may be sure that undying hope is the secret of vision."

The Son's Allowance.

In his inaugural address President Hadley of Yale, referring to "college expenses" as "the second of our leading problems," says:

Though the increase in this respect is less than is popularly supposed, there is no doubt that it is large enough to constitute a serious danger. It is far from easy to see how this danger is to be avoided. It is all very well to talk of returning to the Spartan simplicity of ancient times, but we cannot do it, nor ought we to if we could.

President Hadley is right in taking the ground that modern ideas of cleanliness and comfort are necessarily to be considered in providing for students in our day. The item of "living expenses" in the son's allowance is an easy matter to determine; the difficulty is to keep the items of amusement and luxury from increasing in like ratio.

While all fathers were of necessity once in the restricted sphere of dependent sons, in dealing with their children, especially after they leave home for college, they are prone to forget all about their own boyish tastes and impulses. In the

middle ground between adolescence and independence the natural tendency of these sons toward good or evil was strengthened or mitigated by a mother's ideal teachings. Thereafter the father's influence is paramount; yet, for the most part, it is a neutral influence. He assumes a tone reflective of what he wants his boy to think he was as a boy; he tries, therefore, to imitate the attitude of the mother, to treat the son as a character provided by nature with ideal promptings, and to offer advice singularly lacking in personal flavor. If he is too timid to trust himself on such easily undermined ground, he usually adopts a policy of silence, and, to justify himself in it, assumes that his son is in fact all that a father would naturally like to have a son be.

This is especially true of the relations subsisting between fathers and sons whose natural bonds of affection have been cemented with an "allowance." Sons who, after the primitive method, are merely boarded and clothed at home until they are able to shift for themselves, imbibe, as it were, a notion of moral self-reliance; in fact, the fathers of such sons impart advice only with the consciousness that free-will deference to it is a gratuity; and the extent to which the son renders himself amenable to parental guidance is measured by the father's capacity for comradeship.

But when an "allowance" comes between father and son, outside influences enter as licensed make-weights in determining conduct and in shaping character. A "decent respect to the opinions of mankind" leads the father to rely upon his son to furnish him with suggestions as to the amount needed to maintain the position of a subsidized heir, and even to supply the rules of action on which to pattern the attitude of a father *à la mode*. So the parent is actuated more by fashion than by the recollection of his own boyish temptations and aspirations, and even finds in what he is pleased to regard as "custom" a pleasant relief from responsibility.

The fashion of the day prescribes for sons of the merely well-to-do as much spending-money as in the days of their fathers' boyhood would have sufficed for a creditable professional income, and for sons of the rich allowances which, fifty years ago, would have enabled a prudent man to start in the banking business. This fashion is based on the theory that boys, on being sent away to school, should carry with them the means of reflecting the comfort, and even luxury, of the homes from which they have come. Thus they are launched early on waters abounding in insidious currents and hidden reefs, and allowed to steer their own course with the compass of conscience, the needle being subject to the disturbance of a large amount of current metal.

It is also the fashion to regard a boy's career at college as almost more important in determining the plane on which he will move socially in mature life than in providing him with intellectual training. The latter may not be despised, but it is undeniable that a high order of it is not an indispensable factor in the modern scheme of social happiness.

It is not the matter of an allowance in itself which should arouse questionings in a father's mind, but the size of it, and the inferences to be drawn from his own youthful experience of the use which will be made of the residuum after providing for necessary expenses, which on any natural basis of reasoning will be devoted to luxury. As regards the item of luxury, there is safety only in character: if it is unformed there is danger; if it is weak the boy is sure to be drawn toward the maelstrom of bad example. Many a son enjoys a legacy of principle for which he is not directly indebted to his father. Many a father is blind to the weakness of a son, from vanity or a false idea of parental dignity. Many such fathers, who could, nevertheless, be clear-sighted and wise in advising another man's son, would do well to exchange obligations with another father. "Give my son," he might say, "the benefit of your experience, and I will give yours mine," adding, by way of apology, "I am ready and able to pay his way, but I am incapable of placing a restraining influence in his path."

A Great Reform Accomplished.

It is not yet ten years since THE CENTURY for the first time called the attention of its readers to the crying need of a systematic policy for the preservation of the national forests. At that time, we believe, there was not a single acre of tree-land reserved for this purpose, with the exception of the Yellowstone National Park and the small Yosemite cañon, and in setting these apart the purpose was rather to safeguard notable scenery. From time to time, in numerous articles in this department, we have kept our readers informed of the progress of this important movement, to which the magazine has given cordial and active support. We believe that our readers have been in sympathy with the prudent policy of putting beyond the reach of spoliation or private ownership the great tracts which lie about the head waters of Western rivers, and that they will be glad to know that since August, 1898, President McKinley has established six new reservations and enlarged two others, so that, exclusive of one Alaska reserve not officially estimated, there are now thirty-six such tracts, created under the act of March 3, 1891, embracing an area of over forty-six million acres, and situated in Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Oregon, South Dakota, Washington, Wyoming, and Utah.

President McKinley, in thus continuing the wise action of his predecessors, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland, may be sure of the approval of the country. The West has had an awakening to the importance of the matter; several Eastern States have followed the lead of the national government, and the interest in the general subject has spread to every part of the land. It has been accentuated of late by the governmental coöperation in the forestry of private estates which has been instituted by Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Director of Forestry of the Agricultural Department. A significant fact is the interest that women are beginning to take in the theory and practice of tree-culture.

It is greatly to be desired that the President shall give further evidence of his conviction of the magnitude of these interests by putting the forest service under the protection of the merit system before it becomes thoroughly saturated with the spoils idea. It is much to have set aside

these valuable regions, but the work will not be complete until they are taken care of on business principles. Meanwhile what has been accomplished in ten years by a small group of men is matter for congratulation, as well as a good omen for those who are working for the public interest in other fields.

OPEN LETTERS

"The Century's" American Artists Series.

ELIZABETH NOURSE.

MISS ELIZABETH NOURSE, whose "Evening" ("La Veillée") is reproduced on page 337, is an American painter who, during twelve years' living in Paris, has attracted attention by her strong and truthful portrayal of peasant life. She was born in Cincinnati, and at thirteen entered the Art School of that city, where she received a thorough education in drawing. In 1887 she went to Paris. For a few months she studied in the Julien school, when, in deference to the advice of some of the best French artists, who feared the loss of her marked individuality from constant academic training, she began to paint alone, going for criticism to Carolus Duran and Henner. Her first picture, "Mother and Child," was accepted by the Salon of 1888 and hung on the line,—an unusual honor for a first contribution,—and since that time she has been represented each year by two or more pictures. The Royal Academies of London, Berlin, and Copenhagen have exhibited her work, which has been reproduced in the leading art journals of the Old World as well as in our own. In 1895 she was elected an associate member of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts of France, called the New Salon, or Salon of the Champ-de-Mars, and here she has since exhibited. Miss Nourse's pictures belong to the realistic school, but it is a realism that touches the heart. Living among the peasants, she has learned to love them, and reproduces the simplicity and beauty of their lowly lives. While she has painted many fine portraits and landscapes, it is in depicting this phase of life that she shows her greatest strength. At the Columbian Exposition she received a gold medal; two of her largest canvases were "Le Repas en Famille" and "Vendredi Saint." "Le Gôûter," another important picture, is owned in Chicago. Washington, New York, Boston, St. Louis, and Cincinnati also possess some of her finest work. The engraving which we print is by M. Charles Baude, who has engraved a number of Miss Nourse's paintings.

S.

C. C. COLEMAN'S "CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA."
(See page 383.)

A RELIGIOUS subject from a painter who lives in Capri belongs to the unexpected. The pagan

past, with its procession of Teleboeans from Greece, its Etruscans from Phrygia, its voluptuous emperors from Rome, and its Moslem pirates from the African coast, outweighs the memory of its Christian occupants. Especially have the infamies told of Tiberius made a deep impression on men's minds ever since Suetonius wrote. Yet Capri has been Christian these fifteen hundred years, and its inhabitants have been able to display some of the Christian virtues, because their island, even with the distant coral fisheries thrown in, through the necessities of the case has procured for them no more than an honorable poverty. So important to the dwellers on that lovely but rocky island is the passage to and from Africa of a small but succulent migratory bird that the Bishop of Capri has been termed in derision the Bishop of Quails.

But Capri is far from lacking a touch of the Levant; it is a fair half-way house to Palestine, with its barren crags and fertile valley, its deep-blue sea and high-winged fishing-craft, its flat-topped houses, with here and there a dome or vaulted roof shining white among the foliage of laurel and lemon-tree, aloes and cactuses. A minaret and the dome of a mosque or saint's tomb would be entirely in keeping with its scenery. The good looks of its native population have been attributed to the early Greek immigrants, but may be explained better by the mixture of races and the simple lives of the people, which have tended to promote marriages for love rather than for lucre, beauty and manly vigor taking the palm from wedding-portions and riches.

Marriages for love rather than reason seem natural to Capri; nor have the foreign artists failed to bow to the subtle influence of the spot. Scot and German, Briton and Yankee, have succumbed to the sweet faces or the unaffected goodness of Capri girls and thrown worldly prudence to the wind by marrying them. One is famous in the island's tradition for having selected a very young and lovely girl, sent her to school, and married her when she grew of age.

Charles Caryl Coleman is the last of a little group of American and Scotch artists who found Capri so enthralling that its fascination could not be resisted. The others have torn themselves away, but Mr. Coleman, though he has never

married a Caprese damsel, has anchored himself still more firmly by building the Villa Narcissus from the ruins of a little convent—the Villa Narcissus, which in true Capri fashion unites the pagan and Christian and Oriental in a blend that would be hard to separate. The villa takes its name from the flower and from an antique statue of that youth who pined away, gazing upon his own image in the stream. The commoner form of the legend makes him the victim of a maudlin worship of his own beauty; the less common but truer story told by the ancients gave him a twin sister, his exact image, who died and left him inconsolable, so that it was only when he looked at his own reflection in the water that he saw her again. We find a parallel to this story in the terrible grief of Demeter for the loss of her daughter when Hades seized and bore her off. It was the beauty of the flower narcissus that lured Persephone onward until she fell a prey to the king of Shadows; the death of the twin sister of the youth Narcissus seems to be a variant on the same theme.

In the Villa Narcissus, looking out from the high town over the bay of Naples, surrounded by bits of antique statuary, overshadowed by the giant oleander that rises in the inner courtyard, Mr. Coleman was still able to feel the power of Christianity, and draw the miracle of Christ walking on the sea.

The halo round the head of the Christ casts a wake of light on the water which is balanced by the lighter sky behind the vessel in which the disciples are. The boat itself is not without suggestions of the Capri fishing-craft. Mr. Coleman has grouped the occupants in a very able fashion, and made each one a real person. Christ does not float, a disembodied spirit in human form, but stands on the surface of the water, miraculously overcoming the laws of nature. There is style and good style in this composition, which is a departure from the subjects we are used to meet in Mr. Coleman's work. Success must be measured by the difficulty of achieving something excellent where so many masters have failed; and tried by this measure the picture may well be called a success.

H. E.



The Chaplain, United States Navy.

HE ain't no "fashionable divine,"
Soft-tongued an' velvet-heeled;
The gun-deck grim 's his chapel dim,
The fo'c'sle is his "field";
His "flock" a rough an' restless crew
Who 'd sooner fight than eat,
But know their friend, constant an' kind,
The chaplain o' the fleet.

A war-ship ain't no Sunday-school,
But where he passes by
The ribald word no more is heard,
Soft grows the graceless eye;
The toughest cuss with cheery smile
An' pleasant phrase he 'll greet,
An' childhood days come when he prays,
The chaplain o' the fleet.

The church 'll never crown him saint,
Likewise he 'll never get
No bishop's rate o' pride an' state,
Or cardinal's red hat;
But, all the same, we sailors think,
Since the Apostle Pete,
There 's mighty few a marker to
The chaplain o' the fleet.

He ain't no "pulpit orator,"

But gets there just the same,
An' if we make at times a break
He ain't, God knows, ter blame;
He 'd give his life ter keep us straight,
Ter shun vice an' deceit;
He 's the right brand, he 's clean, white sand,
The chaplain o' the fleet.

Will Stokes,

U. S. S. Vermont.

Semper Mutabillis.

"You foolish boy! Of course not; no!"
She slowly shook her dainty head.
Where angels pause, fools dare to tread;
Wise fools!—beneath the mistletoe
I caught and kissed her thrice, although
With wrathful mien my lady said,
"You foolish boy! Of course not; no!"
And slowly shook her dainty head.

As clouds reflect the sunset glow,
So grew her fair face rosy red.
"Sweet, are you angry? Must I go?"
She tried to frown, but smiled instead,
Then answered laughingly and low,
"You foolish boy! Of course not; no!"

Audley Brenton.

Two Women.

THERE are two women whom well I wot,
And one is clever and one is not.

One labors her livelihood to gain,
With a "really almost masculine brain,"
And the skilful work from her ready pen
Has won applause from the world of men;
And the labels she wears in the social mart
Are "brilliant" and "witty" and "keen" and
"smart."

And one just gets, by the sunniest smiles
And the most transparent of feminine wiles,
The things she wants from her own liege lord,
By whom she is petted and quite adored;
And if there are other much-coveted ends,
She has always a host of obliging friends
Who are more than delighted to be of use
To "such a dear little helpless goose."

There are two women whom well I wot,
And one is clever and one is—not.

Beatrice Hanscom.

Over the Fence.

SEEKING coolness on a northern porch of a certain out-of-town house, my neighbor's nasal voice frequently broke the heated stillness and my enjoyment of the summer peace with a conversation in effect telephonic. The voice on Mondays and Tuesdays was weary and fretful, later on lively or hopeful, but always as rasping as the screech of the locust. It ran something like this: "Been a lovely day, has n't it? . . . No; I don't believe much we'll have showers. Could n't sleep much of any last night; been lying down: lot this morning—just to rest my head. Did n't sleep then, though. . . . No; it don't. It feels awful queer—kind of full-like. . . . Yes; Tom said so. There were so many alarms. I did n't get up till the third or fourth. Carrie she's off on her wheel; gone to Nantasket. . . . Yes? . . . Dear me sakes, no! I know you can't always tell. Mine faded all out same way. . . . You don't say! Well, I guess she had enough of him. These sweet peas don't blossom very fast. Had too much to do all the spring, so planted them kind o' late. Tommy he's not well to-day. . . . No; he went to his class reunion last night. The doctor says ice-cream poisons his stomach. . . . Out of my garden. Does n't that make a pretty bouquet? . . . He's hunting after something. . . . Yes. . . . Ha? Land sakes! Guess we are going to get some rain. Where's Nellie? . . . How's your finger? . . . You ought to take some spring medicine. I could n't get on without it. . . . I know it. As I was saying, I went back to bed after they all went away. . . . I says I am glad I did n't go. I see Tom, and I said, 'Oh, whew!'—just as quick. I looked out that further winder, and oh, it was blazing terrible! . . . Did you eat yours yesterday? . . . Were they good? . . . I like sugar on mine. It was a bargain—marked

down to fifteen cents. . . . Got some cake baking. La, la, la, la, ter lar, ter lar, ter lar. Your mother's foot better? . . . What is the matter with him and the cat? . . . La la, ter lar, la la. . . . I do all hers on the machine. . . . Tension is too tight. . . . So Tom says. Ain't it dreadful? I felt so bad! . . . Guess we shall for two weeks. Rather noisier than I like, but it's nice for Tom and Tommy. Can come down Saturdays on their wheel. . . . Talk! Well, you bet she can—a regular parrot. . . . I says I did n't sit on the front piazza and do all my sewing. . . . Sew? . . . Well, I guess! She ain't a bit like she used to be. . . . Oh, I don't know; she's different—kind o' snappy. Doctor says it's her nerves, and that we must n't notice. Kind of aggravating, though. Just hear that bird! Makes my head ache. . . . Peculiar summer? Why, I have n't left off my winter flannels. . . . Horrible? Well, I guess. I can't leave the war news alone. So glad I did n't let my Tommy go. . . . Yes; he's young. Them Cubans ain't worth my Tommy—though I do pity the rockingtradoze. Have to take my flag in if it rains: Tom says—"But here Tom came, hungry for supper, and the voice continued (somewhat muffled by a clothes-pin between the teeth), as the figure arose from the clothes-basket under the clothes-line: "The back door is open. Go right in. See if my cake is burning. I'll be right in. . . . What? . . . There's cold beans on the table, and half of that berry-pie, and some tea on the stove." Tom, the accustomed, answers cheerily, "All right."

Tillie Muffens.

Dinah Kneading Dough.

I HAVE seen full many a sight
Born of day or drawn by night:
Sunlight on a silver stream,
Golden lilies all a-dream,
Lofty mountains, bold and proud,
Veiled beneath the lacelike cloud;
But no lovely sight I know
Equals Dinah kneading dough.

Brown arms buried elbow-deep
Their domestic rhythm keep,
As with steady sweep they go
Through the gently yielding dough.
Maids may vaunt their finer charms—
Naught to me like Dinah's arms;
Girls may draw, or paint, or sew—
I love Dinah kneading dough.

Eyes of jet and teeth of pearl,
Hair, some say, too tight a-curl;
But the dainty maid I deem
Very near perfection's dream.
Swift she works, and only flings
Me a glance—the least of things.
And I wonder, does she know
That my heart is in the dough?

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Taking Baby's Picture.

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

MOTHER. Now sit up straight!
AUNT JANE. There, that's a dear!
NEIGHBOR. Oh, is n't he too sweet!
BABY. Goo!
PHOTOGRAPHER. Just
A little farther forward—here.
MOTHER. Come, baby, come!
AUNT JANE. Yes, baby must.
BABY. Ya-ya-a!
SISTER. Don't cry, old tootsy-toot,
And get all scowly-owly-owl!
NEIGHBOR. We'll not let naughty strange man shoot.
MOTHER (*firmly*). He never set up such a howl.
AUNT JANE. See, baby, see!
SISTER. Bow-wow!
NEIGHBOR. Ba-ba-a!
MOTHER. Oh, what a pitty picture-book!
PHOTOGRAPHER (*jingling keys*). Here, baby!
SISTER. What a darling!
BABY. Ya-a!
AUNT JANE. Does baby want the birdie? Look!
MOTHER (*triumphantly*). He's all right now.
NEIGHBOR. The little man!
PHOTOGRAPHER (*wiping his forehead*). Please place him as he was before.
You want him laughing?
MOTHER. If we can.
SISTER. Chick, chick!
BABY. Goo-goo!
PHOTOGRAPHER. We'll try once more.
AUNT JANE. Hi-diddle-diddle!
PHOTOGRAPHER (*rattling keys*). Baby, see—
Clink, clink!
NEIGHBOR. Toot, toot!
AUNT JANE. Hi-diddle-day!
SISTER. He looks as solemn as can be.
MOTHER. How queer! He never is that way!
SISTER. The precious dear!
NEIGHBOR. The little judge!
BABY. Goo-goo!
AUNT JANE. He knows!
NEIGHBOR. Of course.
BABY. Goo-goo!
MOTHER. Well, take him sober. He'll not budge.
He's like his fath—

(*Baby laughs. Photographer snaps the shutter.*)
ALL THE WOMEN (*admiringly*). There! Baby knew!
(*Photographer wearily but thankfully wipes his forehead.*)

Edwin L. Sabin.



